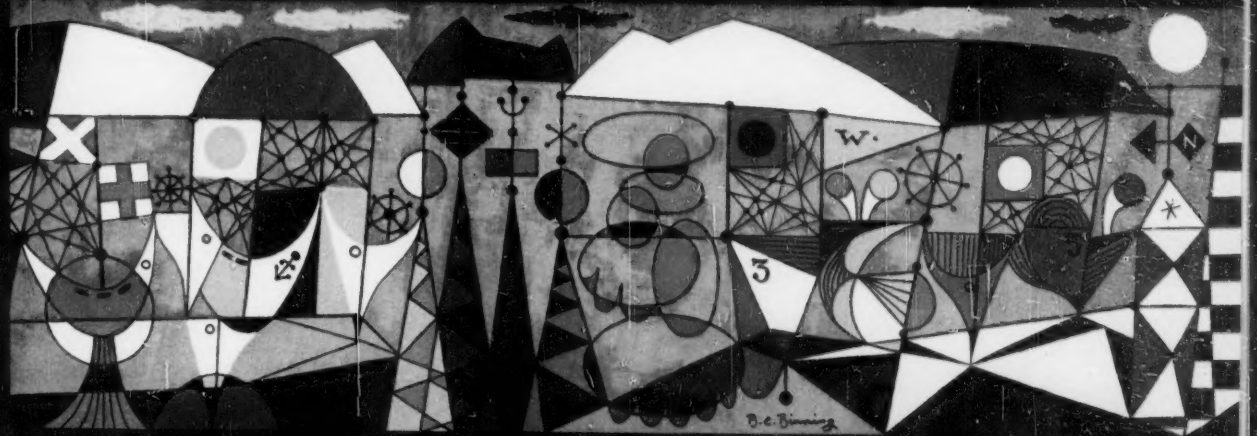


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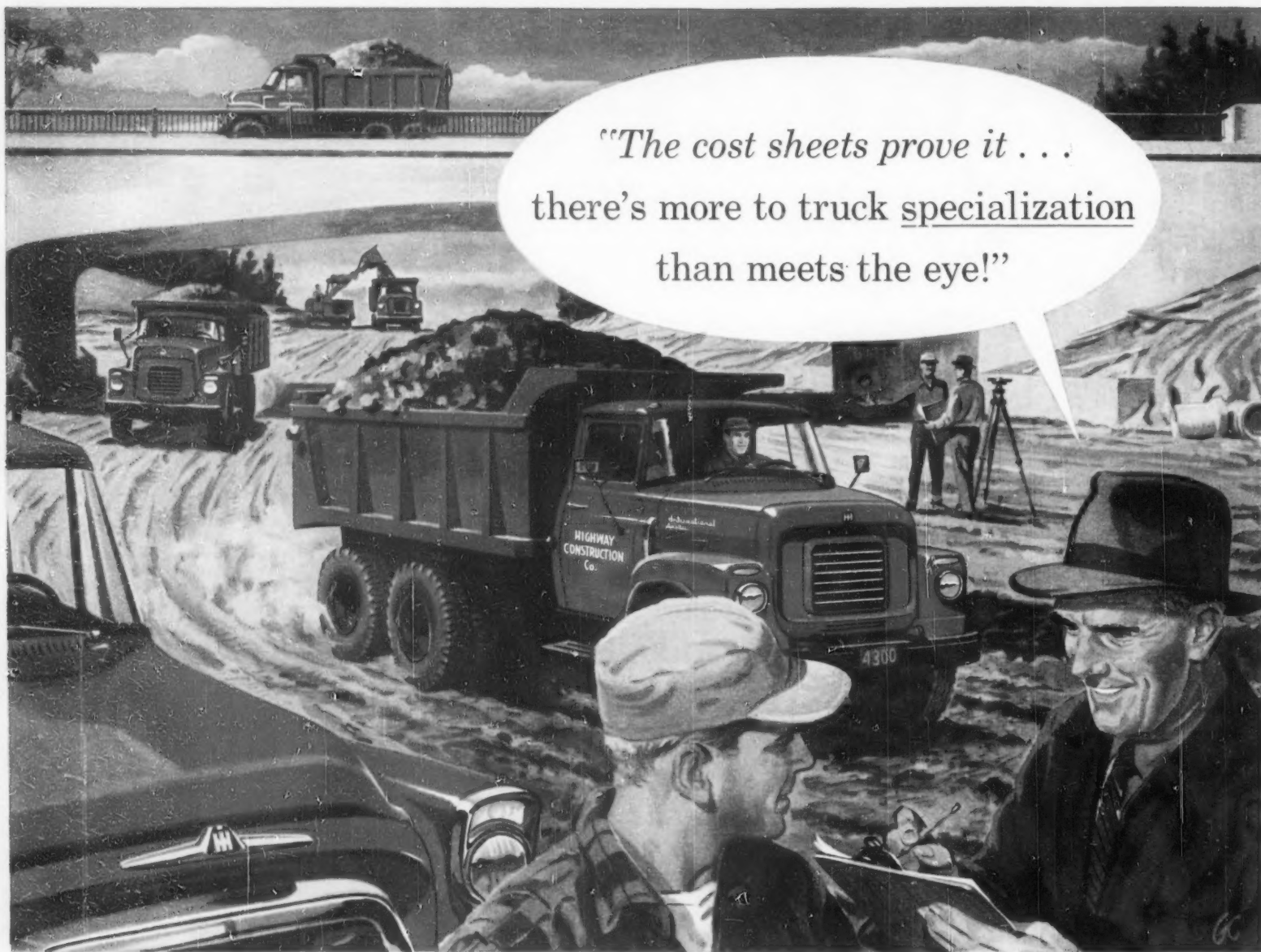
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 10, 1958



# PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Big boom ahead in golf with 40 new courses
- ✓ Clamp-down coming on mail-order job sharks

**THERE WILL BE NO RECESSION IN GOLF** this year; instead you'll see the biggest boom in 30 years. Forty new courses are being built or are in planning stage in the country, more than have been built in two decades. Golf associations expect 350,000 players—a jump of 50,000—according to a Maclean's survey. There are 15,000 juniors and 40,000 women swinging clubs around the nation's 631 courses. A fad likely to rival old-time miniature golf, say officials, is the Par-3 course, booming in the U.S. and now growing in numbers in Canada. It's shorter and cuts playing time in half.

**PREMARITAL BLOOD TESTS**, a burning social issue when prairie provinces and P.E.I. made them mandatory (other provinces merely recommend them), may soon be dropped by most provincial health departments. The reason: new cases of VD in Canada last year (16,000) were only one quarter the number in 1946, and few of these were brought to light by premarital tests. Many provinces think VD will soon vanish as a health problem and detection can be safely left to pre-employment, pre-natal, armed services and other examinations.



Marilyn

**LONG-DISTANCE SWIMS** are heading for the limbo of donkey baseball and other crazes and may die altogether in Canada this year. CNE directors say they won't sponsor a Lake Ontario marathon—for the first time in 31 years—and they'll ignore anyone who tries the 40 miles across the lake. "Marilyn Bell killed interest by swimming the lake," explained one director. "After that everything was anti-climax." Montreal teen-ager Aloma Keen, being groomed to succeed retired Marilyn, has lost her sponsor, Dominion Dairies. "No interest in marathon swims," said a company official.

**LOOK FOR POST-OFFICE WATCHDOGS** and better business bureaus to clamp down soon on mail-order job agencies capitalizing on the recession by offering "high-paying jobs" that in most cases never pan out. In the guise of "interesting work in foreign countries" one outfit sends you (for \$2) a list of construction firms doing business in these countries. The old homework racket is back—with trimmings. You are now promised \$50 a week as proceeds from growing herbs, selling baby boots, writing letters "if you are sincere and honest and send a \$2 deposit." BBB officials who have investigated say few make money and the deposit is never returned.

**WORLD'S BIGGEST OIL FIELDS** (Texas and Saudi Arabia) may sooner or later find a peer in Canada's Mackenzie River delta, where Arctic's first major oil rush is now gathering steam. Eight firms have applied for leases on 22 million acres; \$25 million will be spent on exploration in the next two years. Government geologists say that structurally it could be the world's richest field: Devonian limestone in which oil occurs is three times as thick in the delta as in booming Leduc's fields; 75,000 square miles have been proven favorable to oil (in all Alberta there are 124,000 square miles of oil-favorable country).

**DON'T BE SURPRISED** if your short-wave this summer picks up "CBC is now joining the Eskimo network." CBC is. Prosperous with DEWline earnings hundreds of Canada's Eskimos have radios, but chief entertainment is provided by Russian broadcasts since CBC reception is sporadic. Now CBC is negotiating program exchanges with Radio Greenland which will broadcast in Eskimo to our Eskimos. Chief announcer Frederik Neilson, a Greenland Eskimo, speaks Danish, French, German, as well as several Eskimo dialects. Via the powerful Greenland station Eskimos will also get Juliette and other CBC programs.

**A NEW COMPUTER** will cut to less than two years the time we take for a national census, if DBS decides it can afford the \$3 million it costs. The 1941 census took 10 years to complete and the 1951 census—partly mechanized—three years. The new machine would also be used to cut red tape and speed up work in other government departments.

## HUBBUB ON TEST-TUBE BABIES PARLEY IN JUNE TO AIR DISPUTE



Fisher

**THE WHOLE QUESTION** of test-tube babies—a current cause célèbre in Britain—will be brought out in the open in Canada this June at a special conference of the United Church board of social welfare. While both the Church of England through the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, and the Roman Catholic church through the Pope have come out flatly against artificial insemination of married women, the United Church has not yet taken a stand. The stand it does take could prove a surprise—and there's a hint as to what it may be in Dr. J. R. Mutchmor's remark to Maclean's that "The sad situation in which the demand for adoptions far exceeds the supply has to be considered."

Meanwhile, scores of doctors are caught between hundreds of requests by married women for AID (artificial insemination by donor) and a host of

legal pitfalls. They have been warned in the Canadian Medical Association Journal: "Only the boldest would venture upon this practice." Almost all heed the warning, says Dr. Evan Shute, past president of the Society for the Study of Fertility, but they nevertheless send patients to doctors in the U.S. According to two Toronto gynecologists it's common for women to go to New York for AID (there are 40,000 test-tube babies in the U.S.).

The donor is usually a medical student, paid \$10 for his help. This is the crux of the controversy. In Scotland a woman who had a child by AID was divorced on grounds of adultery. The case raised a storm (there are 10,000 AID children in the U.K.). The Archbishop of Canterbury attacked AID as "contrary to Christian standards."

What is the legal status of AID in Canada? Dean G. R. Tallin of the Manitoba Law School wrote in the Bar Review: 1. "The donor . . . would seem to be in a similar category to a prostitute and the doctor . . . in the same position as a common pimp or madam." 2. The physician could be charged with falsifying in registering birth (the donor's name is kept secret).

## NEW BLITZ IN ALUMINUM Your home's the target

**YOU'RE SOON GOING** to be wooed—as seldom before by anyone—to buy more of everything it's possible to make with aluminum. If you are an average Canadian householder you have 40 pounds of aluminum for various uses. The nation's top producer—Aluminum Co. of Canada—hopes to raise this to 1,000 pounds. In addition to aluminum pots and pans, screens and bridge tables you're going to be bombarded with exhortations and inducements to buy aluminum hi-fi cabinets, fireplace hoods, beach and evening wear, living-room furniture, barbecue aprons, milk bottles, automobiles and accessories.

**The reason:** Aluminum, until fairly recently a scarcity product, is now surplus. We produce about one sixth of the world's supply of 3 million tons a year and export 85% of it. But we're having trouble selling it. Russia has invaded European markets (our sales to Britain

slumped 50,000 tons last year due to U.K. trade with Russia which sells 2c a pound cheaper than we do). The switch from fighters to missiles has cut U.S. aluminum consumption and reduced our sales there.

**The result:** A sales blitz in Canada.

**The stakes:** 25,000 Canadians are employed producing aluminum and by-products; in terms of investment it is one of our largest industries. Alcan has \$425 million tied up in its Kitimat, B.C., plant which turns out 180,000 tons a year; Alcan produces another 590,000 tons at Shawinigan Falls and Arvida, Que. Canadian British Aluminium is building a multimillion-dollar plant at Baie Comeau, Que.

**The prospects:** Dozens of new uses for aluminum are being explored. You may live in aluminum homes. William Zeckendorf's Ville Marie skyscraper in Montreal will have 40 stories of aluminum wall.—PETER C. NEWMAN

## NEW SLANT ON DIET "One meal a day's enough"

**A LOT OF** the most sacred truths you learned at mother's knee about food and diet—and afterward heard from doctors and dietitians—are going to be labeled as falsehoods by a U.S. food-research expert, Dr. Robert Goodhart, in a soon-to-be-published book, Nutrition for You (publisher, E. P. Dutton). Goodhart assails dozens of our best-known dietary theories. Here's how he treats three of the most popular:

**Statement:** You need at least three square meals a day for proper nutrition and preferably should eat a larger number of small ones.

**Goodhart:** "It's entirely possible for an office worker to meet daily caloric, protein, vitamin and mineral needs on one meal a day. Many farm families eat five meals a day. Smaller and more frequent meals are

better digested than a few large ones, but are not necessary for good nutrition."

**Statement:** You get more nourishment and vitamins from fresh (or frozen) fruits and vegetables than from prepared products from which "all the good has been cooked."

**Goodhart:** "Canned foods not only provide the most food per dollar but also offer the best nutritional values from an economic standpoint."

**Statement:** People in the United States are the best fed and most fed in the world.

**Goodhart:** Primitive Indians (Otomis) in Mexico eat better than the average American. "They consume more iron, thiamine, ascorbic acid, the same quantities of calcium and niacin but less riboflavin. They have no dental care and almost no tooth troubles. They eat little meat but their basic diet—corn, beans, chili and a plant liquor—is improved by worms and insects."



# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

## Who'll lead the Tory tide in B.C.?



**CAN YOUNG DEANE FINLAYSON** become the next premier of British Columbia? Or should the B. C. Conservatives move first to get themselves another leader before trying to catch the flood tide that now seems ready to lead them on to fortune?

This is the question agitating the resurrected Tories of the west coast. Odds at the moment appear to be in Finlayson's favor, at least to retain the leadership if not to win the next provincial election, but there is also a strong movement against him, deeply rooted in the feuds of the past. Until the issue is settled one way or the other, the party cannot take full advantage of the situation created by the Diefenbaker sweep and the current embarrassments of the Social Credit government.

Finlayson took the initiative in the undercover party schism by stating publicly, within a fortnight of the federal election, that he had no intention of giving up the B. C. leadership. He made it plain that his enemies could not hope to achieve their ends quietly, and without an open split in Conservative ranks. If they should have a convention called Finlayson will be there fighting for the job he has held through the heat of the day. Also, the anti-Finlayson people have nobody available to run against him at the moment—they are trying hopelessly to persuade Davie Fulton to leave the federal cabinet and lead them to victory in B. C., but people close to Fulton are sure he won't do it. But in spite of these formidable obstacles, the provincial rebels haven't given up hope.

Roots of the quarrel go back many years, to the days when provincial Conservatives were in coalition with the Liberals while federal Conservatives

were trying to fight them, and when both parties in B. C. were split on this issue. What brought it to a head as far as Finlayson is concerned, though, were the provincial and federal elections of 1953 and their aftermath.

Deep bitterness was left in Conservative ranks by those two campaigns. The provincial party, all but wiped out in Social Credit's victory, believed itself abandoned by its own federal MPs.

There were some Conservatives who felt, and who almost openly said, that a Social Credit government under the leadership of ex-Tory Cecil Bennett was not altogether a bad thing, that the sensible course was to treat Social Credit as a kind of provincial wing of the Conservative party, and observe a kind of mutual truce. Finlayson and his backers believed, rightly or wrongly, that these collaborators dominated the thinking of the federal group and were responsible for the disaster that befell the party in the B. C. election.

Resentment against this supposed betrayal led to resentment against the federal party and federal leadership generally. At a meeting in 1954 the provincial Conservative association adopted a resolution of non-confidence in its own federal leader, George Drew, and the split became wide open and public. Deane Finlayson was with the rebels against Drew, and therefore against such B. C. leaders as Howard Green and Davie Fulton.

Finlayson was, of course, a Diefenbaker man; from the start, even at times when his support was an embarrassment rather than a help to Diefenbaker. His friends assert with every appearance of confidence that now, with Diefenbaker the party's acknowledged savior, Finlayson is entirely secure—

that his loyalty and service in the past are his guarantee of safety now.

Nothing of the kind, his enemies say; Finlayson acted like a fool in 1954 and Diefenbaker knew it. He was foolish to think that such men as Davie Fulton would make any sort of deal with Social Credit, no matter what a few self-appointed strategists might say or do. He was foolish to make a private split public, and compel the federal Conservatives to set up in B. C. a separate organization. In fact the federal group had been running their own show for years, ever since John Bracken had named Howard Green his "personal representative" on the west coast and by-passed the provincial leader Herbert Anscomb, then a minister in a Liberal-Conservative coalition government. But Deane Finlayson's action led to an open break that could not be ignored.

In the end, the chances are that the question will be decided by men who are neither partisans nor enemies of Finlayson personally.

The Conservative uprush in B. C. that began in 1957 and reached a climax March 31 is largely propelled by young men who have entered politics only lately and have little interest in the feuds of the past. They are not so much interested in who was right or wrong in 1954; their question is who can win the next election in B. C.

From that point of view, Deane Finlayson has some assets and some liabilities.

One admitted asset is that he, at least, has never been suspected of collaborating with Social Credit. To him, the Bennett regime has never been anything but the enemy. Now that everybody in the party agrees with him, and

nobody will admit ever having thought differently, Finlayson gets credit for foresight.

Another asset, of course, is the simple fact that he is the party leader and could not be deposed without a fight. A party split at this stage is undesirable for obvious reasons. Finlayson has been devoting all his time to politics for several years, having sold out his insurance business in order to do so. He is becoming well known in the province, is a fairly young man (39 in August) of attractive appearance and personality, and might well prove an effective leader of a party on the march. It's true he has been defeated several times in both federal and provincial elections, but for that matter, so was young John Diefenbaker in Saskatchewan during the Twenties and Thirties.

On the debit side, these younger men have only one real fault to find—but it's a grave one. They think Finlayson has poor political judgment.

One example, of course, is the imbroglio of 1954. No matter who was right or wrong on the issue itself, they think he was mad to back a motion of non-confidence in his own party's leadership. It was the kind of thing Mitchell Hepburn did to the Liberals in Ontario twenty years before, and the Ontario Liberals haven't revived even yet.

They can give other examples, too trivial to explain here but falling into the same general pattern—a tendency to foot-in-mouth disease. The most recent occurred at, or immediately after, the meeting in Victoria where Finlayson proclaimed his intention of remaining leader. In the course of his speech he appealed to Social Credit voters to come back to the Conservative fold. Afterward a reporter asked him whether he would include Premier Bennett and Attorney-General Bob Bonner in that invitation. Finlayson said something to the effect that if they gave up their Social Credit heresies, they too could come back.

Finlayson's critics think he made a bad error in saying this or anything like it. As they see it, the Conservatives' big chance in B. C. lies in the sins of the Social Credit regime—the scandal in forest management, and especially the apparent attempts by the premier and the attorney-general to hush it up and sweep it out of sight. Any suggestion that their sins can be forgiven, that all they need do is recant some errors of doctrine to become good Tories again, can only weaken this strong moral line.

This kind of thing leads some young Conservatives to believe that Deane Finlayson could not win a majority for his party in British Columbia, and couldn't last as premier if he did win. They are looking desperately for a substitute. So far, though, they haven't found one.

Meanwhile the Liberals are in equally bad shape. Their provincial leader Art Laing has no seat in the legislature and no apparent hope of winning one. They are trying to get Jimmy Sinclair to come into the provincial field now that he has been defeated in the federal, but there is little prospect that he will do so and less that he could breathe life into the B. C. Liberal party even if he did try. Aside from everything else, there is a widespread feeling that any serious attempt to revive the Liberals would merely split the vote and let either Social Credit or the CCF win. ★



Will Deane Finlayson get aboard the white horse?



## BACKSTAGE IN SHOW BUSINESS

The song-and-dance spoofs that laugh at Canada — and pile up profits at the box office

FOR A WEEK OR TWO in April three vaguely similar stage shows were in action at three leading Toronto theatres—all pulling good audiences. They were *My Fur Lady*, a by-now-celebrated McGill student revue; *Spring Thaw*, for 11 years Toronto's top revue, and *Now We Are Six*, a newcomer but also a revue. All had one thing in common: they were spoofs on Canadian manners and people and on our neighbors.

If their survival at one time in one city proves anything at all it is that Canadians have at last learned to enjoy laughing at themselves and, in a quasi-wicked way, at their friends. At all three revues audiences were often laughing at the same things—Toronto's subway, Canada's culture and American money.

It is the same kind of intimate, semi-private humor that has made Brooklyn Dodgers and Harry Truman's piano playing rib-rocking laugh lines to almost every American. But in Canada the spoof has been carried beyond one short laugh line to the point where it sustains a whole company for weeks—and years. Up to this spring *My Fur Lady* had played 313 performances to 214,000 people and grossed half a million dollars. By the time the troupe tours the west to the B. C. Centennial every Canadian city and town of any size will have seen it. *Spring Thaw* last year ran a record 117 shows before 60,000. While giants among the revues, these two are not the only testimonials to native humor.

Three years ago comedienne Jane Mallett and friends put on *Fine Frenzy*, still another spoof, paid actors above-equity wages and netted 33% on a \$10,000 investment in five weeks. In the same tradition, *Now We Are Six* is backed with \$2,000 from the sale of one principal's car.

What is there about a topical revue that so tickles Canadians? The rocks they throw, according to French-Canadian comic Gratien Gélinas, who says, "I get my best laughs when I sound as though I'm throwing bouquets when I'm really throwing rocks."

The favorite targets for most revues are well known to every theatregoer—Vince Massey, Kate Aitken, Charlotte Whitton, Barbara Ann Scott and almost any political bigwig. When *Spring Thaw* first presented Governor-General Massey in 1954 slightly nervous laughs greeted this introduction:

**Taken from a family firm by a set of curious chances,**

**Liberated from a term of selling farm appliances.**

But the laughs were less restrained and Massey a confirmed spoof this year when he sang:

**Young men in long underwear dancing  
May not give the backbenchers a thrill.**

**But it's better than some of the prancing  
I see up on Parliament Hill.**



KATE "THE GG" BARBARA ANN  
... favorite targets for fun-loving troupes.

Both *Spring Thaw* and *My Fur Lady* owe a lot to Kate Aitken, though she's never uttered a line in self-defense. *My Fur Lady's* chorus sings:

**If you need sophisticatin', call Kate Aitken,**

referring to Kate's beauty hints, and

**If you like your girls hard-bitten,**

call up Charlotte Whitton.

When actress Pegi Brown first lampooned a leggy blond skater with a baby lisp, scores in the audience wrote protesting "this slur on Barbara Ann Scott."

A topical revue often has its work cut out trying to stay topical. In February 1957 a line in *My Fur Lady* went:

**Uncle Lou, Uncle Lou, tell us what to do—and  
Howe!**

After the election in June that year it was changed to:

**Uncle Lou, Uncle Lou, what's become of you—  
and Howe?**

And after the Liberal convention Uncle Lou got the hook and choristers in polka-dot ties were singing:

**Lester B, Lester B, what's our policy?**

That didn't last long either. By the time Honest John had indicated right from wrong Lester B was in the wings and the familiar GG (Massey) was doing a bit in French with Honest John:

**Comment ça va? That's French, John . . .**

*Spring Thaw* has often toyed with the notion of going on the road, perhaps to the U.S., but the barrier has always been, "Will outsiders laugh at it?" Probably not. Canadians see little that's funny in outsiders' spoofs. When an English company tried Toronto with *Collector's Item*—hits from London's West End—they lost money. The lesson: Canadians would rather laugh at themselves.—JOHN CLARE

## Backstage with women

"Working girls" no longer single girls; here's how wives are taking over jobs

ALTHOUGH IT'S NO SECRET that since the war a lot of Canadian married women have been going out to work, few employers or even labor experts will be prepared for some of the shocks in the first report the government has made on wedded workers. Just completed, it shows that almost overnight they've become just about as strong numerically as single women in the labor force. They're gaining at an increasingly rapid rate and at least half say they intend to keep on working indefinitely.

The study was made from interviews with married women workers in our eight largest cities and it shows some arresting changes in the national working pattern. Where 25 years ago one employee in fifty not working on a farm was a married woman, now it's one in eight. Here's how married women have gained on single women in the same period:

	Women working	Married	%
1931	603,000	60,300	10
1941	833,000	106,000	12.7
1945	1,062,000	309,000	29.1
1950	1,112,000	436,000	29.5
1958 (Feb.)	1,360,000	585,000	43

Part of the answer, say labor-department experts, is the gain in the marriage rate since the war. In 1931 only 53% of Canadian women over 14 were married; now 66% are married. They marry younger today and they work longer before having children.

**Who are these women?** They're younger (average 25-34) than the married women who don't work. Half of them have no children; most do their own housework. Where there are children they are usually looked after by relatives.

**What jobs do they hold?** Two out of five are in office or clerical work, many in factories, teaching and nursing. Only one in ten is a boss or professional person.

**What do they earn?** Three out of five make less than \$2,000 a year; only one in 12 earns more than \$3,000. Their husbands earn more than they do, but not as much as Canadian men generally.

**Why do they work?** Half of those interviewed said they worked to buy luxuries for the family—not necessities—but a surprising one in four said there was "not enough to do at home."

The present recession, instead of cutting into the number of married women working, is likely to increase it, according to the women's bureau of the labor department. Few employers today have prejudices against married women, so they're not likely to be dismissed before single women of the same capacity. In most cities hordes of married women whose husbands are jobless have been registering with National Employment Service.

## Background

### A TARTAN FOR THE THOMSONS



The newest coup for multimillionaire publisher Roy Thomson, who "retired" to Edinburgh to boss the famous Scotsman is a Thomson tartan, recently okayed by the Lord Lyon King of Arms. Thomsons previously wore the MacTavish tartan. Thomson, who now controls 46 newspapers in three countries and has interests in half a dozen radio and TV stations and four trucking firms, is setting records for "retirement": His Scottish Television Ltd. is earning him \$3 million a year.

### CURE FOR WINDSOR'S ILLS?

Almost every city's anxious to tell Windsor what to do about its economic ills and unemployment (Canada's worst). Sick of gratuitous

advice, Windsor shelled out \$12,500 to get a skilled outsider's view (from Battelle Memorial Institute, a Columbus research firm). **Answer:** Although in the heart of the world's richest industrial area Windsor's a "fringe" Canadian city, as remote as James Bay from Toronto and Montreal markets. **Suggestion:** Get out of a single economy (cars). Try canning, boat building and chemical and paper industries.

### WINNIPEG BALLET STAYING HOME

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet, which once warred with the Toronto-bankrolled National Ballet for national eminence—and was the first to win royal recognition—is now withdrawing from the fight. Instead of importing a choreographer to succeed Betty Farrally, the company hired native Winnipeg ballet master Arnold Spohr. There will be no more of the tours that once took dancers to New York and Washington. "We tried to be big before we were small and imported big

talent before we could pay for it," says President Bob Kipp. "Now we're going to start over."

### ARE TV GIVEAWAYS A CRIME?

Although the CBC warned broadcasters against joining the U. S. stampede to audience-giveaway shows (licenses could be revoked), it neglected to tell audiences they could be prosecuted for taking part. Some of these shows on U. S. channels would violate our Criminal Code if aired in Canada. Canadians participating would be breaking the law too.

### B. C. WEEKLIES GET NEW DRESS

Veteran Vancouver newspaperman Hal Straight is doing a switch on the familiar printing-shop proprietor who puts out a neighborhood weekly on the side. Straight has bought four B. C. weeklies, is peppering them up with high-class editorial help and turning his back on job printing. His theory: dailies don't have space for PTA, corner-lot sports and ratepayers' meetings; weeklies do.

## Editorial

### Is B.C. a he, a she or an it?

AS MOST CANADIANS will be doing at some time during the year, Maclean's with this issue pauses to consider and, within prudent limits, to applaud the sovereign province of British Columbia. We began to do so with a distant, nagging uncertainty. On re-examining the words and pictures contributed to the following pages by a number of famous B. C. writers and artists, we perceive that they, too, share the same irresolution.

The cause is an embarrassing one, but at least we can now identify it: nobody is quite sure whether to call B. C. a him, a her or an it.

A matter like this can be particularly awkward at times of fete and anniversary. For one thing it puts orators under maddening and inhumane strictures. It knocks the poets right out of the box. Lyric playwrights and the directors of pageants are licked before they can get off the ground.

We propose therefore, as our most useful contribution to the birthday celebrations of the western province, to bestow on it the most important ingredient of any personality, be it corporate or human. Since, through a hundred years of hemming and hawing, the province has not been able to do so for itself, we herewith choose for B. C. a sex.

The easy — and as we shall show — the specious thing would be to designate the province as a him. To an eye willing to judge solely by externals, B. C.'s granite mountains and mighty, barrel-chested forests do, indeed, have a masculine aspect.

But in assessing bodies of land enclosing bodies of people, geology and botany have little to do with the ultimate truths. The shape and spirit of any society is a matter of metabolism and metaphysics, a whole complex of forces that can be sensed but neither seen nor well described.

If we are to judge by this ancient law, B. C. cannot conceivably be anything but a Her. A tall, youthful and leggy Her, not unlike the engaging senior prep-school girls of the native novelist John Cornish. Her heart full of well-justified confidence, her mind full of honest pleasure at her own comeliness and promise. Her proud young head towering above the Douglas firs into the hovering rain clouds which, to her faint annoyance and surprise, have proved to be wet and once more gone and spoiled her hair-do.

We observe her with boundless gratification and some envy, striding forth toward another term. Precisely into what main roads and byways her lengthening steps will lead her, we are not bold enough to guess. Now and then she will surely pause to pick a wild orchid from the forest floor and she will spare several minutes for the pursuit of butterflies. It is not inconceivable that, for all the excellent counsel she has had from those older and more wise, she will be led into a dangerous encounter with some strong, fair-talking farmer's boy. Should she—perish the thought—suffer what is sometimes described as ruin, we venture the forecast that she will nevertheless and somehow recover.

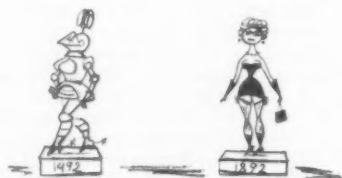
Here, then, is to British Columbia. God bless her. And incidentally keep an eye on her.

## Mailbag

- Recruits for our war against the sack
- Should only Americans talk about Ike?
- Is the cold war an economic necessity?

**THREE CHEERS FOR** your editorial on the sack (We Declare War on the Sack Dress, April 12). How silly can women get? How would they like to see men wearing suits six sizes too large? Wearing the sack should be grounds for divorce . . . —O. W. HEMBLING, OYAMA, B.C.

➤ What's the matter with Paris and New York that they foist ugliness on us females? At any age we'd rather have



worn pink tights or a fitted coat of mail than have covered up our natural shape under this hideous shroud.—NINA BARKER, TORONTO.

➤ I'm also concerned with the "insult and injury to the female form." Let us men unite!—RICHARD KNAPP, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

➤ I'll join you in your war. The 1958 sack is worse by far than those of the 20s . . . —MISS M. E. JOLLOW, BRANDON.

➤ . . . What better way than the sack for a young man to tell the sheep from the goats?—MRS. MURIEL NICKEL, OTTAWA.

➤ . . . A sack dress looks attractive on a model in a dress shop but most women should leave it there. This is one instance when I think the men are right.—M. A. WILLOX, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

➤ Just when did men get the right to dictate to women what they could wear? Men who have the nerve to pioneer in fashions are the males admired by women. You say a man should divorce a wife who wears a sack. Can you picture a courtroom, a man and his wife before the judge who asks why the man wishes to have his marriage dissolved. The man replies, "My wife wears chemises." Oh, really sir!—HELEN CLOSE, TORONTO.

➤ Here's one male who will not join your crusade against the sack. The staff of our women's-wear newspaper (Style) is proud of the fact that we hurried the advent of the chemise into Canada by at least one season. Garment manufacturers in Canada had some doubts about the acceptance of the chemise but we managed to convince both manufacturers and retailers that the chemise is THE thing for the gals. Whether you like it or not, the chemise is here to stay for a while. It's smart, comfortable . . . and sexy, too.—MAURICE LUCOW, EDITOR, STYLE, TORONTO.

➤ . . . Men's topcoats aren't too far from sacks, eh?—R. G. HACKETT, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

### The Eisenhower tragedy

I wish to protest Bruce Hutchison's attack on President Eisenhower (The Eisenhower Tragedy, April 12). It was pointless and cruel, no matter how true the facts may be. Criticism of Mr. Eisenhower should first come from his countrymen . . . They elected him . . . —MARGERY A. NICHOL, DEEP RIVER, ONT.

➤ The Eisenhower Tragedy by Bruce Hutchison should have been The Hutchison Tragedy. He is slipping . . . —JOHN D. GARMAN, KINDERSLEY, SASK.

➤ Do Canada's journalists find this country so devoid of faults that they must bemoan affairs in the friendly neighbor to the south? Or is there so little going on here that Canada has to look to the nearest source for news? . . . —AUDREY CARROLL THOMPSON, PORT COLBORNE, ONT.

### Can we end the cold war?

Your editorial, Wanted at the Summit: New Concepts and New Labels (March 29), implied a fact apparent to everyone. We need the cold war. Visualize the results if all countries kissed and made up. All troops would be called from foreign lands. Cutbacks would be made in armies. Thousands would be added to the labor force. Armament manufacturers would beat their war machines into saucepans. Need I sum it up? Western nations would go into



an economic tailspin such as the world has never seen. No, we cannot give up the cold war, but let us admit it.—ROSS F. KAVANER, CALGARY.

### All wrestlers aren't brutes

I enjoyed your story by Mrs. Athol Layton (I Married a Wrestler, April 12). They are members of our community, a lovely couple, and I can't see how people can be so mean to them . . . If they could have seen him at the School Fun Fair playing games of chance with the children they would know he's not a brute.—MRS. R. WOODS, TORONTO.

### Is this B.C.'s best fishing?

The Best Fishing Hole in B.C., by Vernon Hockley (April 12), is not I hope my native province. This poorly written nonsense is further embellished by the insert, "B.C.'s Birthday Party. This British Columbia story—by a B.C. author — is part of Maclean's salute to the province's centenary." Few B.C. people will appreciate such tripe being so labeled.—W. N. CAMPBELL, VICTORIA.

### MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 94



# BULOVA presents HIS EXCELLENCY



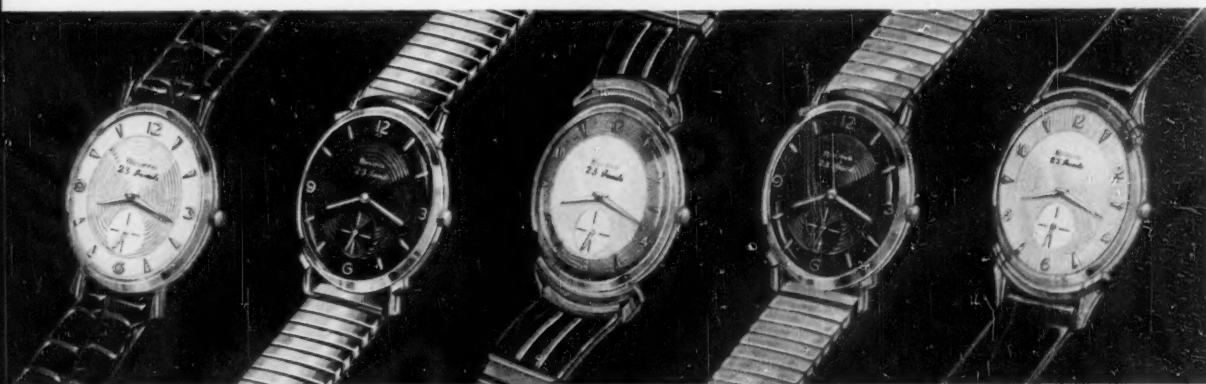
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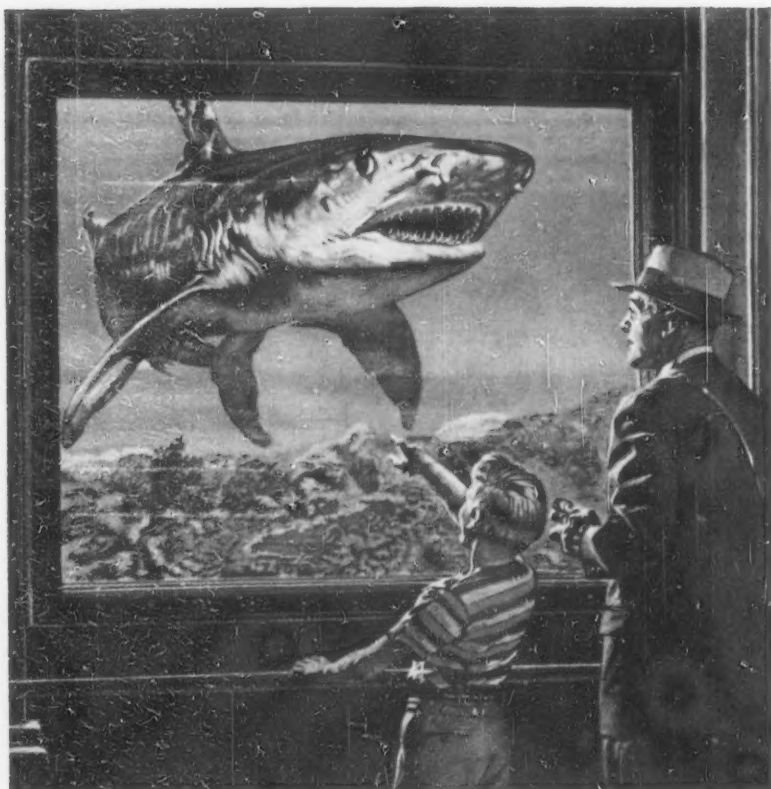
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## The strange case of the shark's teeth ... and some important facts about yours

Had Mother Nature made the same provisions for our teeth as she did for the shark's, good dental health would be no problem at all.

For when a shark loses a tooth, a new one soon grows in its place. Once we lose a tooth, however, it is gone ... and for good.

Yet, the second set of teeth which Mother Nature gives us is strong and durable enough to last a lifetime ... if given proper care. Unfortunately, too few of us give our teeth the care they need.

Proof of our neglect comes from the Canadian Dental Association. It estimates that only 40 percent of all Canadians get reasonably adequate and regular dental care.

The rest get emergency care or none. Moreover, one out of 7 adults has never been to a dentist.

There is more to be gained from regular dental care than simply keeping the teeth clean, bright and healthy.

For instance, proper care helps prevent tooth and gum infections which may play a part in arthritis, kidney disorders and other conditions affecting general health.

When teeth are neglected ... when decay strikes, when gums become diseased,

when abscesses form at the roots of teeth ... a center of infection is established from which germs may enter the blood stream and cause disease in other parts of the body.

Even the smallest break in the enamel can pave the way for infection in the interior of a tooth. In fact, infection may exist at the roots of an apparently healthy tooth. The dentist can usually detect such trouble by X-ray examination and check it before serious damage occurs.

Healthy teeth ... for children as well as adults ... depend upon three things:

1. **Diet** — which should supply all the elements for good teeth, especially calcium and vitamins C and D.

2. **Cleanliness** — or proper brushing, which should be done after meals and always before retiring.

3. **Check-ups** — which should be made every six months or as often as your dentist recommends.

If you see your dentist regularly, he will get to know your individual dental requirements and how they can be met to your best advantage. If you cooperate with him, your chances will be far better to keep most of your teeth most of your life.

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### THE COVER

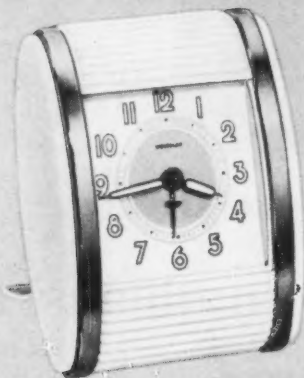
There's more visual variety in our salute to B. C. than a single illustration could sum up, so we chose three. Bert Binning's gay abstraction is drawn from Vancouver harbor at regatta time; Vancouver's Jack Long photographed Victoria's Government Street; and Len Norris has yet another way of looking at B.C.

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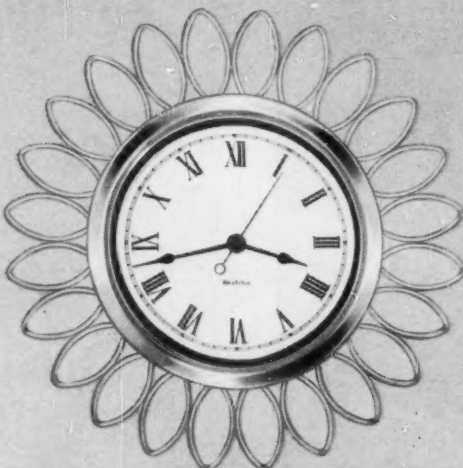
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 10, 1958



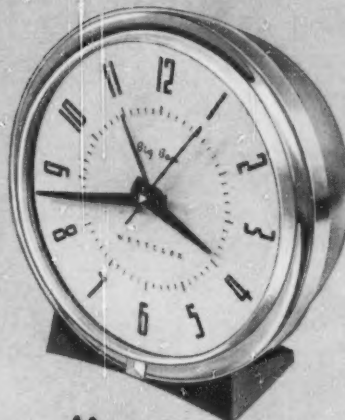
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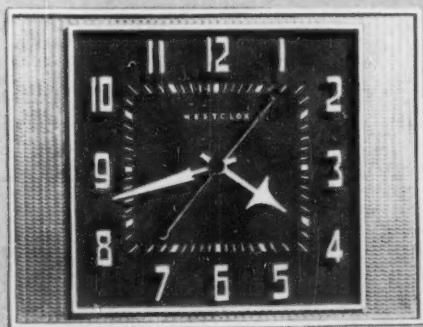
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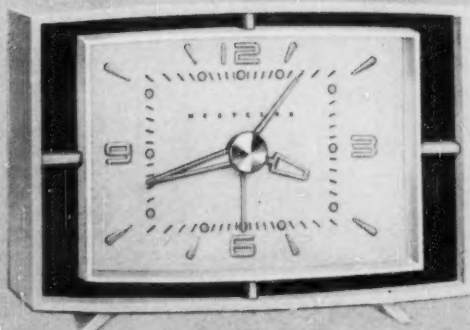


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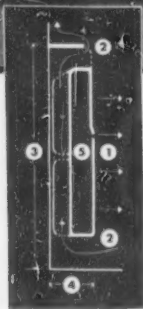
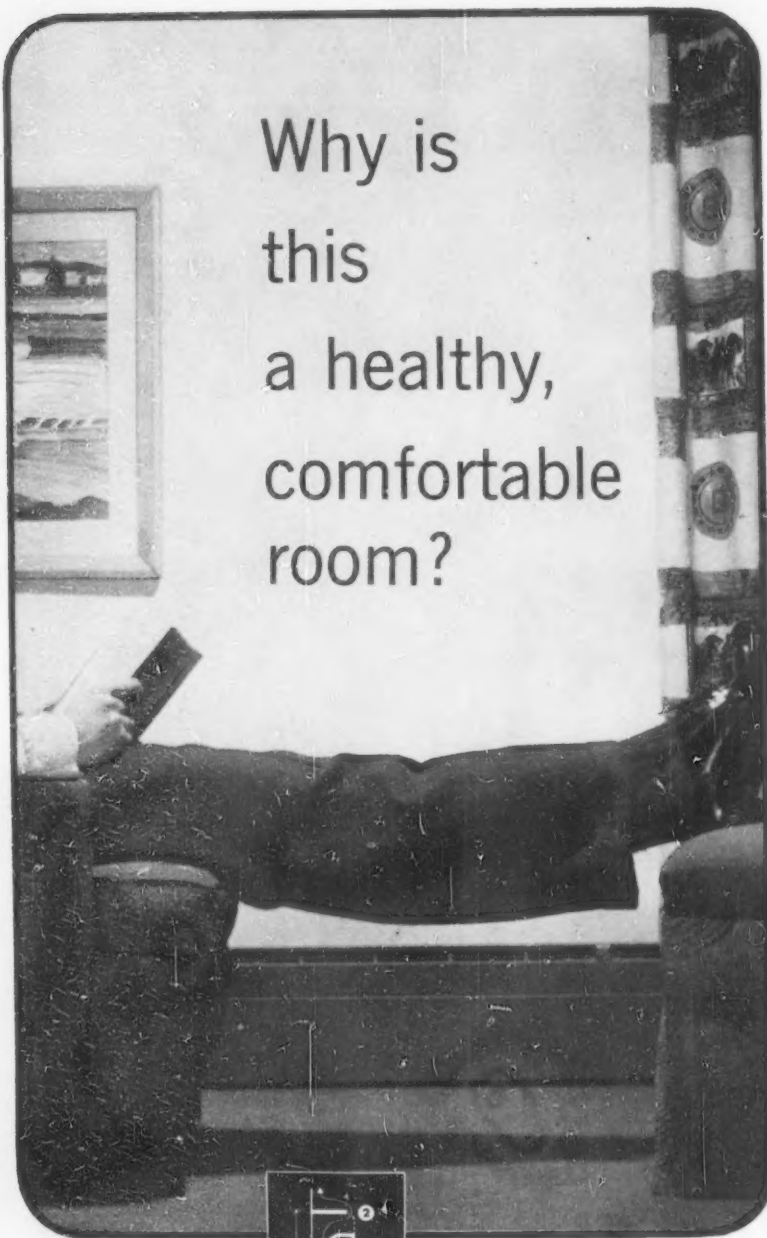
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## For the sake of argument



LISTER SINCLAIR SAYS

## British Columbians are snobs

Most people in B.C. are inclined to regard the province as God's Country: the Evergreen Playground; the Paradise of the Pacific; where the mountains and the sea combine for gracious living. But as far as the rest of Canada is concerned, I am afraid B.C. has become the snob province. Since I regard Vancouver as my home town I find this reputation unpleasant and distasteful. But it is, unfortunately, well-deserved.

We British Columbians may not care what others think of us. We may think the rest of the country is simply jealous. But the province is now a hundred years old and I suggest it is high time it stopped acting the loudmouthed schoolboy. Our continual public gloating is doing us no good. Instead of amending our faults, we deny them. By belligerently insisting we have nothing but virtues we give the impression that we have no discrimination, that we cannot tell the good things from the bad.

#### Mountain-strippers

Our most irritating trick is to take a conceited pride in things for which we are in no way responsible, such as the scenery. We did not put up the mountains personally; nor did we personally arrange for the sea or for the coastline. Our share in the matter has been to strip the mountains of their forests, so that they are bald and scarred; to pollute and block up the rivers; and to divide as much of the shoreline as possible into waterfront lots, so that it is almost impossible to find a few yards of public beach along the entire North Shore of Greater Vancouver. We do, of course, sometimes set aside tracts of country for recreation and so forth—and we say these are in perpetuity; but this phrase only seems to mean until the parkland is needed for logging, or mining, or to take the waters backed up from some great dam. Not many people hear of these

things, because the orders are given unobtrusively; but anybody who objects is thought to be opposing progress. After all, these things bring money into the province; and no loyal B.C.-ite wants to attack the basis of our prosperity.

Well, we cannot have it both ways. The scenery is not something to be proud of; it is something to admire and to love, and to be grateful for. Our only legitimate source of pride might lie in the use we have made of it, and here we have more cause for shame than pride. We have begun with great natural resources, for whose existence we are not responsible, and now we are destroying them, exploiting them, and tying them up.

Yet we still have the nerve to brag about our beauties! No wonder the rest of the country cannot decide whether we are fools or hypocrites.

I think we are neither. The attitude of B.C. is, after all, only the quintessence of an attitude that you can find all over Canada. It reflects an exaggerated self-consciousness: the sort of thing we notice so clearly in the United States, with its "I am an American Day." We have it too. We are often determined not only to be Canadian, but to look it, to sound it, and to make everybody else know it every second of the day.

In the same way, B.C. is determined to be more western than the west. This is literally true: the west ends at the Alberta border. B.C. calls itself the Coast (even the parts that are several hundred miles inland) and of course the Coast is something peculiar and special, not only a locality but a way of life.

There is nothing wrong with this as an ideal. What is saddening is to confuse the chest-thumping intention with the uneven reality. This is not essentially a B.C. failing; it is a Canadian one, or rather a human one. But to accuse Ontario

continued on page 91

PLAYWRIGHT LISTER SINCLAIR WAS COMMISSIONED TO WRITE A "NATIVE DRAMA" AS PART OF B.C.'S CENTENNIAL CEREMONIES.





## TWENTIETH CENTURY TOTEMS...

SYMBOLS OF  
BRITISH COLUMBIA'S  
CENTURY OF PROGRESS

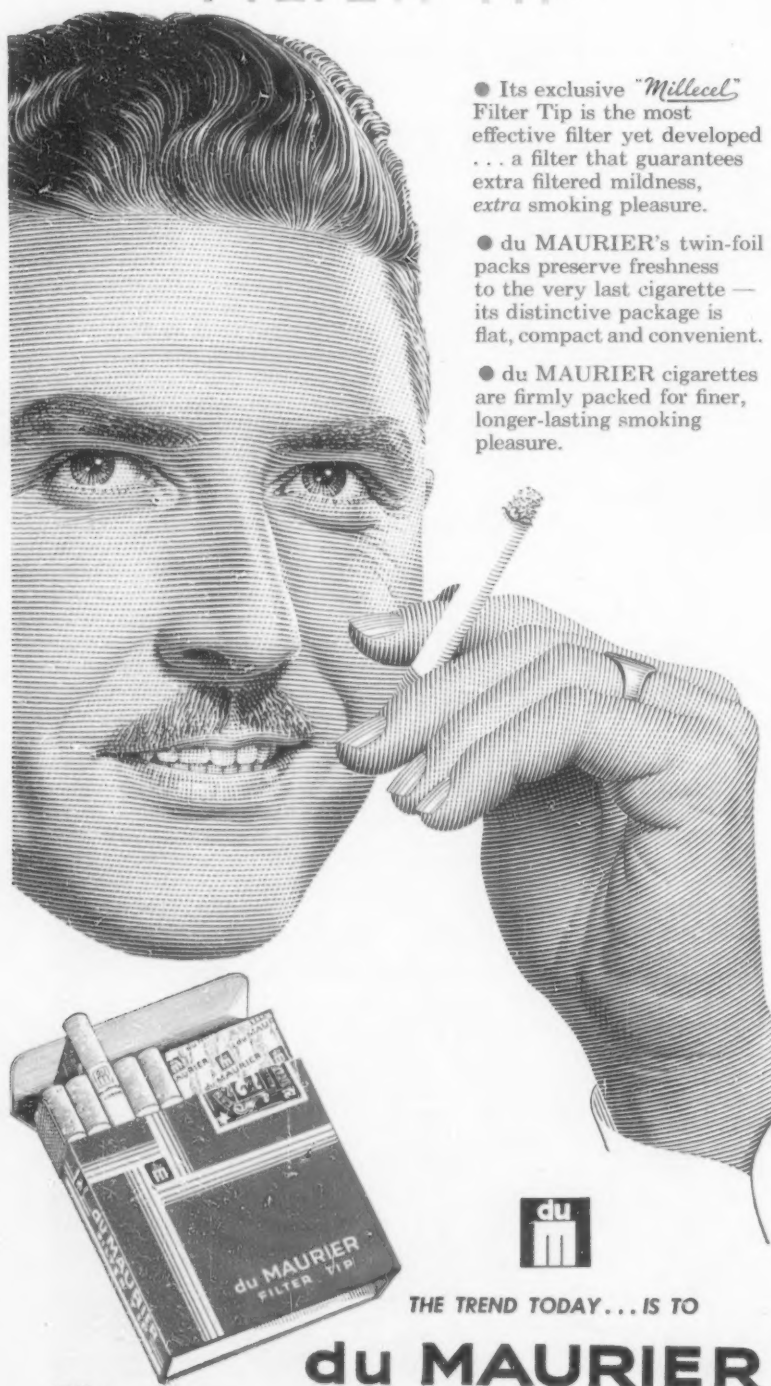
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## London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

### The Vancouver girl I married

Years and years ago when oceans were oceans and train travel was an adventure my brother and I used to go to the Union Station in Toronto to watch the immigrant trains pause on their way to the distant west. In a gamble for a new life these men and women had pulled up stakes to venture into the unknown. They did not realize that they were playing a vital part in the birth of a nation. Some day my brother and I vowed that we would see the west, but how and when?

England was to come first. In 1914 a benevolent government was offering free transportation to the British Isles. Thus, with a lot of other fellows, we entrained for Halifax and with five thousand fellow Canadian soldiers set sail for England and the war. Vancouver was farther away than ever.

Now let us leapfrog over the years. It is 1922 on a rainy Sunday evening. Tommy MacKinnon, a Canadian ex-soldier who had stayed in London after the war, dropped in for a cocktail at my flat in Westminster. I had intended to go to a party not far away and tried to get on the phone to tell the host that MacKinnon would like to come along, but the line was engaged. Let us repeat those words: *but the line was engaged*. On such fine threads are the fates woven.



The sought-after

"But for convention, I'd have proposed to Edith Letson immediately."

"Let's dine here," I said. "It's a dirty night anyway. Sorry I can't supply two females at this short notice." In other words we would dine, talk, drink and in due course he would go home. It was comforting not to have to go out and anyway it is always difficult to get a taxi when it's raining. An early night and so to bed—what could be better as preparation for a hard week's work on the Sunday Express?

"I think I might get a couple of girls," said Tommy. "The Letsons from Vancouver have taken a house near St. John's Wood." Who and what were the Letsons? And why in the Dickens couldn't MacKinnon stop interfering with my rights as host?

By that time MacKinnon had gone into the next room and was on the telephone. I could hear him talking to someone. Then he returned. "They'll be here in half an hour," he said. "The two girls, that is."

My servant was duly informed, MacKinnon entered on a minute description of how he had cured himself of a slice and now was suffering from a hook, and the coals in the firegrate crackled as if it was all a great joke.

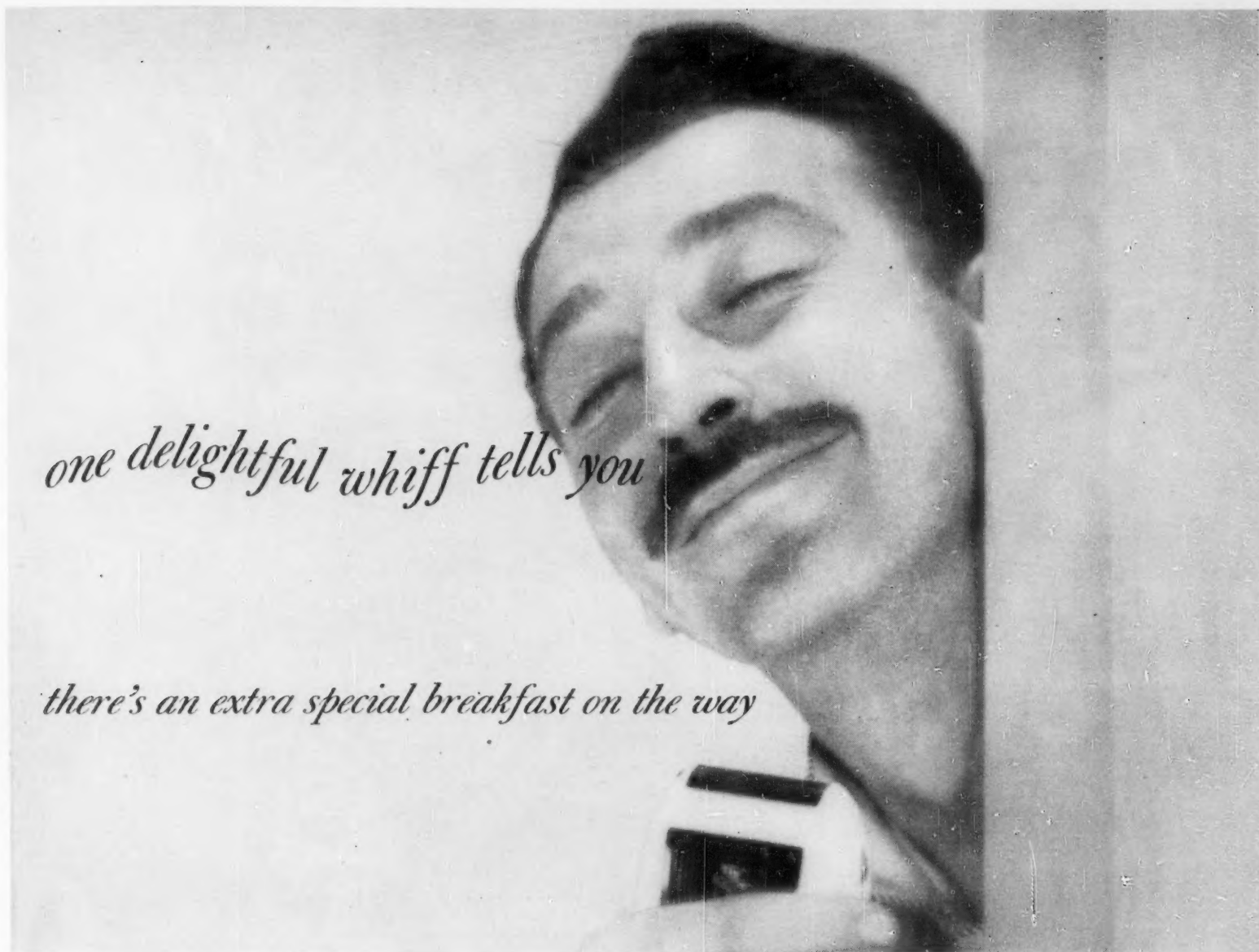
Then the **continued on page 93**



The suitor

"How strange to marry in Vancouver ... the west's *Sans Souci*."





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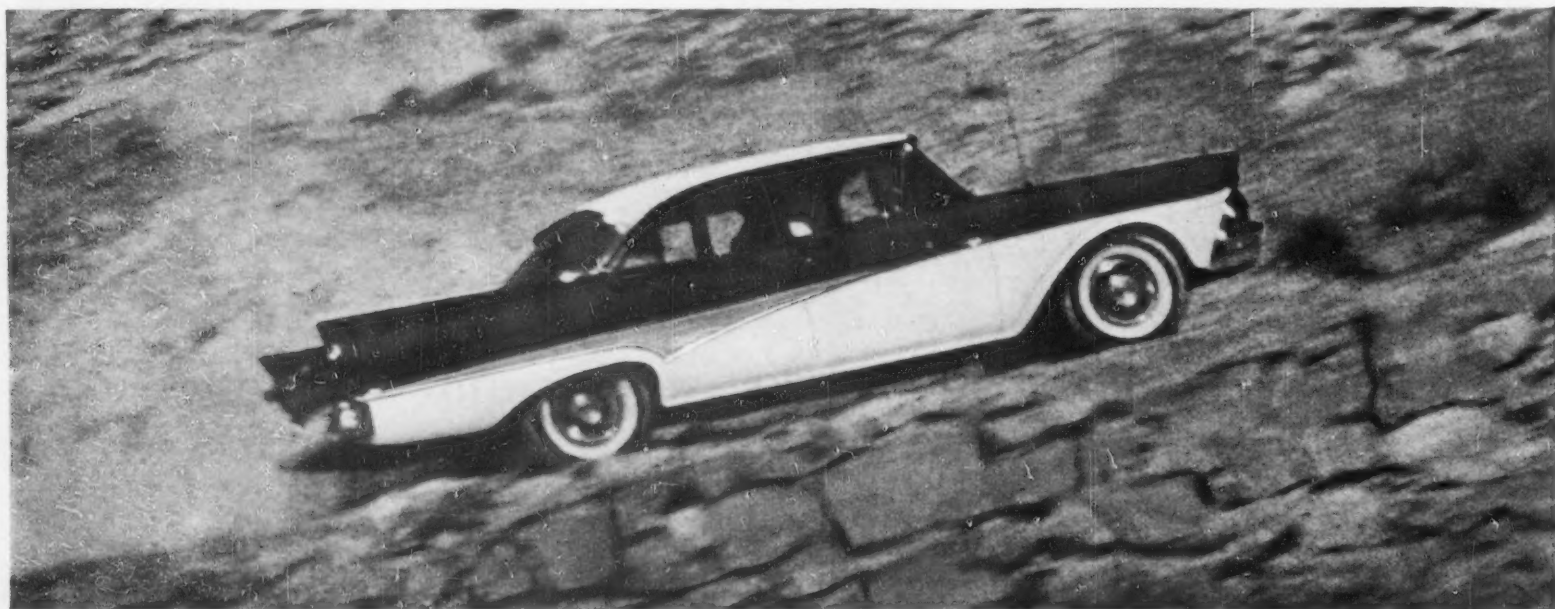
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## British Columbia 1858/1958

◀ B. C. coastline, near Prince Rupert, was photographed by author on trip he describes here. Though born in the Yukon and now resident in Toronto he still regards himself as a true-blue British Columbian.

**I'm telling you,** said Russ Baker, the pilot, talking in those superlatives that distinguish the loyal British Columbian, "this is the most beautiful country in the world, right here where we're sitting. Since I saw you last I've been all over the world—Tahiti, Fiji, Egypt—seen the pyramids and all that; but there's nothing can touch this country, that's for sure."

We were sitting on a cliff at Fort St. James in the exact geographical centre of British Columbia, eating our lunch in the September sunlight with the aspens and birches aflame all about us. Below us, the blue corridor of Stuart Lake stretched off into the northwest between the smoky

# A NATIVE'S RETURN TO B.C.

**By Pierre Berton**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK V. LONG AND PIERRE BERTON



In a centennial year, an expatriate British Columbian  
looks affectionately (and sometimes  
critically) at his former home: "the go-the-limit  
province, the boom-or-bust province  
... that part of Canada where nothing is done by halves"

corrugations of B.C.'s great interior plateau.

Baker stood up and sucked in a healing draft of British Columbia's invigorating air which, as every British Columbian will tell you, is the purest in all the world.

"Oh boy!" he said. "Oh, boy! This is for me!" and he pummeled himself on his great barrel chest.

Simon Fraser felt much the same way when, in 1805, he pushed through the mountains on his dash to the coast and named this land New Caledonia because it was as lovely as his native Scotland. At our backs lay Simon Fraser's town of Fort St. James which, with its sister community of Fort McLeod, is the oldest continuous settlement in the province. Everything about B.C., I reflected, seems to be the oldest or the youngest, the coldest or the hottest, the biggest or the smallest. For this is a province of extremes and it comes as no surprise to learn that this country of New Caledonia, which is steeped so thoroughly in the past, is now being tagged as The Land of the Future.

Ten years had passed since Russ Baker and I sat on this same cliff overlooking this same lake. In that time a physical revolution has taken place in B.C. A new city, **continued over page ▶**



### The Romantic

Russ Baker, a top airlines executive, should be in his office, but he prefers his old role of bush pilot.

Kitimat, has sprung up behind the mountains to the west; oil and gas have transformed the quiet farmland behind the mountains to the east. Just over the hills surveyors are swarming through the great Rocky Mountain Trench; to the south the railway builders and the road builders are stitching the province together. But the inner revolution has yet to come, for B.C.'s psyche remains unchanged. It is still that part of Canada where nothing is done by halves: where in every field—in politics and art, in climate and geography, in ethnic make-up and social mores—the pendulum swings abruptly and unpredictably from one extreme to the other. It is the whole-hog province, the go-the-limit prov-

ince, the all-or-nothing province, the boom-or-bust province, the Texas and at the same time the California of Canada.

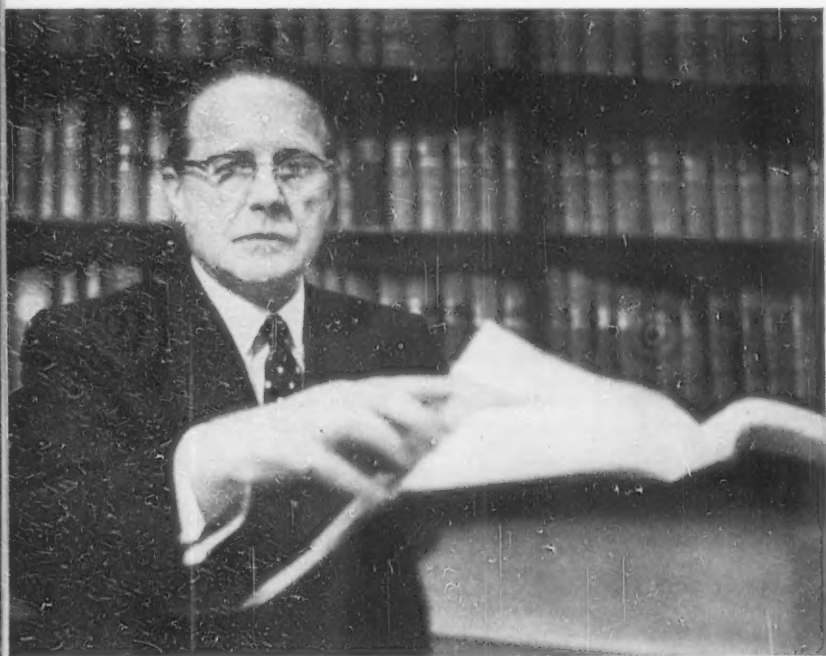
It has, for instance, the largest percentage of old people in Canada and also the largest percentage of young married couples. Thus, although its birth rate is the lowest, its rate of acceleration is the highest. It has the most marriages per capita and the most divorces; the most advanced prison system and the most crime; some of the best social services, some of the worst delinquency. There are proportionately more newcomers in B.C. than in any other province—and more drug addicts. It is the fastest-growing province in Canada; in places it is also the emptiest.

A native's return to B.C. continued

"After several weeks prowling about B.C., I find it hard to escape the conclusion that a broad streak of ham is a local characteristic"

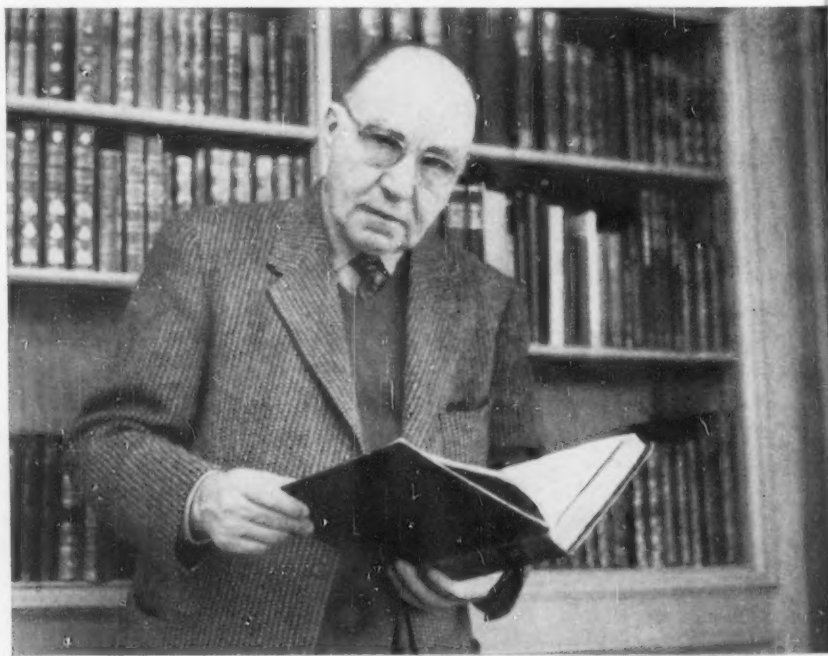
It is hot and cold, wet and dry, and, politically, left and right. I have seen the temperature drop to sixty-seven below in the Peace River country, so cold that Russ Baker had to turn a blowtorch on his plane's engine; and I've picked roses in Victoria on Christmas Day. At one spot on Vancouver Island's west coast the rainfall is two hundred and sixty inches a year, the wettest spot on the continent. But the Sahara is no more arid than the interior desert where the cactus blooms. In provincial politics, as in climate, there is no longer a middle of the road. The government and its only effective opposition are both parties of the extreme.

There are good reasons for this mercurial



### The Big Brother

When B.C.'s in trouble it calls on Gordon Sloan, whose office walls are lined with tomes of evidence from various enquiries.



### The Bookworm

An odd sort of lumber baron, H. R. MacMillan was a dedicated public servant until the age of 34. He's also a scholar who scours the world for rare old volumes.





#### **The Evangelist**

Philip Gaglardi is minister of highways—and of the Gospel. Like many British Columbians he's an evangelist — in more ways than one.

streak in B.C.'s collective personality. It can be explained partly by the unsettled character of the people, almost two thirds of whom were born elsewhere and so have not yet dug in their roots. It can be explained partly by the lack of social cohesion, which is a direct result of the mountain geography; the province is really an archipelago of population islands cut off from one another by an ocean of mountains. And it can be explained by its historical youth, for B.C. is only now emerging from a frontier society.

As a frontier community, it remains masculine, hard-drinking, free-spending and free-wheeling. Men outnumber women by twenty thousand. The per-capita consumption of liquor is by far the greatest in Canada. By one yardstick it is the richest province: it has the highest average income in Canada. But it is also the most prodigal: its government spends twice as much per head as does Ontario's. Yet, woven into this frontier fabric are some strong threads of sophistication. B.C. exerts a magnetic pull on writers, musicians, architects and painters (as the pictures on pages 27-33 indicate). And Dr. Norman Mackenzie, president of its university, says flatly that Vancouver has become "the most exciting city in Canada from a cultural point of view."

For the past several years, the province has, in the words of a prominent jurist, been feeling its oats. It is typical of B.C. that when it decided to have a fling, it did not let a small matter like an historical date stand in the way. There is a flimsy excuse to tab 1958 as a centennial year but there are half a dozen dates of equal significance and two that are more significant. The province as a whole was not united into a single colony until 1866; it did not join Confederation until 1871. The year 1858 marks the date **continued on page 74**



#### **The Elizabethan**

Ned Pratt, a modern architect with a zest for the past, attacks life with gusto — like a knight on a charger.

#### **← The Prophet**

Dal Grauer represents Power in B.C.; his mind, like his office, is uncluttered, contemporary and forward-looking.





THE STREETS OF CANADA:

## Government

It walks from Victoria's  
seafront like a dowager, turns seductress  
and merchant, and dies like  
a tramp. In its two-mile odyssey it is  
haunted by gold seekers,  
a genius, eccentrics, and the visionaries  
who wed Canada to the Pacific

Text by **Bruce Hutchison**

Pictures without words by Jack Long

**G**overnment Street, the first Canadian street built west of the Rockies, starts at the seashore, cuts from south to north through the middle of Victoria and, after exactly two miles, ends in poverty and chaos.

It contains one little stretch of opulence and beauty, about a quarter of a mile long, but physically Government Street doesn't amount to much. Historically, though, it is one of the most notable streets in North America. Beside it the structure of the Canadian nation was completed and the continental boundary anchored a few miles away in the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

More than national and international history lives in this drab-looking thoroughfare. It is not only the home of the provincial government and the true axis of British Columbia's affairs, but the birthplace, shrine and symbol of the Victorian myth, than which there is none more powerful, publicized and misunderstood throughout the land.

But don't start me on this native mythology and my memories of more than half a century along Government Street or we shall never traverse those two beloved miles. Most visitors, indeed, seldom get past the one short stretch of grandeur and the photographers usually fall, swooning—as the tourist industry intends—against the lamp posts and their famous hanging flower baskets.

No, let us approach this complex Canadian phenomenon quietly, systematically and on foot.

From Government Street's beginnings, just above the sea rocks, one looks out on what any impartial observer must regard as the noblest view in Canada. (I state this, without local **continued on page 58**)







# LEN NORRIS' B.C. SKETCH BOOK

We asked the Vancouver Sun's brilliantly irreverent cartoonist

for a personal view of his adopted province. Here's the result

THE B.C. NATIVE PLAYS A WIDE VARIETY OF SPORTS



WITH GUSTO ...



VERVE ...



TEA ...



FINESSE ...



DIGNITY ...



AND OFTEN A TRACE OF RAIN





# NATIVE TRIBES OF B.C.

TEND TO FORM SOCIETIES FOR THE WATCHING OF, PROMOTION OF, PREVENTION OF, PRESERVATION OF, ANTI TO AND DOWN WITH, EVERYTHING ...



INTERIOR EMPRESS TYPE NATIVE  
OR POTTED-PALM DWELLER



GOOD EXAMPLE OF COAST  
PEDESTRIAN... GUARDS (RET.)



AND THE FAIRLY RECENT  
WELL-SCARFED SPORTING CHAP.



AND, OF COURSE THE HARMLESS VICTORIA CLUB DWELLERS.

Continued over page ►



LOGGER TELING FORTUNE KNOWS... THAT MIGHTY TREE FROM LITTLE SEEDLING GROWS



NON-SPORTING FISHERMAN CATCHES SALMON... WHILE SPORTING FISHERMAN FISHES



FAMOUS OKANAGAN VALLEY - WHERE  
PICTURES ALWAYS SHOW FRUIT BEING PICKED  
BY BEAUTIFUL GIRLS... WHILE TOURISTS  
(WHO ALWAYS FORGET  
THEIR CAMERAS)  
SEE OGO-TOGO  
MONSTERS

WHERE ELSE BUT B.C.  
CAN YOU SKI WITHIN A  
SPUNT'S THROW OF THE BEACH?



IF YOU ARE NOT PUTTERING IN THE ROCKERY...

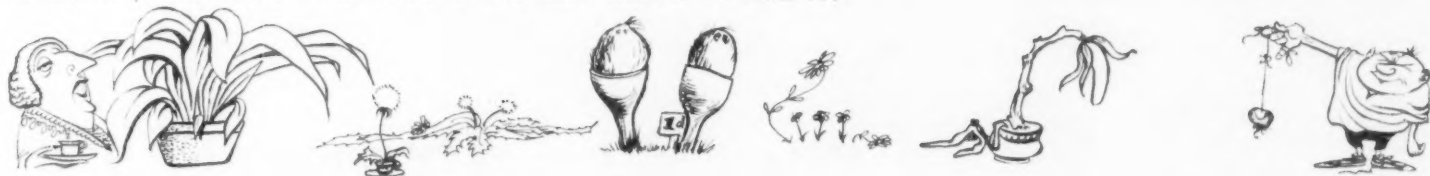


YOU'RE RUNNING THE POWER MOWER...



...OR MEETING THE  
CHALLENGING  
OPPORTUNITIES OF  
LANDSCAPING AND  
ARCHITECTURE

PLANTS NOT FOUND ANYWHERE ELSE IN CANADA THRIVE IN B.C. ...



ENGLISH ASPIDISTRA (POTTED)

ENGLISH DANDELION, ENGLISH COCONUT, DAISY (ENG) ENGLISH BANANA AND ENGLISH CONKER



THE TOTEM POLE,  
MAINSTAY OF B.C. SOUVENIR  
BUSINESS, COMES IN ENORMOUS,  
LARGE, MEDIUM AND EXPENSIVE SIZES.



SEASIDE HONEYMOONERS have made the Vancouver-Victoria "midnight boat" their own. The fleet is a water-borne extension of the CPR's transcontinental service.

## The Salty Princesses of the

B.C. wouldn't be the  
same without the Princess boats.

They've ferried sourdoughs,  
fought steamboat wars,  
set speed records. Now they're

as much a part of  
the seascape as the gulls

**By Ray Gardner**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK LONG

**A**long the British Columbia coastline almost everyone has a warm affection for the Canadian Pacific's Princess ships, the small black-and-white steamers that are as much a part of the local seascape as the screeching gulls that hover round them wherever they go.

For the past fifty-seven years, the Princesses—twenty-six of them, in all—have plied the coastal waters of the Pacific Northwest, from Puget Sound in Washington State to the Alaska Panhandle. The royal sisters have brought pleasure to millions and helped fashion the economic life of the province, even as they do today.

To generations of British Columbians—and to thousands of tourists from the landlocked prairies—the Princesses have been lighthearted pleasure ships. Small boys and not a few adults have thrilled to their first sea voyage aboard one of these miniature ocean liners. Newlyweds have made "the midnight boat" between Vancouver and Victoria a honeymoon special. American tourists, loaded to the gunwales with photographic paraphernalia, flock aboard Princess Louise II each summer for her cruise to Alaska where, in gold-rush days, other Princesses put ashore

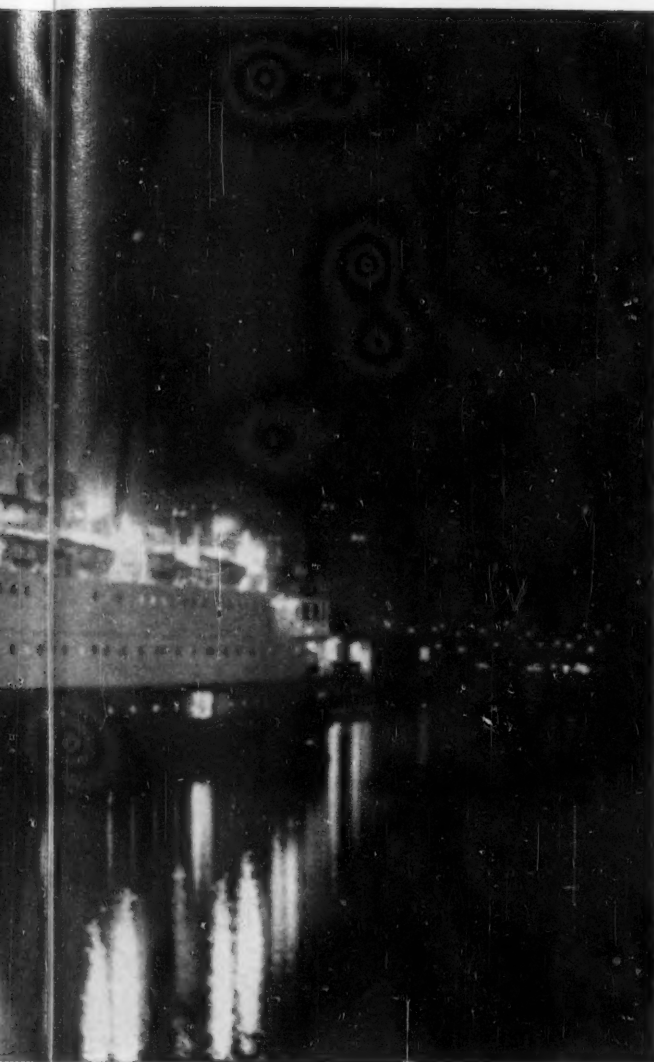
sourdoughs, faro dealers and dance-hall girls.

But the Princess ships have their more serious side. Their basic job is—and has always been—to serve as a water-borne extension of the Canadian Pacific's transcontinental railway, linking Vancouver Island and northern British Columbia ports with the rail terminus at Vancouver.

Captain Oliver John Williams, manager of the B.C. Coast Service, as the fleet is formally known, says, "The Princesses form a bridge of ships, lacing together our whole Pacific seaboard."

The province's capital city, Victoria, is on Vancouver Island. So are one hundred and fifty thousand of its people, a large part of its forest and fishing industry, and some of its finest tourist country. Access from the mainland across the Strait of Georgia to the Island is provided mainly by the Princess fleet. Over the years visionary Victorians have dreamed of bridges, tunnels, and, most recently, an overhead monorail train, to span the Strait. While they dream the Princesses keep shuttling back and forth. When fog thwarts TCA planes the Princesses keep going, groping their way as if by instinct.





**SEAGOING TOURISTS** often make their first ocean voyages on the 7-day Princess cruise to Alaska.

## e Pacific Coast

The Princesses have, at times, run to as many as eighty-two regular ports of call, and there's scarcely a town or village from Seattle to Skagway that has not had a visit from one of them. They've poked their stems into every industrial outpost on the coast, carrying loggers, miners, fishermen, paper-workers and construction crews, and then ferrying food and materials to them.

The present twenty-million-dollar fleet of nine ships — Princesses Louise, Elaine, Joan, Elizabeth, Patricia, Marguerite, and the Princesses of Vancouver, Nanaimo and Alberni—serves twenty-four ports in winter and thirty-two in summer. Riding the crest of B.C.'s wave of prosperity, the Princesses are carrying far more passengers than ever before—an all-time high of 1,718,672 last year.

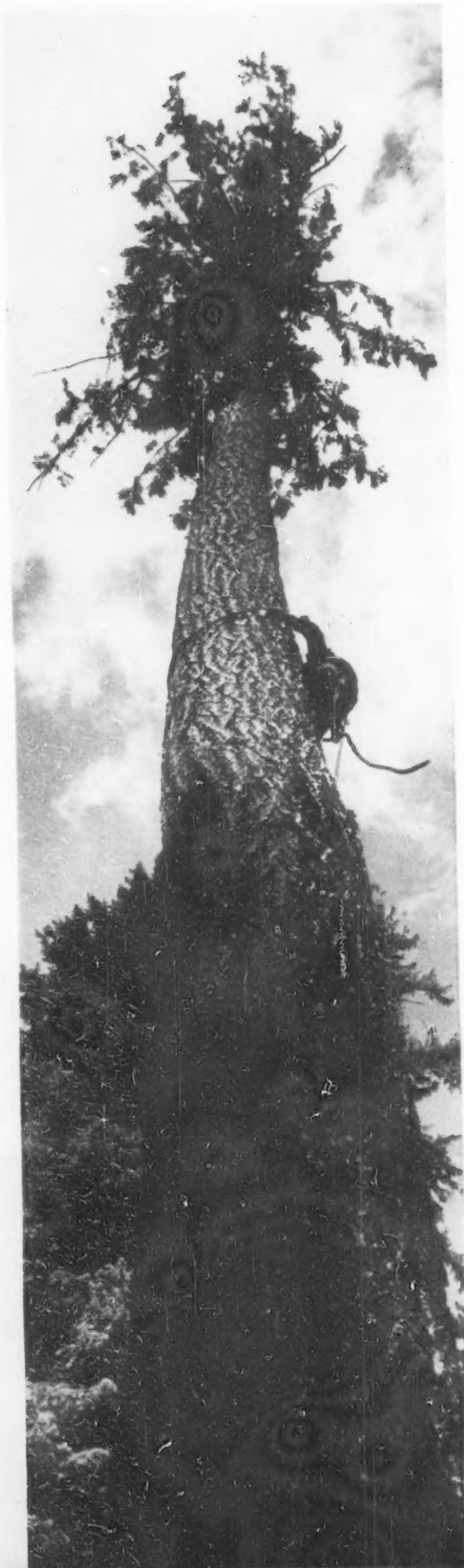
They steam more than half a million miles a year, plying into such busy deep-sea ports as Vancouver and Victoria, or nudging into rough-hewn jetties at Esperanza, Ceepeecee and Zeballos, tiny settlements on the isolated west coast of Vancouver Island. At some points there isn't even a wharf; at Clo-oose, old Josh, an Indian, paddles his canoe out on **continued on page 40**



**SEABORNE COMMUTERS** have a choice of eight daily sailings between Nanaimo and Vancouver (above). New ferries have space for 150 cars.

**SEASCAPE LOVERS** lavish praise on the rugged grandeur of the coastal waters. Here, at dusk, a Princess passes Vancouver's Stanley Park.





**The  
vanishing  
giant  
that  
built a  
province**





The Douglas Fir  
 survived the Ice Age,  
 saw Drake  
 and Cook and gave birth  
 to B.C.'s greatest  
 industry. Now ravaged by  
 loggers, made  
 old-fashioned by science,  
 it's past  
 the point of no return



By Macdonald Reynolds

**T**hough it has historically provided British Columbia with the bulk of its income, the rich grain of its western character, and the picture-window comfort of its ranch-style houses on the hills, the Douglas Fir never has quite made the grade socially in the province that it built.

The people of the coast have tended to keep it below stairs, carelessly calling it a pine, saving their passion for the red-skinned arbutus and the flowering dogwood. They let logging crews push it back into the wilderness where only the high rigger, who climbed it and trimmed it into a spar, could marvel at this wonder tree that can grow thirty stories high, pack enough tough yellow wood into one log to build a row of houses, and flaunt living trees that were seedlings before the Crusades and forest satraps at the time of Columbus.

Not until the end of the Second World War did the B.C. government introduce effective legislation to protect its share of the world's most significant softwood tree. Last September, however, with the release of a progress report on a decade of perpetual-yield forestry, British Columbians finally were told that they had called the cops too late. Like the gold that once brought the adventurers to the sandbars of the Fraser, the munificent fir forest of the Canadian west is just about exhausted.

British Columbia, which has cut down two billion dollars worth of the fabulous fir in the past fifty years, got the bad news in a royal-commission report on the province's forest resources. It read like an obituary. "British Columbia," said Chief Justice Gordon Sloan, "is witnessing the swift passing of an era soon to be nothing more than a memory . . . We can never recreate our ancient and giant Douglas Firs, upon which our dominant position in the world lumber market was founded . . . It is an outmoded, uneconomic philosophy based largely on sentiment to try to keep the province's forests predominantly fir."

Piratical logging, sloppy forest housekeeping and a drop-in-the-bucket planting program have brought the fir forest to the brink of a famine from which, probably, it never will really recover. Yet is B.C. downhearted at the death of the goose that laid its golden eggs? The answer is a rather sad no. Science doesn't need big trees any more. Grey-flanneled alchemists are making their own gold these days out of weed wood and resin glue. Planks are figuratively being squeezed out of tubes, and flag-poles soon may be whipped up in a laboratory while you wait.

And B.C. has its attic crammed with the trees that chemists cry for, a tree born for the test tubes, the prolific **continued on page 50**



B. C. premier W. A. C. Bennett typifies Social Credit's hybrid background. He is a Tory turned Socred; he displays busts of Laurier (rear) and Macdonald—no Aberhart.

## The rise and fall of Social Credit

Surging "On to Ottawa" just a year ago, the west's wonder party now seems headed for destruction.

Maclean's Ottawa editor reports on the oddly assorted men and mixed ideas that created, briefly, a unique political phenomenon

BY BLAIR FRASER

**L**ast month a question came up that is of only marginal interest in the rest of Canada, but of central concern in British Columbia and Alberta:

Is Social Credit finished, as a political force? Does the elimination of a small splinter party at Ottawa, which nevertheless had endured as such for twenty-three years, mean the doom of provincial governments that won smashing majorities only two and three years ago, and as lately as last May were confidently trumpeting "On to Ottawa"?

Even before the deluge of March 31 swept away all nineteen of Social Credit's federal seats, there were hints that the answer might be yes. It is a bad sign for a ruling political party when opponents begin to speak well of it. A certain tone, a patronizing, retrospective, obituary note comes into the voice of the enemy and foretells grave trouble for the regime.

During the past winter, this deadly tolerance became audible in Victoria and Vancouver. A year ago Socialist, Liberal and Conservative politicians were calling the Bennett government a gang of power-mad demagogues and temperamental fascists. In March some of the same men would shrug their shoulders and allow that the ministers were not really a bad lot, just inept—not crooks and grafters, as some folk were saying, but decent souls trying to do a job in their clumsy way.

All these smug expressions of pity may turn out to be premature. Dead or alive, Social Credit won't have to lie down for two more years in Alberta and three in British Columbia, if Premiers Manning and Bennett choose to put off elections until their legislatures expire, and by that time the wheel may have turned in their favor. For the moment, though, the fashionable question is not "Where is Social Credit going?" but "How did this queer political mongrel ever get as far as it did?"

Undeniably, the party is a set of strange bedfellows. In Alberta it enjoyed for nearly twenty years, and only lately began to lose, the support of conservative businessmen who like to be called "hard-headed," though it began in a crusade it never wholly abandoned against the banks and the moneyed interests. In British Columbia it is led and dominated by conservatives who, until recently, were also Conservatives with a big C, but it also includes men who have as fair a claim as any in Canada to the title of crackpot.

Of course, crackpottery is part of the tradition of western Canada. Of the tiniest and crankiest religious sects in the land, Alberta has double the average share of members and British Columbia is not far behind. Unpublished records of the 1951 census show that the two western provinces have all of Canada's

continued on page 96



## WHAT B.C. MEANS TO NINE OF ITS BEST ARTISTS



PRESEANCES IN A THICKET BY JACK SHADBOLT

Shadbolt was thousands of miles from home, on the French Riviera, when he painted this "memory mood of the woods at the swamp edge with the white owls watching the intruder, myself, as I

pick my way back into their green world." Exposed to vivid Mediterranean colors, he found it hard to key down to the tones of B.C.'s forest. His first try came out in hot pinks, was discarded.

**Commissioned by Maclean's to interpret their favorite province in their own way, members of B.C.'s famous and controversial art colony produced the striking portfolio on the next six pages**

**"The overpowering presence of nature  
has been their prime inspiration"**

ALAN JARVIS, THE DIRECTOR OF THE National Gallery of Canada, once remarked that "there are more good artists in B. C. per square mile than in all the rest of Canada." It was with a similar impression in mind that Maclean's commissioned nine of the province's most gifted contemporary painters to set down their personal revelations of British Columbia.

The artists represented here rank among Canada's finest. All have had work accepted by the National Gallery, and at least two, Lawren Harris and Jack Shadbolt, have achieved international recognition. They are all friends but are banded together in no formal school. They range in age from the septuagenarian Harris, to the husband-and-wife team of Molly and Bruno Bobak, in their mid-thirties. Some, such as B. C. Binning, are pure abstractionists; others—Mrs. Bobak for one—have left non-objective art completely alone. Only one, Ed Hughes, supports himself from his art. "Each of us goes his own way," explains John Korner, a Czech whose relatives run one of the province's most prosperous lumber firms. "We're individualists," says Joe Plaskett, a minister's son.

Yet in the pictures shown here there seems to be a common approach: no single human being, and little of man's works, are shown—only sea, forest, mountain and river. For the overpowering presence of nature has always been the prime inspiration of B.C. painters.

Another inspiration is the memory of Emily Carr who died in 1945 after spending a lifetime interpreting the moods and mysteries of the coastal rain forest. "She won the artist a place in B.C. society," says Jack Shadbolt; and the evidence is impressive: an expensive new gallery about to open in Victoria; a lengthy waiting list for children's art classes at the Vancouver gallery; and a swelling enrollment at the Vancouver School of Art whose student body has doubled itself in five years. It is to this art school that Lawren Harris gives most of the credit for the flourishing state of painting in the province. All of the group except Harris taught or studied there; and it was there, too, that Frederick Varley, Harris' contemporary in the Group of Seven, "laid the foundations of B.C. painting," in Shadbolt's words.

Both Harris and Shadbolt also feel that the mysticism of the neighboring Orient has made its influence felt in coastal art. True, perhaps, but the paintings shown here remain peculiarly British Columbian. They have all the zest, all the color, all the drama and all the iconoclasm usually associated with that province.

This complete new collection has been presented by Maclean's to the University of British Columbia where it will be on display in Brock Hall, the student's building, as a permanent memento of B.C.'s Centennial Year.



THE FRASER RIVER FROM SAPPERTON  
JOE PLASKETT

"For me," says Plaskett, "the Fraser is a symbol of the history and life of B.C. My view is from the cemetery in Sapperton, overlooking where the river widens before flowing by New Westminster. Here is the life and death of the people—the graves of the sappers who built New Westminster and, in the mills and booming grounds, the commerce and industry of today." Plaskett spent his childhood in the square house in centre of painting, is "thrilled and enchanted" by a view he knows so well. He lives, by turn, in British Columbia and Paris.



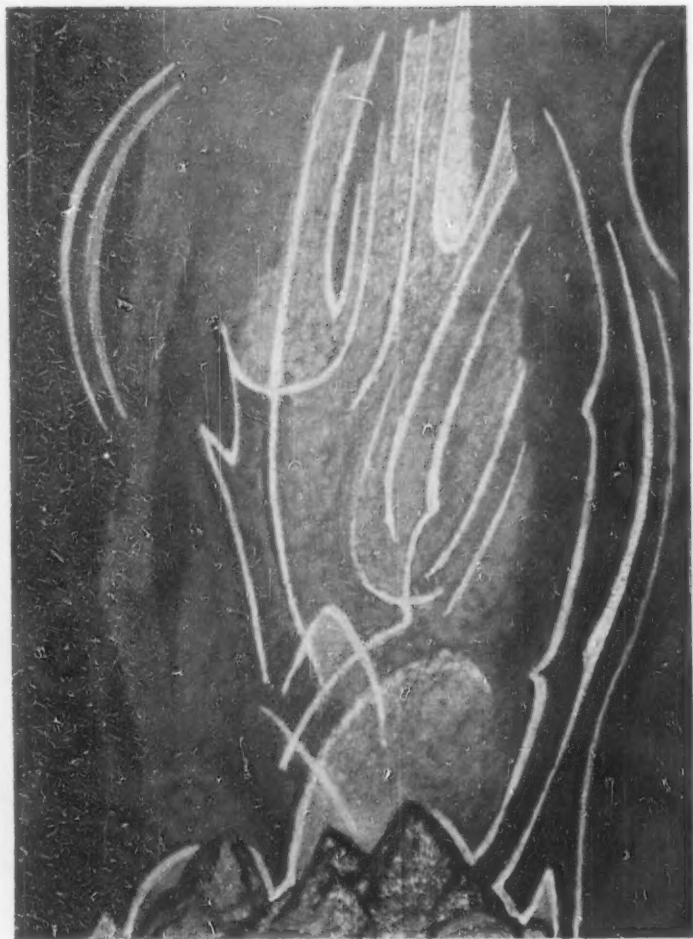


ASHCROFT SCENE  
BRUNO BOBAK

Hot, arid desert near Kamloops and Ashcroft is the part of B. C. Bobak loves to paint most because of its romantic past and future promise. "It is charged with history; a country of overland explorers and gold-hungry adventurers," he says. "One day this desert will become a rich agricultural belt. It needs only water." Fred Amess, principal of Vancouver Art School where Bobak and his wife, Molly, both teach, says, "Bruno likes things—rocks, plants. He can get *inside* them. With Molly, it's people. She loves them." Both Bobaks are now studying in Europe.

CONTINUED →





**MOUNTAIN SPIRIT**  
LAWREN HARRIS

Oriental mysticism and massive realism of the B.C. mountains are fused by Harris, who, at 72, still paints every day. "The mountains," he says, "are aloof, austere, detached, with their own life above the timber line. Yet they supply the wooded slopes and valleys, the farmlands and cities with the water of life." One of the Group of Seven who revolutionized art in Canada in the 1920s, he asserts B.C. painting is influenced by Zen Buddhism, at first an anti-artistic religion that turned into its opposite. "If you could follow it you'd become an automatic painter," he says, wistfully.



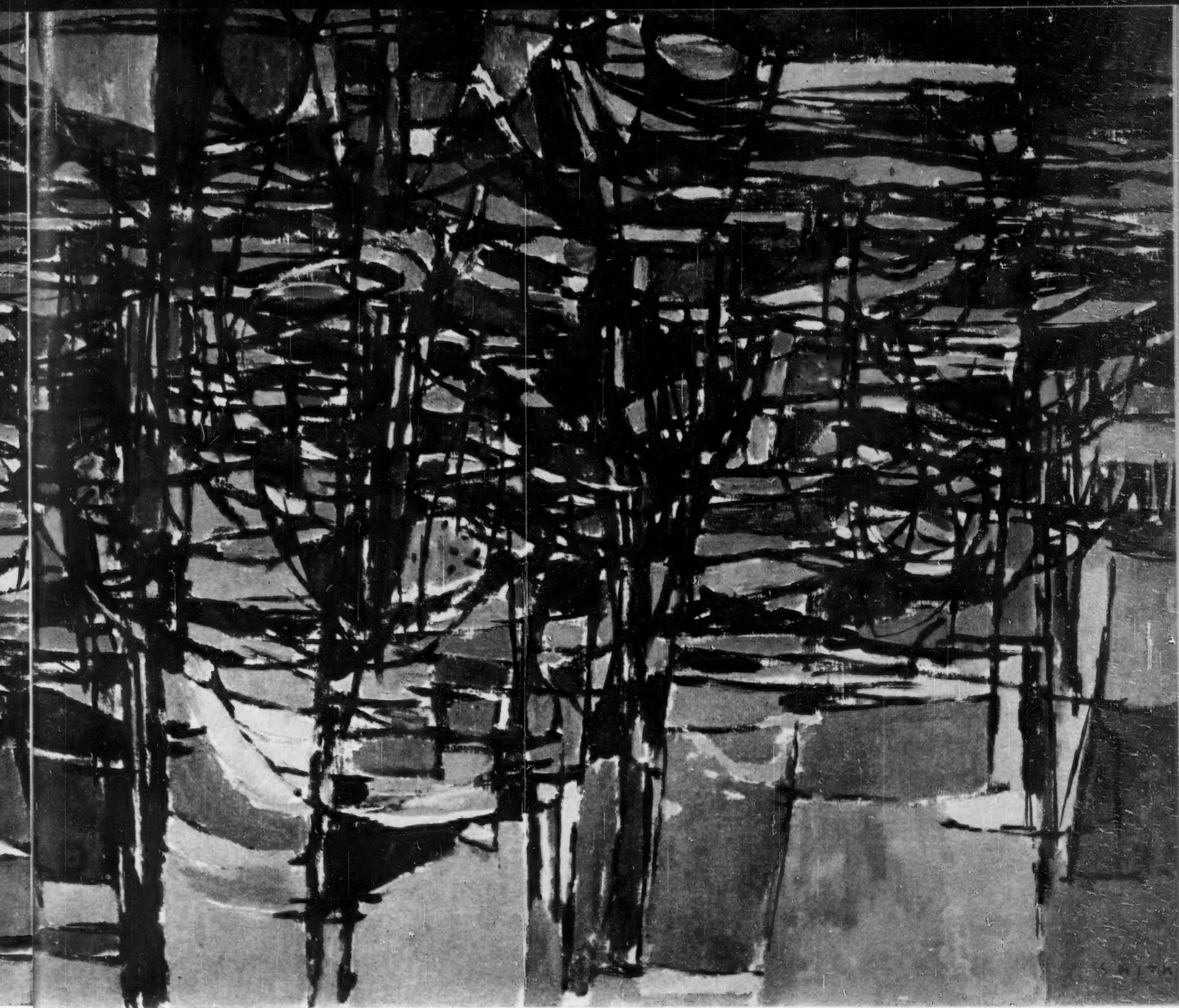
**TANGLED LANDSCAPE**  
GORDON SMITH

"This painting," explains Smith, "suggests the tangled growth where the Fraser River enters the ocean." He made sketches near the scene of Molly Bobak's fish boats; finished his painting at his West Vancouver home. Source of the great salmon run and the route of three railways, the mighty Fraser is vital to B.C. It appears in three of our nine paintings.

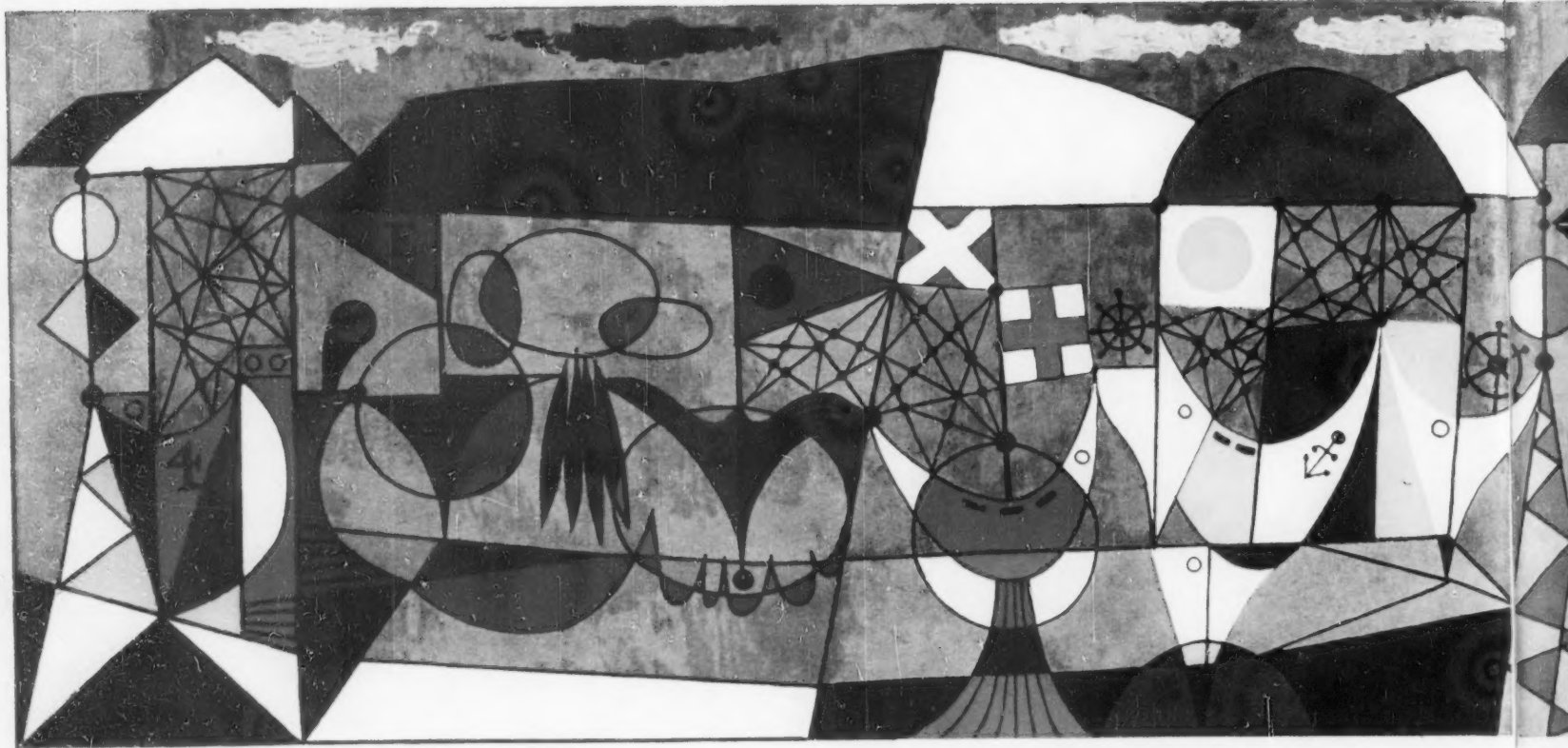
**FISH BOATS, FRASER RIVER**  
MOLLY BOBAK

With her husband, thirty-six-year-old Molly Bobak is the youngest among these painters. Looking at this painting, Jack Shadbolt says, "Molly probably went aboard each boat for tea." She chose to paint fish boats moored at the mouth of the Fraser River because "fishing is an important part of our economy as well as so much a part of our coast landscape."





CONTINUED ➔



B.C. ARTISTS *continued*

**CENTENNIAL REGATTA**

B. C. BINNING

Gay abstract patterns created by flags and rigging of small boats as they bob against background of sea and mountains on a hot summer day in Vancouver harbor inspired Bert Binning's lively painting. "It expresses the joyous feeling I have about Vancouver in summer," he remarks. "It's a sort of seaside celebration of the Centennial." Architect as well as artist, Binning was color consultant on B. C. Electric's spectacular Vancouver office building. He's 49 and is on staff of the University of British Columbia.



**GABRIOLA ISLAND**

E. J. HUGHES

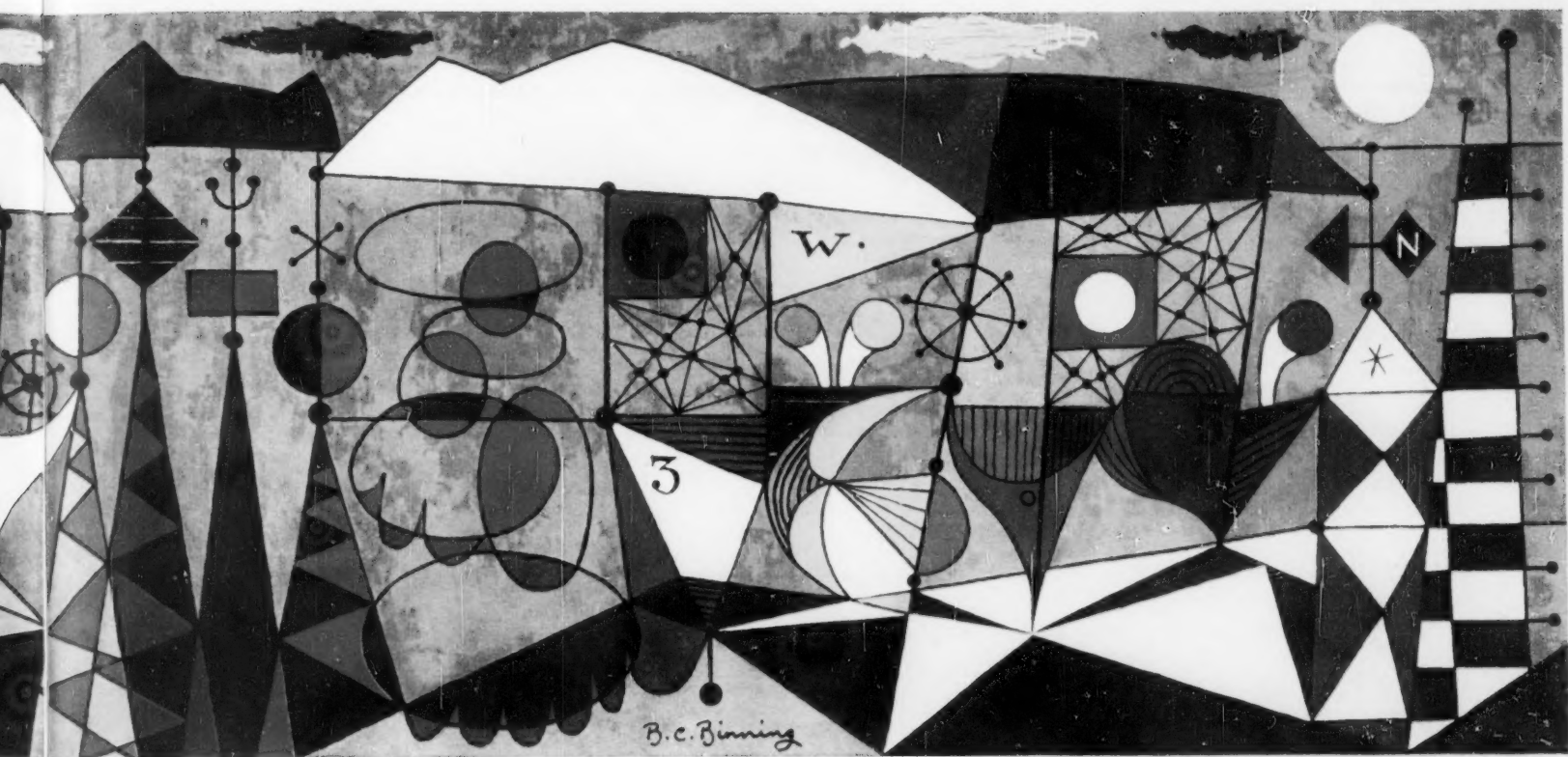
Gabriola is one of an island chain in Gulf of Georgia, off Vancouver Island, where Hughes and his wife live in seclusion, seldom seeing anyone. Hughes is the only one of this group who lives by painting alone.

**FAVORITE HARBOR**

JOHN KORNER

Korner came to Canada in 1939 from Czechoslovakia to escape the Nazis. "Just at first the B. C. landscape was so powerful it bowled me over. I finally got to know it by studying it from the water." His canvas, on which he spent four months, grew from sketches made in Stanley Park as he looked across at Vancouver harbor. Yet it is not meant to depict specific place, but to convey a feeling of "lyrical calm and drama" he sensed. Korner left his family's vast lumber business for painting and teaching.







Red Wind

Running Hawk

Cousin Abbott

Constable Bjornson

Reporter Schick

Legends are among B.C.'s famous exports. Red Wind and Running Hawk doubted this one until Captain Bromfield-Coogan's trap revealed



## The truth about the Sasquatch

BY VERNON HOCKLEY

ILLUSTRATION BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

**I** am obliged reluctantly to remember Captain Hillary Bromfield-Coogan, whose name was first made known to me when my friend Running Hawk put down his newspaper and said, "Here is word of one who ventures to gain fame through capture of the monster or wild man called Sasquatch."

"He pursues an illusion, Running Hawk," I said. "My cousin Abbott, who lives in the fabled Sasquatch region, declares this monster to be completely imaginary."

"I remember Abbott," said Running Hawk. "One hears that he is greatly admired and respected by his fellow citizens."

"Since leaving the Reserve," I said, speaking with some pride, "Abbott has acquired a large farm covered with pastures, hayfields and barns. He is a person of consequence in his neighborhood."

"Exactly," said Running Hawk. "So that if cousin Abbott were to find evidence that Sasquatch may be less imaginary than he supposes . . ."

"Running Hawk," I said, "you will please involve neither Abbott nor me in any scheme to capture this ridiculous Sasquatch."

Running Hawk became scornful. "Red Wind, if Sasquatch is imaginary, as your remarkable cousin suggests, it would plainly be impossible to capture him. I had thought merely to color a legend as one might color a food, to make it the more attractive."

One had to be firm with Running Hawk. "I shall spend

no time or effort," I said brusquely, "toward such an end."

"Indeed," said Running Hawk, "you will have none to spend if you follow your mother's urgent suggestion and get a job in the lumber mill. The hours there are long, and the work rigorous, though no doubt of benefit to mind and muscle."

There is of course a point where firmness becomes mere stubbornness. "I could undertake nothing," I said, "in which I might be asked to make false statements."

Running Hawk leaned forward with his craftiest smile. "Red Wind, should you think it false to say that you had seen nothing when, actually, you had seen nothing? Or to deny the likelihood of Sasquatch's existence when, as you say, you have no reason to suppose that he exists?"

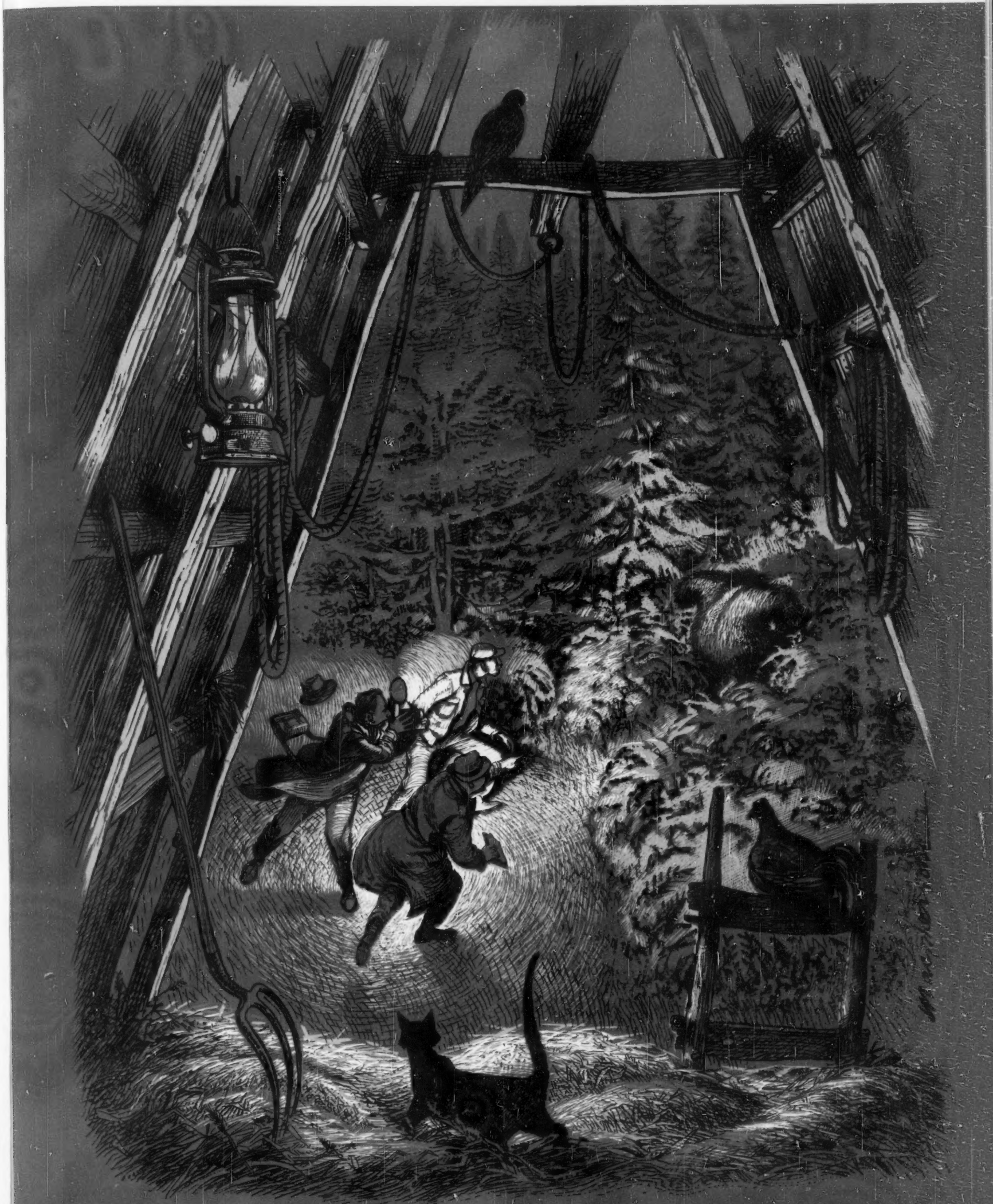
The logic in this seemed undeniable in spite of Running Hawk's strong argument for the lumber mill. Running Hawk rose, still smiling, and drew a large fur coat from a cupboard. "An heirloom," he said, "in which I propose to make certain striking alterations."

We had by this time quite forgotten about Captain Hillary Bromfield-Coogan.

THROUGH THE KINDNESS of a freight conductor named Smith we were able within a day to reach the junction of the Fraser and Coquihalla Rivers, where Running Hawk set off into the forest with a large pack of camping supplies and I went on by road to the farm **continued on page 67**

Something crashed heavily in the bushes. "Shoot, Jake!" said Bert. A vast light flared from Jake's camera. "If I was in focus," said the ace reporter, "I got him!"





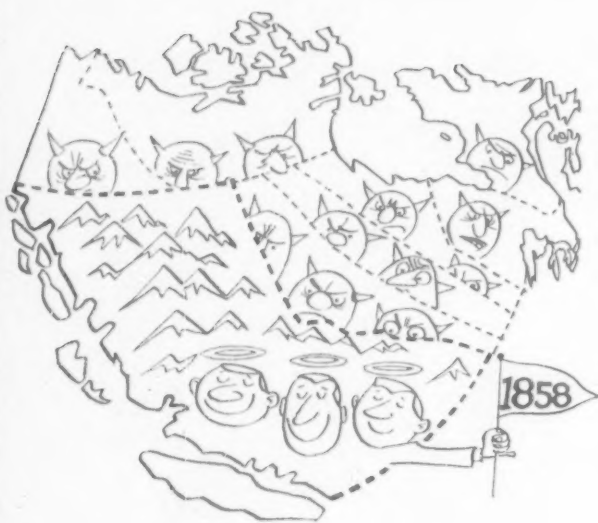
ERIC NICOL'S

# Short history of B.C.

From colony to Centennial and back again,

with irreverent asides on Captain Vancouver, why the War of 1812 went east

and how Victoria got that way



**B**ritish Columbians like to think of their province as a large body of land entirely surrounded by envy.

When we are told that Ontario and Quebec are larger than B.C., we accept the statement good-naturedly as just another eastern lie, or "mountain differential" as it's usually called.

What we natives of B.C. have not known, however, was that in addition to size, natural resources and Miss Grey Cup, British Columbia has had a history.

The B.C. Centennial has, in effect, wakened first awareness of the province's history, much as the French Romantic movement of the nineteenth century revived interest in the Middle Ages and led eventually to the rediscovery of Ed Wynne.

Our Victor Hugo, Lister Sinclair, has written a Centennial play about the B.C. Indians, a play that may well put some Haida or Kwakiutl right up there with Quasimodo.

But until the Centennial came along, the inhabitants of the coast had assumed that unless your province had a piece of Sir John A. Macdonald you were pretty well out of it, as far as Canadian history was concerned.



The CBC, for instance, has managed to chop the eastern historical character Radisson into something like seventy-eight parts without disturbing that vital organ, the sponsor. No B.C. character has rated so much as a fifteen-minute skit. Macdonald, Howe, Laurier, Cliff McKay—all of these personages have been widely celebrated. But who has heard or seen anything of Douglas, Captain George Vancouver, or Queen Charlotte?

One might well ask how half a million people could live in the immediate vicinity of an island called Lulu, patently named after a public benefactor whose endowments were by no means posthumous, without a general alerting of historical curiosity.

However, as has been pointed out by the distinguished British historians W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman, "history is what you can remember. All other history defeats itself." The people of B.C. have remembered no history of their province. Ergo, their province has had no history.

It is also a truism in historical circles that a country is like a woman, in that no matter how beautiful it is, unless it has some memorable dates it will never have a past. B.C. has been badly off for dates worth remembering.



In 1793, for instance, Alexander Mackenzie burst out of the bush, found he had reached the Pacific and noted the date on a rock. But the date has never caught on. To survive, a date needs to be jingled, as with, "In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue." If we'd had something like "In 1793, Mackenzie reached the coast of B.C."—who knows? we probably still wouldn't remember it.

But now, at last, B.C. has a genuine date: 1958. This year B.C. is a hundred years old. Thus we are led inexorably to a second date: 1858. No other event in B.C.'s history has brought forth such a profusion of chronology.

In view of this greatly heightened interest in the history of British Columbia, now may be a good time to review the major events of the province's saga, as generally remembered by the average B.C. citizen with high-school graduation (or better).

## The Discovery of British Columbia, If Any

British Columbia was discovered by the Spanish and the English, who were taking turns looking for the Northwest Passage. In fact for the first three hundred years of its history B.C.'s main distinction was that of blocking the exit.

The first explorer to consider the coast as something more than a menace to navigation was Captain George Vancouver. From his ship

Captain Vancouver pointed out the site of the future city of Vancouver, but nobody offered to disembark so nothing was done about it.

Off Point Grey, Captain Vancouver's ship encountered that of the Spanish captain Juan de Fuca, who had just come from naming a strait after himself. The two ships made no attempt to engage each other in battle, a severe blow to the history of the province.

## The Fur Traders, or The End of the Indians

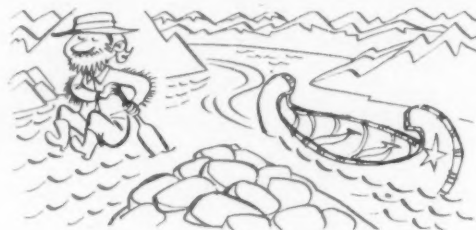
The next event was the coming of the fur traders, who were of two kinds—Hudson's Bay Company and Northwest Mounted Police (later known as the Royal Canadian Musical Ride).

These two groups of fur traders competed strongly for the gullibility of the Indians, building forts at such places as St. John, Langley and Victoria. These trading posts have long since rotted away, but Victoria won't admit it.

This aggressive spirit of B.C.'s early fur traders angered the Americans, who started shouting, "Fifty-four forty or fight!" The result was the War of 1812, which was held in the east that year because it drew a larger crowd.

## Fraser's Folly

While the fur traders were busy bilking the Indians, Simon Fraser paddled down the Fraser River. This accomplishment would have been even more memorable if he hadn't been under



the impression he was paddling down the Columbia River. The two rivers have never fully recovered from this initial confusion, as is shown by recent proposals in parliament to turn the Columbia into the Fraser, and vice versa.

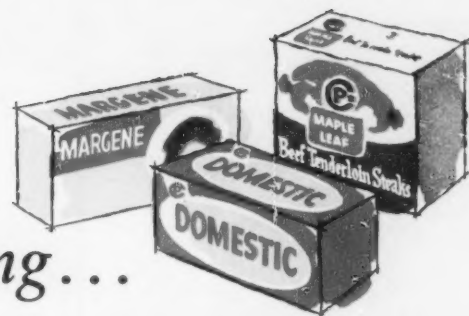
Such drawbacks to river travel in B.C. led to the building of the CPR to the coast. This event is remembered for The Driving of the Last Spike, memorable because it was the last time

Continued on page 46

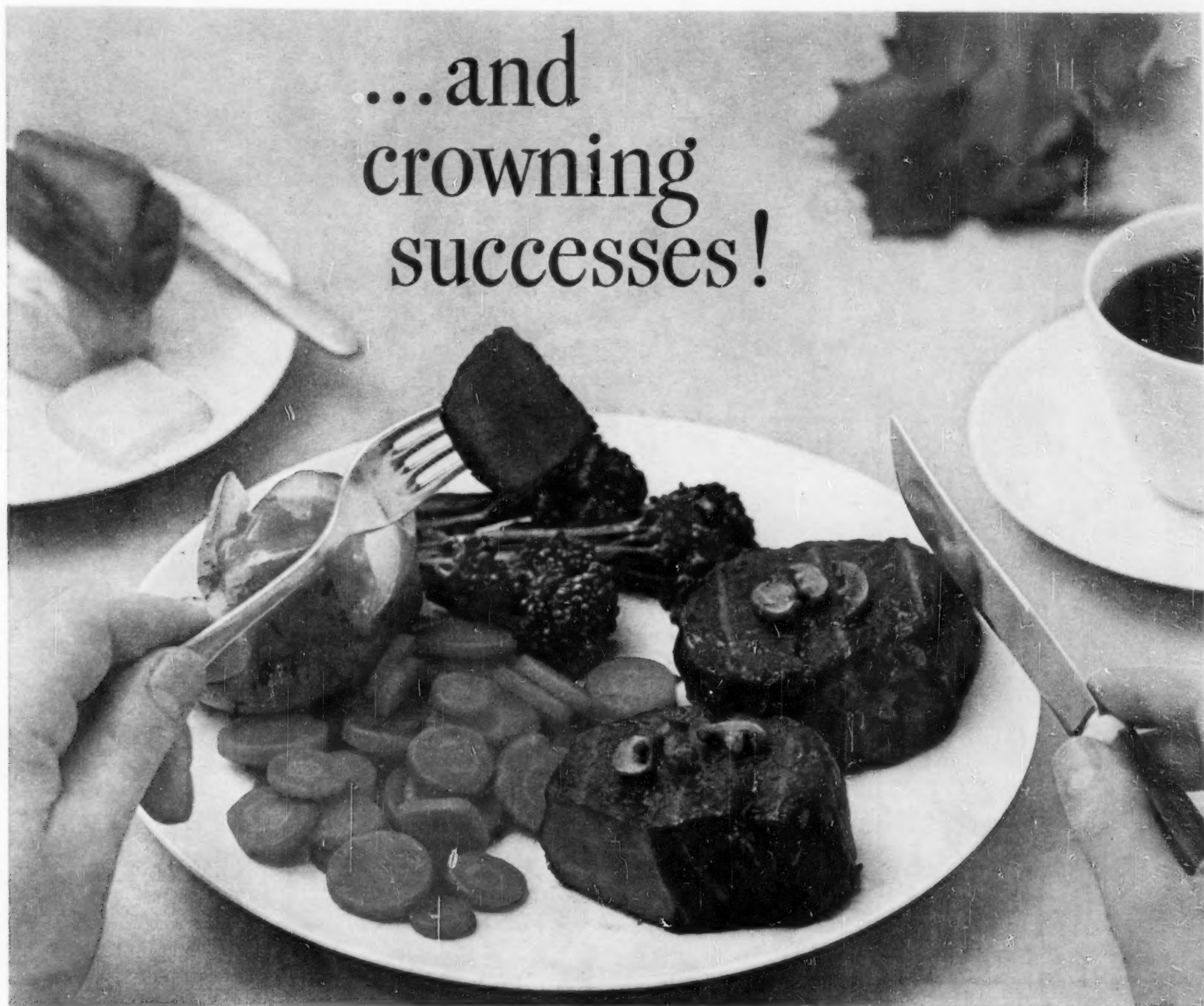




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## SCOTCH WHISKY

# Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



### BEST BET

**CRY TERROR:** Rod Steiger (left) as a master-criminal, Inger Stevens and James Mason as his terrorized hostages, and Jack Klugman as an assistant badman are prominent in this crisp, tightly plotted suspense thriller. It was written, directed and co-produced by the versatile Andrew L. Stone, who knows how to combine tension and plausibility.

**CARVE HER NAME WITH PRIDE:** Although overlong at two hours, this is a solid and stirring British true-life drama about a young widow (finely played by Virginia McKenna) who twice parachuted into France as a British secret agent while all Europe was a Nazi fort.

**THE GYPSY AND THE GENTLEMAN:** Melina Mercouri, Greece's top candidate in the international screen's sex-bomb derby, makes her British debut in a corny, old-fashioned costume melodrama. Her role, which she handles with an almost dismaying amount of verve and gusto, is that of a gypsy temptress who ruins the life of a blueblooded Regency playboy (Keith Michell).

**LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE:** The Americans who flew for France in the 1914-18 war are poorly memorialized in this trashy Hollywood drama. It stars Tab Hunter as rebellious Yank whose Parisienne sweetheart (Etchika Choureau) is a prostitute. Some of the air-battle sequences are vividly done.

**THE LONG, HOT SUMMER:** Based on three stories by William Faulkner, this is a robust and enjoyable comedy-drama about life in a Deep South town dominated by a rascally old millionaire (Orson Welles). He meets his match in a shrewd young Mississippi redneck (Paul Newman). The skillful cast includes Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, Lee Remick.

**MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR:** Herman Wouk's best-selling novel has been translated into a long film which is more mature and sophisticated than the average Hollywood romance. But pretty Natalie Wood is often embarrassingly inept in the story's emotional climaxes. Gene Kelly, a bit oldish for the role, portrays the dilettante showman, Noel Airman, with whom the starry-eyed heroine becomes infatuated.

## GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <b>All Mine to Give:</b> Drama. Fair.                                 | <b>Merry Andrew:</b> Comedy. Good.                                |
| <b>Beautiful But Dangerous:</b> Operatic comedy-drama. Fair.          | <b>Miracle in Soho:</b> Comedy. Fair.                             |
| <b>Bitter Victory:</b> War drama. Fair.                               | <b>The Naked Truth:</b> Comedy. Good.                             |
| <b>The Bridge on the River Kwai:</b> Action drama. Tops.              | <b>No Time for Tears:</b> British hospital comedy-drama. Fair.    |
| <b>The Brothers Karamazov:</b> Drama. Good.                           | <b>The One That Got Away:</b> Escape drama. Good.                 |
| <b>Campbell's Kingdom:</b> Adventure. Good.                           | <b>Operation Mad Ball:</b> Comedy. Good.                          |
| <b>Chase a Crooked Shadow:</b> British suspense thriller. Good.       | <b>The Pajama Game:</b> Musical. Excellent.                       |
| <b>Cowboy:</b> Western. Good.   | <b>Paths of Glory:</b> Drama. Excellent.                          |
| <b>Darby's Rangers:</b> War. Fair.                                    | <b>Peyton Place:</b> Drama. Good.                                 |
| <b>Davy:</b> Drama with music. Fair.                                  | <b>The Quiet American:</b> Drama. Good.                           |
| <b>Desire Under the Elms:</b> Sexy farm melodrama. Good.              | <b>Raintree County:</b> "Epic" drama. Fair.                       |
| <b>The Enemy Below:</b> War at sea. Good.                             | <b>Robbery Under Arms:</b> Adventure in Australia. Good.          |
| <b>Escapade in Japan:</b> Adventure and comedy. Good.                 | <b>Saddle the Wind:</b> Western. Good.                            |
| <b>A Farewell to Arms:</b> War and love. Fair.                        | <b>Sayonara:</b> Japan drama. Good.                               |
| <b>The Female Animal:</b> Drama. Poor.                                | <b>The Silken Affair:</b> Comedy. Fair.                           |
| <b>The Gift of Love:</b> Drama. Fair.                                 | <b>Spanish Affair:</b> Melodrama. Fair.                           |
| <b>Golden Age of Comedy:</b> Medley of silent-screen souvenirs. Good. | <b>Stopover Tokyo:</b> Spy drama. Poor.                           |
| <b>Happy Is the Bride:</b> Comedy. Fair.                              | <b>The Tarnished Angels:</b> Drama. Poor.                         |
| <b>The Hard Man:</b> Western. Good.                                   | <b>Teacher's Pet:</b> Comedy. Good.                               |
| <b>High Cost of Loving:</b> Comedy. Good.                             | <b>This Is Russia:</b> Travelogue. Fair.                          |
| <b>High Flight:</b> Air-force drama. Fair.                            | <b>3:10 to Yuma:</b> Western. Good.                               |
| <b>I Accuse!:</b> Historical drama. Good.                             | <b>Torero!:</b> Bullfight drama. Excellent.                       |
| <b>Man in the Shadow:</b> Western. Good.                              | <b>Violent Playground:</b> Drama. Fair.                           |
|   | <b>Windom's Way:</b> Drama. Good.                                 |
|   | <b>Witness for the Prosecution:</b> Courtroom comedy-drama. Good. |





Original painting by J. D. Kelly from the Confederation Life collection of famous Canadian Historical Scenes

## He put the 'British' in British Columbia

**T**HE CAPTAIN was a man with a mission. Their Lordships of the Admiralty had sent him to the faraway northwest coast of North America on a two-fold assignment. First—he was to accept the return of the territories which Spain had seized from British traders at Nootka Sound. Second—he was to map and explore the steep, smoky shores of this unknown land.

In 1792, his two little ships, 'Discovery' and 'Chatham', stood in toward a forbidding coast. The Captain had been here before, as a midshipman on Cook's voyages. He knew how treacherous these shores could be. Here a swirling fog could bury a ship—blinding it to the menacing reefs. Here a full gale might roar up in minutes. *But it took more than a change in the weather to stop this man!*

From the golden capes of California to Alaska's blue cliffs of ice, his calipers and pen traced a line where once the map was blank. With sextant and

sounding lead he skirted the cliffs and breakers of the wild coast. He observed and 'examined . . . with minute care', knowing that the safety of the sailors and settlers who would follow him depended on the accuracy of his charts.

In search of an eastward passage to the Great Lakes of Canada he penetrated the Strait of Juan de Fuca. There was no such passage . . . but, during his search, where Juan de Fuca met the Strait of Georgia, he charted and sounded a fine harbour at Burrard Inlet. Today, the Island to the west of the Strait, and the city that stands on that fine harbour, both bear his name. *A proud, determined name . . . Vancouver!*

Through the years, men with the spirit and integrity of George Vancouver have worked for the security and comfort of Canadians. Today, for example, your Confederation Life man devotes his whole career to building security for you and your family. Quietly, constantly, he is working to build a better, more secure future for all . . . the Confederation Life way!



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### The salty Princesses of the Pacific coast

Continued from page 23

### Princess Louise rounded the Horn to start the greatest steamboat war in Northwest history

the open heaving Pacific to take freight, or, infrequently, a passenger off Princess of Alberni.

Home port and headquarters has always been Victoria and, until recently, the most profitable run was between Vancouver and the province's capital. Since World War II the up-Island city of Nanaimo has become the Princesses' most important port of call, a change wrought by the automobile and the huge highway transport. The cruise through winding Active Pass from Vancouver to Victoria is far more scenic than the crossing to Nanaimo, but it is also twice as long—seventy-two miles as compared to thirty-six. Anyone with a car or truck prefers to drive it aboard a Princess bound for Nanaimo. From here he can drive to Victoria in the south; Campbell River, home of the famous Tyee salmon, in the north; or the logging and pulp centres of Alberni and Port Alberni in the west.

The two largest and newest ships of the fleet, Princess of Vancouver and Princess of Nanaimo, are huge car ferries designed for the Nanaimo run. With the help of Princess Elaine, they make eight daily round trips from Vancouver to Nanaimo. Last year the Princesses transported 1,071,934 passengers and 201,372 cars on this route. Between Victoria and Vancouver they carried only 282,579 passengers and 26,895 cars. TCA has cut into the Victoria service, flying 220,000 people between Vancouver and the capital last year.

The longest and most colorful Princess route, attracting tourists from all over Canada and the United States, is Louise's summer cruise from Vancouver to Skagway. She steams through the famous Inside Passage (the Fjord Route, CPR travel folders call it) on a seven-and-a-half-day journey, covering a total of 1,848 miles each trip. From May to September she makes fifteen such voyages. The July cruises are often solidly booked in the dead of winter.

The flagship is the 5,553-ton Princess of Vancouver, built in 1955 at a cost of four million dollars. Her enormous inwards swallow railway boxcars whole, as many as twenty-six at a time. Or, alternately, there's room on her vast car deck for one hundred and fifty automobiles. She can carry twelve hundred passengers. In a sense, Princess of Vancouver is automation applied to shipping; for loaded trucks, trailers and boxcars take their freight on board with them, dispensing with the work of longshoremen, billers and checkers.

Fleet manager Williams, who helped design her, is immensely proud: "She's four ships rolled into one—passenger ship, cargo ship, auto-ferry, and tug and barge. What we want is another Princess of Vancouver and we want her as quickly as possible... The way that ship scoops up cargo!"

The people of Victoria find it difficult to accept a mammoth workhorse like Princess of Vancouver as the pride of the fleet—in fact, they sometimes call her and her fellow car-ferry, Princess of Nanaimo, "the pregnant Princesses."

Typical of the beautiful Princesses that

Victorians remember with affection were the stately sisters, Princess Kathleen and the original Princess Marguerite. They sailed from 1925 till World War II. Marguerite was torpedoed in the Mediterranean in 1942, and Kathleen sank, without loss of life, during an Alaska cruise in 1952. With their three funnels, classic lines and luxurious appointments they were pocket-sized ocean liners.

The two most luxurious and fastest ships of the present fleet, Princess Patricia II and Princess Marguerite II, put to sea only from April to October, the tourist season. Sister ships, they were built in 1948 at a cost of four million dollars each. "They are like our Banff Springs Hotel—open only in summer for the tourist trade," says Captain Williams.

Yet it pains Victorians to see them tied up in the inner harbour all winter and, bitterly, they call them white elephants.

The first Princess was a sidewheeler, the original Princess Louise. She was only a mite—932 gross tons—but she was fast and spirited.

Fashioned out of seasoned white oak at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, she was launched in New York, in 1869, as the Olympia. She sailed round the Horn to provoke, in 1871, the greatest steamboat war ever to flare in the Pacific Northwest. Her antagonist, on the run from Olympia, Wash., to Victoria, was another fast-moving sidewheeler, North Pacific.

### Hot sidewheelers

The war began with the Olympia-to-Victoria fare at sixteen dollars. It neared its end when each ship offered "free passage, free meal and free chromo," the latter being a hideous colored picture depicting "a stirring patriotic scene." The rival owners eventually agreed on a race, the winner to be given a monopoly and the loser to be banished to other waters, comforted by an annual subsidy of \$7,500 paid by the winner. The course was from Race Rocks, near Victoria, to Port Townsend, at the entrance to Puget Sound.

Tremendous excitement gripped Victoria, Olympia and Seattle. Betting was heavy. Both ships were loaded from stern to stern with barrels of tar and resin, to be used in keeping a full head of steam. Over most of the distance the two fought it out neck and neck. Only in the last mile did North Pacific pull in front to beat Olympia by three minutes.

After prospering in Californian exile for seven years Olympia returned to the Northwest to be purchased, in 1879, by the Hudson's Bay Company. She was renamed Princess Louise after the Duchess of Argyle, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of the then governor-general of Canada.

In 1883 the Hudson's Bay Company merged its fleet with the Pioneer Line, owned by a Captain John Irving, to form the Canadian Pacific Navigation Co. Then, in January 1901, the CPR purchased the merged fleet for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, plus



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**LARRY O'BRIEN**, seen on the TV Sports Show says: "I'm most impressed with my 'Terylene' slacks. In fact, I've given the pair quite a beating. By that I mean, I have worn the slacks on numerous road trips — the Sunday night hockey assignment. *I found that I need travel with only the one pair of pants* because they keep their crease amazingly well. In other words, the fabric and wearability have been well tested and I mean this sincerely. These slacks certainly have my hearty approval."



**GORDON SINCLAIR, SR.**, heard, seen and read regularly says: "I'm a wool-wearing type from 'way back. I'm also a player-with-puppies. My old pappy dachshund, "Smokey", is too dignified now to romp on the rugs with me. But Smokey is the venerable sire of 30 pups and when I romped and rolled with these the trousers naturally took on the outlines of a chemise or a flour sack. Until 'Terylene' came along. I puppy-romp now as much as before, maybe even more, but the crease is still there and the folds of fat on the Sinclair hips don't bulge the fabric either. 'Terylene' is for puppy rompers, even fat ones like me."



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a life-time pass on the CPR's ships for Irving.

It was, for the most part, a ramshackle fleet the CPR took over. Passengers had dubbed the line "the candle route" because one of its ancient craft still used candles to light the staterooms. The Louise was scornfully spoken of as the Princess Lousy.

A daring, autocratic riverboat master, Captain James W. Troup, then superintendent of the CPR's inland fleet on the Kootenay Lakes and Columbia River, was given command. He set to work to build a line of modern ships. In the first decade of his rule Troup established CPR supremacy on the coast, and then developed the fleet into the largest — and, many contend, the finest — of its kind on the continent. In tribute, Victorians called him The Commodore.

It was with Princess Victoria—the Old Vic, as she is affectionately called today—that Troup began the glory of the line. He had talked hard and fast in persuading his Montreal directors to put up the three hundred thousand dollars she cost to build in Scotland. In Victoria, she was derided as Troup's Folly; but she paid for herself in her first year and became known as Troup's Bonanza.

Princess Victoria, 3,167 gross tons, could do upward of twenty knots and, for more than twenty years, could show her heels to any ship on the coast. She had battleship engines — duplicates of those previously designed in Britain for a Swedish cruiser.

In building her superstructure in Victoria Troup was lavish. Overwhelmed by the elegance of her smoking saloon, a reporter for the Victoria Colonist wrote, "Tobacco incinerated in this Temple of Nicotine will surely have an added flavor of Paradise."

Troup had a flair for showmanship. On the August day in 1903 when Princess Victoria steamed on her maiden voyage from Victoria to Vancouver he loaded her with two hundred and fifty guests,

newspapermen and the local dignitaries of the time. Then he gave orders for his new ship to smash the record for the seventy-two-mile crossing.

Princess Victoria, then gleaming white, skimmed like a ghost across Georgia Strait in three hours and forty-eight minutes, clipping thirteen minutes off the old record set by a deep-sea ship, RMS Moana, of New Zealand. Victoria now held the mythical blue ribbon for the crossing. For Troup this wasn't enough; he had a ribbon of blue paint daubed round her hull.

Troup encouraged his Princesses to race among themselves as well as out-speed rival vessels. The crews of Princess Victoria and Princess Charlotte would stake a week's pay on the outcome of their races. On today's railway-like schedules the Vancouver-Victoria run takes a fixed time of four hours and fifteen minutes.

The Victoria was Troup's ship of the line in 1908-09 when the fleet engaged and vanquished a United States enemy, the Inland Navigation Co., in a rate war on the Victoria-Seattle-Vancouver "Triangle" route. It was a full-scale war, lasting over a year and pitting three Princesses — Victoria, Beatrice and Royal — against the former Great Lakes steamers Chippewa and Iroquois.

Fares were slashed and traffic increased by two hundred percent. On Chippewa a group known as Wagner's band added to the gaiety. On Victoria a sole bugler played "Au revoir, but not goodbye" as the Old Vic left her rival behind. Single fare on the Victoria-Seattle leg of the triangle was cut from two and a half dollars to twenty-five cents. Eventually the CPR also reduced the Seattle-Vancouver single fare to twenty-five cents. Today the Seattle-Victoria one-way fare is \$4.35 and Seattle-Vancouver, \$6.50.

Neither Chippewa nor Iroquois was in a class with Princess Victoria. In a typical race the cocky Princess gave

**JASPER**

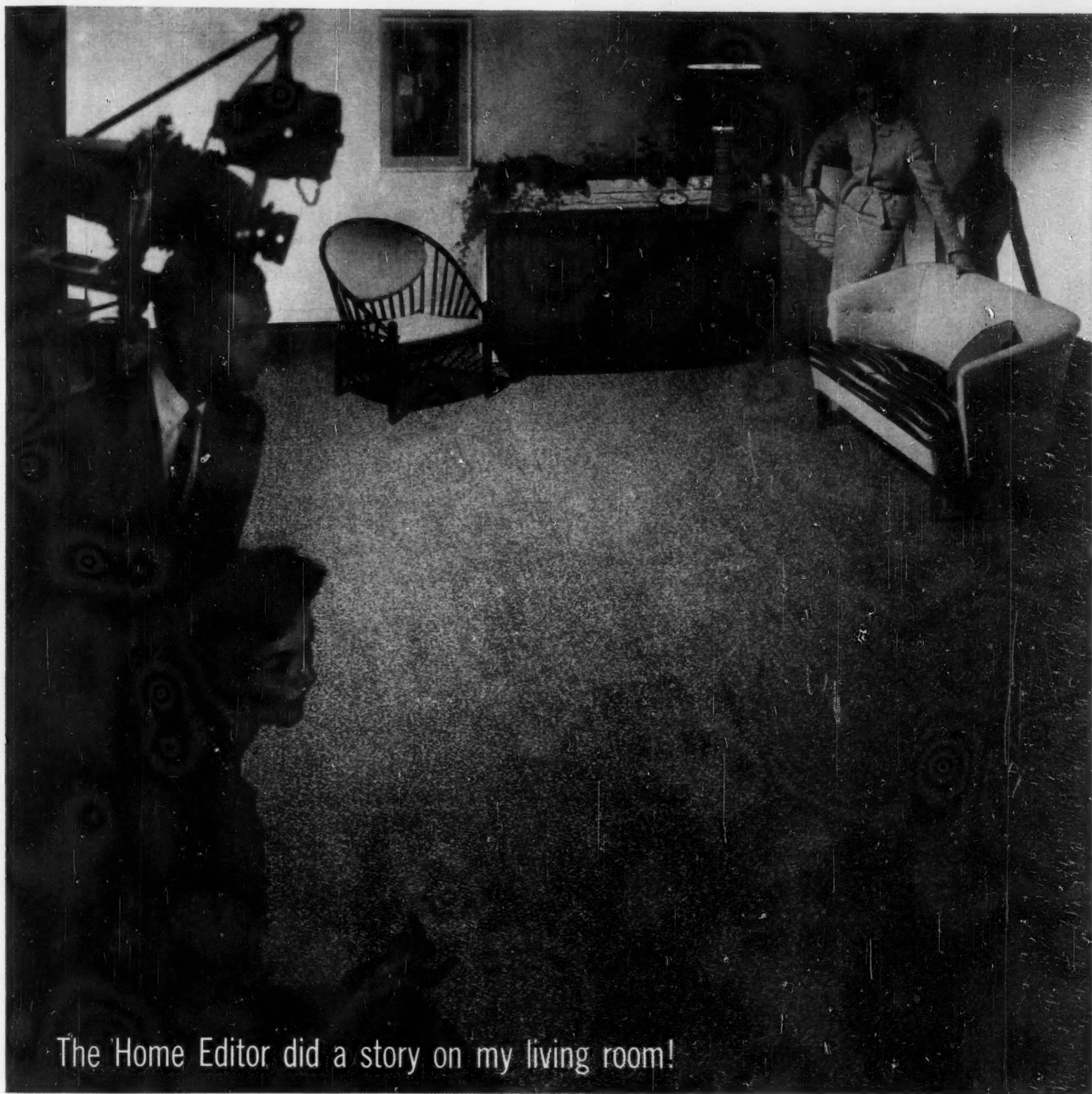
By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Of course not, stupid, it means British Columbia."





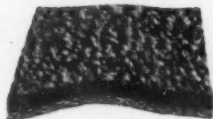
The Home Editor did a story on my living room!

"... and how beautifully my new Harding Tweed broadloom fitted into the picture! It truly set the scene!"

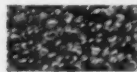
Harding all wool Tweed broadlooms are fashioned for today's easy, carefree living—soil resistant, crush resistant—providing long wear and easy care. There is a colour and texture for every decorating plan... cedar, spice, turquoise, beige and black 'n white shown above.

Your dealer has Harding Tweeds—ask him to explain his easy, convenient budget plan for buying Harding.

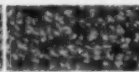
cedar



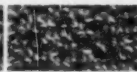
black 'n white



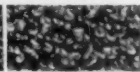
spice



turquoise



beige



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I whip together some bits of canapes—salami around gherkins, sliced olives, sardines and cheese on thin crackers—you know the thing. With that, glasses of Bright's Canadian "74" Sherry. After that, spaghetti and cheese or whatever, seems just right.

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2. Only bridge in Ontario on which you travel north to the U.S. is at

(a) Ivy Lea (b) Fort Erie (c) Windsor



3. Algonquin Park is one of Ontario's many game preserves. It covers an area of

(a) 2750 sq. miles (b) 5000 sq. miles (c) 2000 sq. miles



4. Ontario's 2,362 miles of fresh water shorelines have many old lighthouses. This one is at

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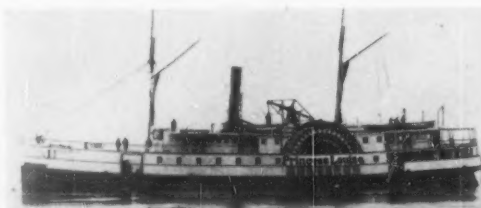
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## From sidewheelers to drive-aboard car ferries



Louise, the first Princess, was a sidewheeler that rounded the Horn. The new work-horse, Vancouver, backs into dock pushed by a bow propeller.



Chippewa a head-start of forty-five minutes leaving Victoria, and beat her to Seattle by a full hour. A Seattle newspaper published two photographs of the Princess, taken from Chippewa, and captioned them: Here She Comes and There She Goes!

There was no formal end to the war. It simply petered out, early in 1909. Yet the Princesses' victory was clearly decisive and they have reigned supreme over the triangle run ever since.

The glory of Princess Victoria began to fade in the mid-Twenties when she was superseded by faster and finer ships, Kathleen and Marguerite. Finally, in 1951, she was sold and converted into a hog fuel barge to carry wood chips from coast sawmills. Her conversion was reported by the Victoria Times in this sorrowful vein: "An acetylene torch in the hands of a young lady, Miss Vi Fiddick, arced into flame . . . and hissed the first bars in the funeral dirge for the Old Vic."

Fortunately, her shame was hidden behind the name Tahsis III. In March of 1953 she struck a rock near Sechart, B.C., and went to her grave. Her salvaged whistle is now on the Princess of Nanaimo.

No Princess ship, not even Victoria, ever won as many staunch friends as did Princess Maquinna. She became an institution among the earthy folk of Vancouver Island's west coast—loggers, fishermen, cannery workers, miners. She was a homely ship, her single funnel too tall and thin and her lines ungainly, but what she lacked in looks she more than made up in dependability.

Built in Victoria in 1913, she was 1,777 gross tons, at that time the largest ship to be launched on the B.C. coast. Her top speed was thirteen knots. She was named Maquinna after a native princess whose father was a famous Indian chief at Nootka in the days of the early British and Spanish explorers.

Year in and year out Maquinna tossed and rolled up and down the west coast of the Island on the only Princess route that travels the open Pacific, bringing passengers, mail and supplies to forty and more ports of call. Some of these were no more than floating logging camps, others Indian encampments of a dozen or so people. In good weather and foul she kept going, the settlements' only link with Victoria and the outside. In summer she was packed to the gunwales with tourists.

The end came in 1953; Maquinna was converted into an ore-carrying barge and

renamed Taku. When she went to the breakers Iwan Clarke, of Hot Springs Cove, went too—as chief mourner and to buy all her stateroom keys as souvenirs.

In 1933, Princess Maquinna put Clarke ashore at Hot Springs (then Refuge Cove) and there he pitched his tent. Thirteen months later Maquinna brought Mabel Stephens from Victoria and, as the ship stood off the Indian village of Ahousat, she and Clarke were wed on board, with Captain William [Black] Thomson as best man. Seven times during the next eight years the Maquinna took Mabel Clarke to Victoria to have her children.

Now Clarke is postmaster, harbor-master, school trustee and general storekeeper at Hot Springs (pop. 100). The Maquinna was his ship that came in—frequently.

The men who command the Princess ships are all veterans who have worked their way up from the bottom. Typical was Captain Archibald Phelps, of Princess Joan, who was senior master of the fleet until early this year. He began as a dishwasher in 1906 at thirteen, and retired at sixty-five.

Phelps knows every reef and jut of land on the hundreds of miles of coast the Princesses sail, and he also knows how each point and inlet was given its name.

More than once his store of local knowledge has helped Phelps fix his ship's position in dense fog. Once, while sailing to Alaska as first mate on Princess Royal, he heard a rooster crow and knew at once where he was—off Alert Bay. "I knew," he recalls, "that it was the only place from Vancouver to Alaska where chickens were kept at the water's edge."

A favorite Princess with travelers and especially with the people of Nanaimo was the first Princess Patricia. She began life on the Clyde as Queen Alexandra and was bought and renamed by the CPR in 1912. Smallest of the Princesses—only 665 tons—and one of the fastest, the Pat sped like a destroyer between Vancouver and Nanaimo twice a day for sixteen years.

The automobile finished the Pat's career on the Nanaimo run in 1928. She could carry only ten cars and even they had to be squeezed into her hold. After lowering the windshield of a car—not a difficult job with the cars they built in those days—and removing the tires, seamen would pile on the mudguards to compress the car's springs. By contrast,

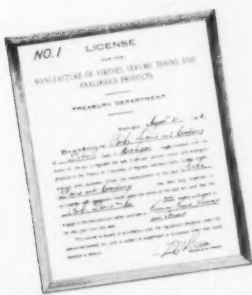




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MILESTONE: Parke, Davis & Company pioneered in the making of immunizing agents and, on August 21, 1903, was granted United States License No. 1 for the manufacture of biological products.

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work at Parke-Davis so tremendously satisfying.

Unfortunately, far too many children *still don't get this protection* . . . especially the all-important booster shots, which are necessary to renew the immunity, or protection, provided by the initial shots. Many times, well-meaning and loving parents "just forget."

**How about you?** If you're not sure *your* child is adequately protected, we suggest you see your doctor at once.

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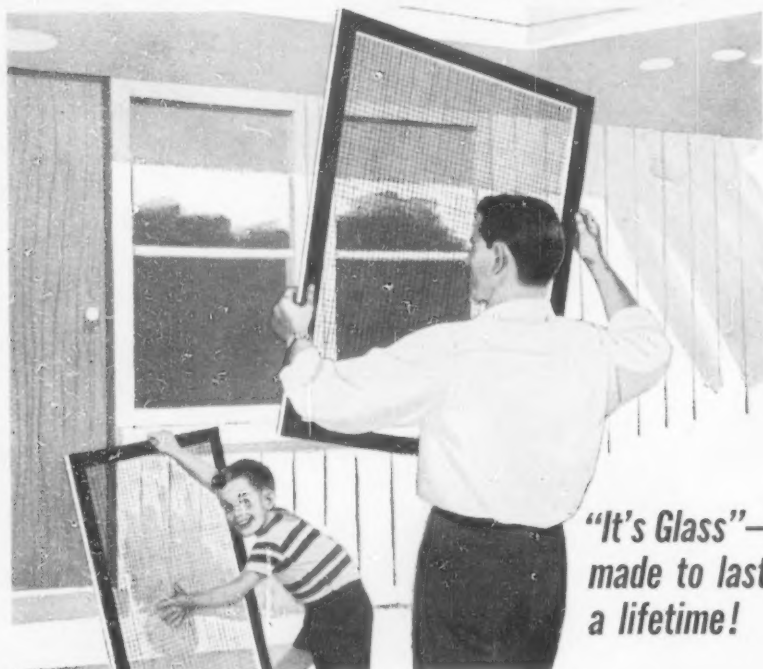
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Princess of Vancouver, her modern successor on the Nanaimo service, has carried a whole sixteen-car circus train with room to spare.

The Pat was scrapped in 1937 after nine years as an excursion steamer. Not only British Columbians but people of many lands mourned her passing. The Victoria firm that broke her up was swamped with requests for souvenirs. "They came from all over the world," recalls Morris Greene, manager of the scrapyard. "Some wanted her wheel and some her main-plate. But there were all kinds of people who asked for anything—even a brass screw—as long as it was from the Pat."

Princess Mary, a ship well known and fondly remembered in the picturesque Gulf Islands and the paper-mill town of Powell River, has found a new life ashore. When her hull became a scow the section of the Mary's promenade deck that carried her coffee shop and dining saloon was salvaged. Today it's a Victoria restaurant.

Three Princesses—Charlotte and the sisters Alice and Adelaide—were sold in 1949 and 1950 to a Greek firm after forty years on the Pacific coast. Today they're basking in the Mediterranean sun. Princess Alice, now the Aegeon, puts into Samos, Siros, Icaria, Chios, and Lesbos, all names to be found in the Greek classics. Princess Adelaide was renamed Angelica and Charlotte, SS Mediterranean. Charlotte now has one modern raked stack, instead of three ungainly funnels, and has been fitted with three bars, a cinema, swimming pool and ballroom. On her travels from Venice to Greece to Istanbul she carries five distinct classes of passengers.

There are many people in B. C. whose hobby is to collect photographs of the Princesses or gather fact and folklore concerning them. It is only among these close friends of the fleet that one hears of Captain Troup's masterpieces, Princess Margaret and Princess Irene. They are sometimes called the ghost Princesses, for they never saw the B. C. coast. Built for the triangle service, they were each 6,000 gross tons, splendid three-stackers with a speed of twenty-three knots. They were launched in Scotland in 1914 and immediately pressed into war service as mine layers. In May 1915 the Irene, laden with mines, blew up at her berth. The Margaret, worn out by the war, was scrapped overseas in 1927. A large model of the Margaret is displayed in the parliament buildings in Victoria.

Captain Williams, the brisk, fifty-six-year-old Englishman who now bosses the Princess fleet, began as a deckhand on Princess Victoria in 1924. But he'll build no ships like her. This is the day of the all-purpose Princess, like the Vancouver.

Williams is looking north—to Kitimat—and planning a new Princess to link Vancouver and that roaring boom town. Princess Norah, renamed Queen of the North, and operated jointly by the CPR and CNR, serves Kitimat.

"Kitimat is going to be another Nanaimo," Williams says. And spreading out a map, he adds, "Look, it's roughly 960 miles from Vancouver to Kitimat by road, 1,100 by rail and only 430 miles by sea. Another Princess like the Vancouver would be ideal for that route."

Within a few years the pride of the Princess fleet is almost certain to be a Princess of Kitimat, a huge stern-loader like the Vancouver to carry passengers, truck transports and railway cars—as well as to carry on the tradition that began with the speedy sidewheeler, Princess Louise. ★

**Eric Nicol's**

**short history of B. C.**

Continued from page 36

a Canadian railway has been able to make both ends meet. (See "mountain differential," above.)



**The Colony, or Whatever It Was**

During this period B. C. was colonized by waves of immigrants from China, India and Scotland. The Chinese and the Hindus sent their money home. This is why today B. C. is run by Scotsmen.

The only other notable event in B. C.'s history was the gold rush. This gold rush helped to fill the gap between the California gold rush and the Klondike gold rush and would have been quite memorable if the gold hadn't run out.

This caused the miners to turn ugly and resulted in the emergence of B. C.'s only historical character, Sir James Douglas. Douglas restored law and order by boldly stepping forth and proclaiming the supremacy of the crown and British law. The miners collapsed on the spot.

In 1858 (B. C.'s first date) the British Parliament backed up Douglas by making British Columbia an official colony.



This brought B. C. under Queen Victoria, with a pacifying effect second only to being buried by lava.

Unfortunately, in return for being joined by rail with the east, British Columbia had promised to join Confederation, thus making possible the national motto, "A Mare Usque Ad Nauseam."

It was also noticed about this time that British Columbia had access to the sea. As a result several large ports sprang up, the largest being Vancouver. Victoria, Vancouver's rival as a B. C. port, swore that Vancouver would become a city over her dead body. And, sure enough, that was how it worked out.

This brings us up to date, in fact B. C.'s second date—1958. This is expected to be the year the province became a colony under Princess Margaret. Who has any use for that old railway, anyhow? ★

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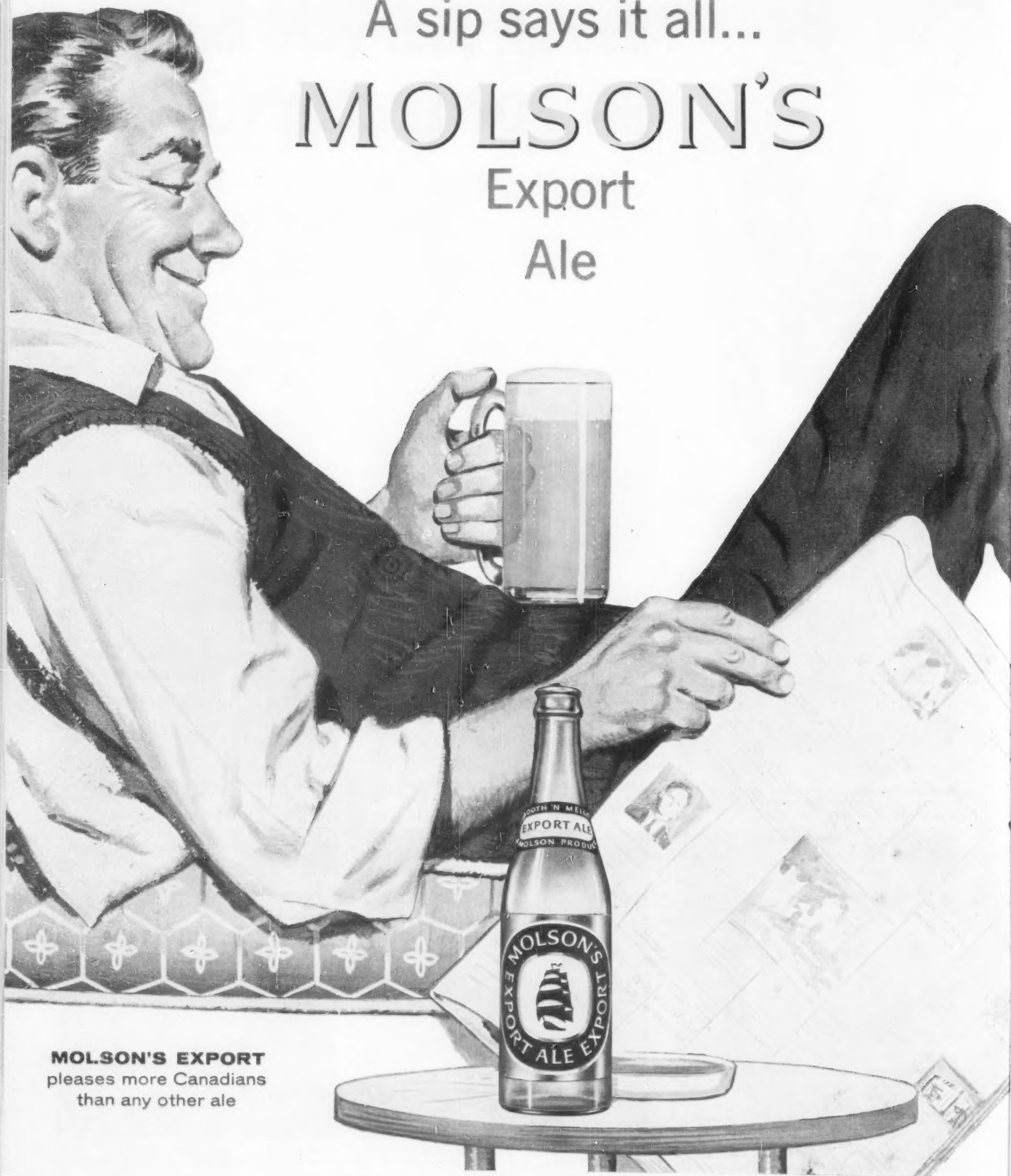


**TILLER** unit tills up to a depth of 8 inches with multiple passes. 15-inch swath. Kit available for conversion to lawn aerator.

A sip says it all...

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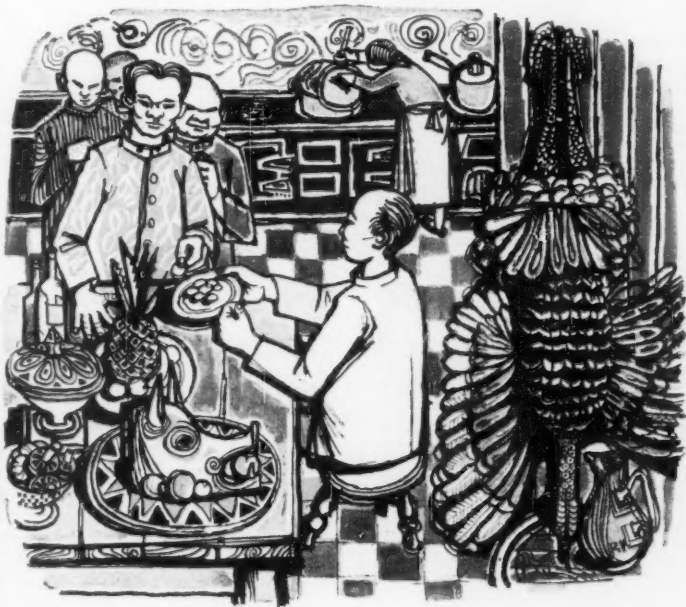
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## CANADIANECDOTE



Ronald King

### How Vancouver entertained the "king"

Among the most pleasant features of life in Vancouver at the turn of the century were the Chinese house servants. Today, Vancouver's Chinese are doctors, dentists and merchants, but fifty years ago, as cooks and houseboys, their elders ruled the households of the well-to-do with tyrannical devotion, always careful to maintain the master's "face," because their own prestige was the reflection of his.

Serenely competent as he padded about in his soft black slippers and his spotless white coat and trousers, Wong, who cooked for the large family of the late Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, was a typical member of this matchless breed. He achieved his day of greatest pride and success when Lord and Lady Minto came to visit Vancouver in 1904.

One day Sir Charles called Wong into his study and told him to prepare dinner for about thirty guests. "You cook very good meal, Wong," he said. "Lord Minto, he governor-

general of Canada. He all same king." Wong was very much impressed.

On the evening of the party, Wong proudly announced dinner himself. Leading the procession of guests to the dining room, with Lady Minto on his arm, Sir Charles was greeted by an astonishing scene. Instead of the usual two or three boys to wait on table, there stood behind every chair a Chinese servant at strict attention, dressed in gleaming white. From long practice in parliament and on the hustings, Sir Charles was able to contain his surprise, and to gracefully accept Lady Minto's compliments on the splendor of the service.

The next day he called Wong to his study again.

"A very good dinner, Wong," he said. "How much I pay those boys?"

"You pay nothing, Sir Charles," said Wong. "Those boys pay me. They see Lord Minto—he all same king." JANET UNDERWOOD

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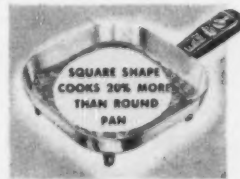
Water Sealed Element

The entire pan can be immersed in water up to control panel for quick, easy washing.



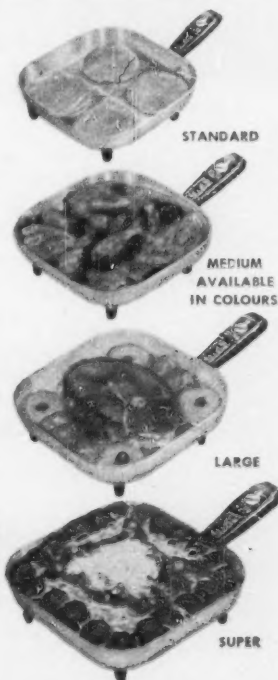
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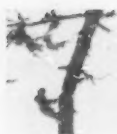
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for Mother  
on her day  
MAY 11



The vanishing giant that built a province continued from page 25

## Pound for pound, the Douglas Fir is stronger than concrete, and a much better insulator

Western Hemlock. It is a Johnny-come-lately that was shaded to death by the prima donna Douglas Fir when nature was running the wildwood, and treated very rudely by coast lumbermen right up until the Second World War. It is the

hottest number in the British Columbia forest today.

But the Douglas Fir, which has a bark thicker than the whole trunk of many lesser trees, has left the eager hemlock a difficult throne to fill.

Only two percent of B. C.'s quarter of a billion acres is fit to be tilled and plowed. Sixty-six percent is water, mountain-top, swamp, muskeg and barren. The remaining thirty-two percent is forest—forest of cedar and spruce and birch

and yellow pine and white pine and lodge-pole pine and larch and cottonwood and hemlock and Douglas Fir, the dying king. Thus, British Columbia is a forest province, whether it likes the idea or not, as money pies sliced over the pages of coast newspapers remind it when strike or slump or weather tie up the woods. Certainly, when a prolonged loggers' walk-out cost the province an estimated hundred and fifty million dollars in 1952, most citizens agreed that fisheries and mines and manufacturing were nice in their way, but trees were even nicer.

In a province where the forest industry is a six-hundred-million-dollar-a-year operation, accounting for thirty-six percent of the net value of production, the Douglas Fir as recently as 1956 was cutting a lion's share of the mustard. Two and a half billion board feet of fir were skidded off the mountains and out of the valleys in that one year, far more than any other single type of tree and a husky thirty-eight percent of all wood cut in the province. But even then, the day-to-day balance sheets did not tell the whole story. The fir cutters were living on capital.

When the first loggers leaned on their single-bitted axes and wondered how in tarnation they would topple the big trees, there were probably one hundred and forty billion board feet of Douglas Fir in the B. C. woods. About eighty-six billion are left today. It sounds like a lot of wood, and it is a lot of wood, enough to build perhaps ten million three-bedroom houses. The catch is that there is hardly any new fir forest rising to take its place. In the ten years ending in 1955, the stockpile of mature Douglas Firs dwindled from twenty-four percent to only thirteen percent of the forest total. Chief Justice Sloan had good reason to survey the B. C. forest industry and conclude that "it may be two hundred years before our forests approach the ideal, with age classes in proper balance."

Eric Garman, research silviculturist with B. C.'s forestry department in Victoria, predicts the fir famine will begin in the middle 1960s and last until after the turn of the century. Statisticians in the neighboring bureau of economics work from different statistics, prefer the word "gap" to "famine," and give the reign of the fir an extra ten years.

Its milled wood, in products ranging from cradles to coffins, will be more enduring, for fir is stronger pound for pound than concrete. Wind-tunnel tests conducted in the United States have demonstrated that a farmhouse constructed of Douglas Fir can weather a hundred-and-fifty-mile-an-hour hurricane. The wood has unusual insulation qualities too, and thin fir staves will keep frost out of a silo better than thick concrete. So, long after the B. C. fir forest has become just another memory, to be swapped in the shops that sell second-hand loggers' boots, the evidence of its greatness will be hard at hand, in a lock gate of a canal, a fishboat, a piece of furniture, a barrel, a hundred-foot timber in a dock, a flossy wall in a cocktail bar, a tent peg in an army camp, a compressed-sawdust log in a fireplace, a brown paper bag in a supermarket, a telephone pole in Eire, a railroad tie in India, a gavel in a Bay Street boardroom.

The magnanimity of the Douglas Fir toward British Columbia is the more re-



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markable considering that the Canadian side of the border got only the neck when the great turkey was portioned out. Washington and Oregon to the south have ten Douglas Firs to British Columbia's one.

It is believed the fir forest appeared on the coast before the Ice Age, seeding its front over the Bering bridge from Asia. The glaciers did not reach the southern fringe of the forest, and it moved north again when they receded. It moved two hundred miles north of Vancouver and about the same distance into the interior dry belts and even filtered over the Rockies via the Crows Nest Pass.

The big tree flourishes best in a moderate humid climate, with its mass of roots, reaching thirty feet on all sides, knuckled flat into well-drained soil. It found these conditions on Vancouver Island, and on the mainland coast, and in these places, more than elsewhere, it grew high and wide and handsomely, clean-limbed for as high as a hundred and fifty feet. Its bark became a foot thick and more, and cleft like a crocodile's hide, and the elliptic resin blisters on the bark breathed turpentine on the forest wildlife. It looked like a Christmas tree that didn't know when to stop.

Like the Phoenix, it thrived on fire. Most of Vancouver Island was burned over in the distant past, and it was the Douglas Fir that survived. Its spongy bark contains tannic acid, a common ingredient in fire-extinguisher fluids, and it usually shrugged off lightning bolts. But when a fire did kindle in the litter at its feet, and the fire became a holocaust, it was the fir that survived long enough to drop its pendulous straw-colored cones, and produce a new forest—a forest purer than before, because fir crowns flatten as the trees grow old, and block the sunlight, shading most undergrowth to death.

#### Cougars in ambush

So the classical fir forest emerged, in which the trees stood, like arrogant Doric columns, in a parkland of sword fern, ocean spray, red huckleberry, sweet-smelling vanilla plants, a star-tipped moss and a thick litter of needles. As the trees breathed and stretched and swelled, they pumped from root to crown a thousand tons of rain water for every ton of wood, and some of them pumped eighty thousand tons of water in their lifetimes. And the year rings rippled outward like the ever-widening circles that come when a stone is thrown into a still pond.

Deer used the clean fir-forest trails as freeways, and rutted there in the fall, because the big trees were spaced well apart. They dropped their fawns in the fir forest in the spring, in beds of sloughed-off bark, but they did not live there. The cougars lived there, in hollow logs, and they ambushed the deer. There were wolves in the fir forest too, and bears, which sometimes stripped the thick bark to get at the sweet cambium layer. There were bald eagles who built their aeries in the top of the crowns. And lower down the social register, owls, and hawks, and the Blue Jays, and the Whisky Jacks.

This was the fir forest when Sir Francis Drake sailed the Golden Hind along the Pacific coast in the sixteenth century. He wasn't impressed, and went back home muttering about the thick mists and stinking fogs, marking himself in British Columbia's book as the first of the ingrates.

Captain James Cook took a more charitable view of the forest when he came by, fretting behind the Spanish in 1778, perhaps because his masts were falling down. He replaced them with Douglas

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Firs felled by his carpenters at Nootka Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. He probably was the first man to make use of the tree, for the Indians had found it too big to handle, and hewed their dugouts and totem poles from the more malleable Red Cedar or Cottonwood.

The Douglas Fir moved out of the forest and into high society in the train of a European fad for floral exotica in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It was a strangely exciting period, an escape into the sunshine from the shadow of Napoleon, when a man was measured by the lushness of his garden, and rival horticultural societies dispatched collectors to the wildest corners of the world, and the discovery of a rare lousewort was a matter of coffee-house excitement and even national pride.

The first of these intrepid botanists to make contact with the Douglas Fir of the Pacific northwest was Archibald Menzies, a Perthshire man and surgeon-naturalist with Captain George Vancouver. But Vancouver, a choleric personality at times, prevented Menzies from adding the great evergreen to his other botanical honors. When the Scot complained that the explorer was giving his shrubbery short shrift, Vancouver clapped Menzies in irons for "insolence and contempt." Thus, although Menzies had recognized the tree as a comer, he arrived back in London in 1795 with only a handful of hairy orange twigs and some lively yarns as documentation of his marvelous find.

It was almost thirty years later that Menzies led another Scottish naturalist, David Douglas, through his London garden, briefed him on the wonder tree of the west, and told him to go off and finish the job. Douglas was the son of a tombstone carver in the old Scottish capital of Scone. He earned his botanical spurs when his English sponsors put him to work plant hunting in the eastern United States when he was barely out of his teens. His dedication was such that he even botanized a New York vegetable market, sending home what amounted to secret-service reports on Yankee tomatoes. When he was assigned, then, to botanize the Pacific northwest, his backers bravely wrote him off. "It is really lamentable," one said, "that so fine a fellow should be sacrificed."

When one fits Douglas into his niche in history—hard on the heels of such professionals as Simon Fraser—his subsequent seven-year exploration of the wild and untracked fir forest, a lonely and harmless man in fustian waistcoat and nankeen breeches, does seem venturesome indeed.

It was in the spring of 1825 that Douglas got his first look at the forbidding coast forest, from the deck of a Hudson's Bay Company boat in the mouth of the Columbia River. He spotted the big fir right away, hastening to note in his journal that it was "one of the most striking and truly graceful objects in nature."

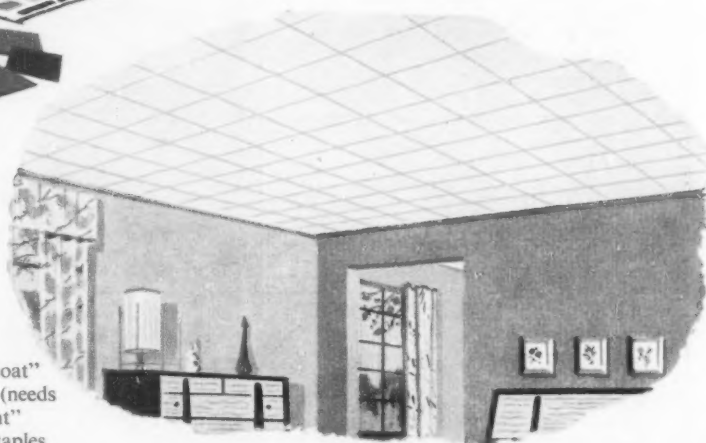
Granted a voice, the mute firs might well have expressed a "gee whiz" at Douglas in return. He seemed a ready breakfast for a hungry cougar, small, weak-eyed and bespectacled, quite beautiful in the Byronesque manner, and intensely religious. When on the trail, with his Scottie dog as his only companion, he dispensed with socks as sheer luxury, but carried a big Bible for himself, and for the Indians a packsack full of jew's-harps, scalping knives, and shillings neatly bored so that the chiefs could wire them through their noses. The Indians thought Douglas was a character and called him the "Grass Man." He, in turn, suspected they sometimes ate the calves of young men's legs, and prefaced every



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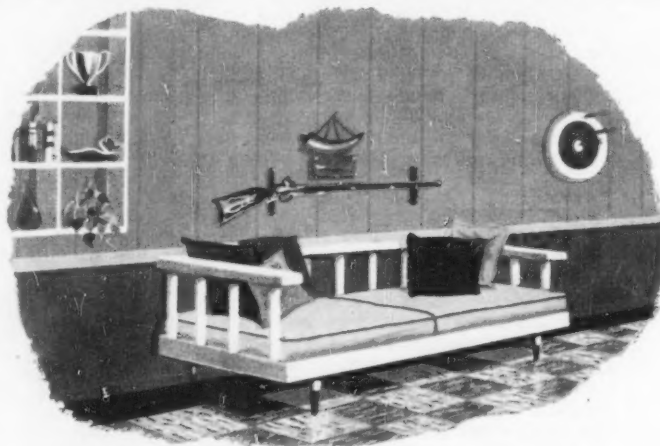
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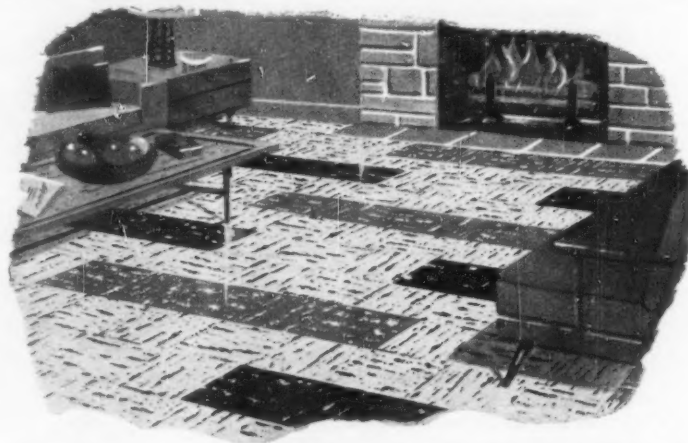
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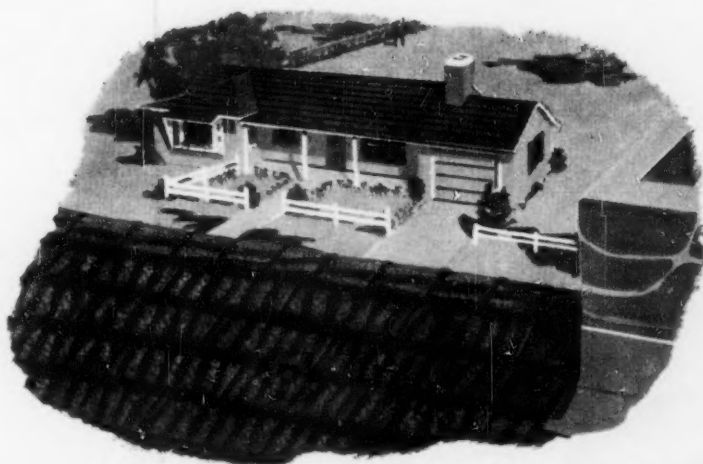


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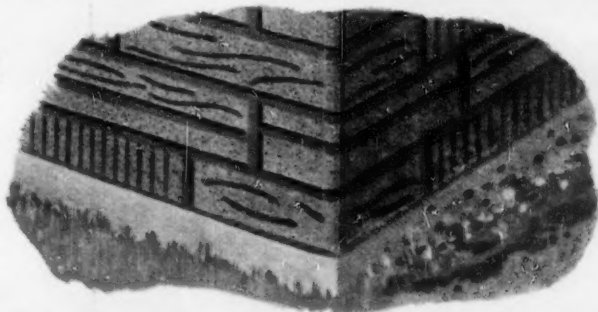
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He was wretchedly paid; an auction of a few minor plants he sent home realized more than his entire seven-year salary. But with Douglas the money didn't matter; once, when he deliberately missed a boat to England, he wrote his backers that he would willingly put in a couple of years for nothing. Often ill, he crossed the Rockies on foot, climbed a likely peak just for the view (Mount Douglas in the Canadian Rockies today bears his name). Although his eyes failed so badly that he had to order a Bible with jumbo print, he once beat his way overland from the Fraser to Hudson Bay with two bad-tempered bald eagles in his kit. On another occasion he almost lost his life when his canoe was smashed in a reckless shooting of a Fraser rapids.

Although Douglas is credited with discovering two hundred and fifteen plants, more than any other botanist, the fir described to him by Menzies towered over them all. In his journal Douglas told of his awe at measuring firs on the ground that were two hundred and twenty-seven feet long and forty-eight feet around at the butt. He found standing trees too tall to climb. As his buckshot could not reach the cones, he got his specimen seeds by rifling the winter cone caches of squirrels. The forestry department pays schoolboys to do the same today.

"The wood," he wrote of the big fir, "may be found very useful for a variety of domestic purposes, the young slender ones exceedingly well adapted for making ladders and scaffold poles, not being liable to cast, the larger timber for more important purposes, while at the same time the resin may be found deserving attention."

#### The last stop was Hawaii

Understandably, he couldn't know the half of it, hardly able to foresee the day a hundred and thirty years later when the tree bearing his name would give B. C. lumbermen five percent of world production (although hardly the "dominant position" in the world lumber market as seen by Chief Justice Gordon Sloan). Eating his Christmas dinner of salmon-berry shoots off a salal-leaf plate and taking his tea from an empty snuffbox, he could not envision that B. C. would build a million-dollar-a-year Christmas-tree business out of young Douglas Firs. He was dead right about the resin. Resin glue, binding together thin fir sheets, was the magic property that made possible plywood, and the sagas of little dinghies of B. C. fir plywood crossing the Atlantic, and the province's ninety-percent cut of the Canadian plywood industry. Furthermore, it wasn't too long ago that itinerant woodsmen stopped tapping the bark blisters of the big tree for turpentine, and scraping the needles for exuded chemical sugar.

David Douglas died in 1834 at thirty-five and in a forest. But it was not the balsam-fragrant forest of the Pacific northwest, the one love of his life for this bachelor Scot; it was the fetid forest of Hawaii. The passion that developed into botany's most productive seven-year itch had not abated, but Douglas was being called home, probably to honors and life as a London social lion. Hawaii was a stop on the way. Chronic collector to the end, Douglas had panned some lava from a volcano and then, with his Scottie, strode off along a forest path. His body was found in a wild-bull pit. Because his purse was missing, and because the one bull trapped in the pit was found to be a gentle Ferdinand creature,

murder was suspected, an investigation held, but the mystery has never been cleared. Douglas was buried on the island. His Scottie was shipped back to England.

David Douglas — dead on the same Sandwich Islands that fifty-odd years before had seen the murder of Captain Cook—today is a forgotten man. He finished the job for Menzies, minutely cataloguing the big fir of the west, sending home seeds and living plants and even mailed boards, and he lived to see it given his name. But he is a badly blur-

red figure in the gallery of heroes of the Canadian west, largely because of another Douglas—a big, swarthy, dark-skinned Hudson Bay agent whom David had met during one of his forest expeditions. This imposing man, James Douglas, became B.C.'s first governor, and although the evidence seems to show that his interest in trees was limited to their role in the hanging of villains, he has, by a sort of induction, poached his namesake's hard-won honors. "Almost everyone in this province," the forestry department's Eric Garman said recently with quiet des-

pair, "thinks the tree is named after Sir James."

Even without the governor's innocent intrusion, the naming of the new baby of the world's woods was a mess from beginning to end. Every tree has a common name and a botanical name, but the Douglas Fir has a surfeit of both. Among its early aliases in the common-name category were Oregon Pine, Red Pine, Puget Sound Pine, Oregon Spruce, Red Spruce, Red Fir, Yellow Fir, Oregon Fir, even Spruce Fir. The drawing up of a bill of lading in the old days was not an adven-

ture sawmill operators could take lightly. The botanical nomenclators in London had got off to a shaky start themselves, erroneously tagging it a pine, a whopper no less embarrassing because it was in Latin. The truth is, the tree is not a true fir at all. It shares characteristics with much of the evergreen family. It was the Japanese who got the botanists off the hook, eventually, by solemnly explaining that they had, on their islands, the tree's closest cousin and already had it in the bluebooks as *Pseudotsuga taxifolia*, or False Hemlock. And there, confusingly, the matter lies—the big tree that boomed the B.C. forest industry into a six-hundred-million-dollar-a-year operation bears the common name of Douglas Fir, although it is not a fir, and a botanical name of False Hemlock, for it is not a hemlock either.

As its pungent yellow wood smelled equally sweet under all its names, pioneer woodsmen lost no time chopping it down. Some fir was being loaded on East India Company ships for the Orient trade as early as Menzies' day. But the industry proper began, in what was to become B.C., in 1848, two years after the Oregon Boundary Treaty showed Canadians where they stood, and ten years before the province's birth. The Hudson's Bay Company tossed up a little water-powered mill at the head of Esquimalt Harbor on Vancouver Island, and Indians supplied the logs, at the going rate of eight logs for a blanket. The gold rush on the Fraser pushed sawmilling on the mainland. The first mill was on Burrard Inlet, where North Vancouver now stands. It sawed its first board in 1863, soon was shipping fir spars and shingles pretty well around the world.

#### Free flagpoles

The sanctified acres of Vancouver's Stanley Park almost housed a sawmill. An English sea captain, Edward Stamp, actually started work on the site before changing his mind and building his mill farther along the inlet. It became known as Hastings Mill and it was around this mill that Vancouver grew. It was only ninety-one years ago, but life was hardly tedious: the English company that supplied the machinery saw fit to include cannon, muskets, swords, handcuffs and leg irons.

Stamp was the first man to give away Douglas Firs as flagpoles but certainly not the last. The Illustrated Guide of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, in England, to this day gives Stamp several inches of publicity. The first pole he gave the gardens was from Port Alberni on Vancouver Island; it measured one hundred and eighteen feet. It was cut in two by a boat while being towed up the Thames and Stamp, who figured he could do better anyway, promptly shipped another, which was one hundred and fifty-nine feet high. It stood in Kew from 1861 to 1919. The one there now was a gift from the B.C. government and is the biggest of them all—two hundred and fourteen feet in height.

They were pretty big trees then. A man called Douglas Carey is said to have chopped down a Douglas Fir in the valley of North Vancouver's Seymour River in 1895; it was four hundred and seventeen feet high, three hundred feet to the first limb and twenty-five feet in diameter. But the best provincial-government records can do is produce a three-hundred-and-five-foot fir cut in the Nimpkish forest of Vancouver Island. Another in the West Vancouver area was fourteen feet in diameter, and a fir cut near Cowichan Lake on Vancouver Island took the heavyweight record with eighty tons. The

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age record is held by a Vancouver Island fir thirteen hundred years old.

The fir forest, stretching unbroken over the horizon, seemed like an inexhaustible mine. Loggers regarded lesser trees in the way whaling men regard herring. The Douglas Fir was not only the largest tree in Canada; its branch-clean trunk meant no knots, its unusually large heartwood meant it weathered evenly without checking or splitting or warping. The pioneers with their oxen and their skid roads greased with whale blubber and their lower lips packed with snoose could hardly be expected to know the tree's very virtues were one of the seeds of its destruction. The remarkable beauty of its grain and the dense hardness of its heartwood were the result of its slow growth, suicidally slow for lengthy competition with the mushroom-like forests of the south. "The only timber exported in cargoes," says an authority of the late 1800s, "is that of Douglas fir, commonly called pine." It was fir that gave the smoke tang to Vancouver's salt-water mists, fir that paid for the bar whisky in the dives on Cordova and Main streets, fir that soared straight and high in the cool clean forests and hummed a psalm for the wandering pine pastors.

Oxen were succeeded by horses, and then the skidding of the big logs was done with ship's winches; then came logging railroads, and then huge diesel jobs roaring over fancy logging highways, and cars that rode on cables strung between spar trees, and called skyhooks. The men, who once had to carry their own blankets from camp to camp, were organized, and got washing machines and pool tables and girl flunkies. The big loggers became the Bloedels, the Gibsons, the Foleys, and H. R. MacMillan, who had been B. C.'s first chief forester.

The fir export business gained impetus after the First World War. Rival B. C. lumber salesmen competed hotly around the globe for business, got it and pushed it to the point where, by 1954, the last big export year, it was bringing in a hundred and twenty million dollars a year. "The world-wide market was there," says H. R. MacMillan, "ready to be sold on a larger scale by British Columbians, and we came on the scene at a favorable time. When I started, I never expected to make a million dollars."

While the salesmen were peddling Douglas Fir the forest was going down the drain. A multitude of factors, of which overcutting was but one, were then, and are now, shaping the tragic destiny of the big tree. Each year, enough standing timber is burned in B. C. to build almost eleven thousand homes. To try to save these forests, B. C. loggers have employed commercial rainmakers, who claim to wring the coast clouds with bombardments of silver iodide.

Decay-causing diseases create a further loss of more than four hundred million board feet annually. Insects take their toll, and between 1942 and 1946 in just one forest, the Nimpkish, bark beetles killed more than seventy-five million board feet of Douglas Fir.

A rodent called the white-footed deer mouse—taken seriously enough by the B. C. Forest Service to have been the subject of a two-year study—cuts severely into natural regeneration of the fir forest. Although only three and a half inches long, it can eat more than three hundred fir seeds a day, and is found as numerous as forty to a forest acre.

Another seed robber is the coast's lively red squirrel. It makes its home in the fir crown, holds the cones in its paws and strips it like a boy eating a cob of corn. After a squirrel party, there are often enough spat-out scales on the ground to

make a very comfortable bed for a deer.

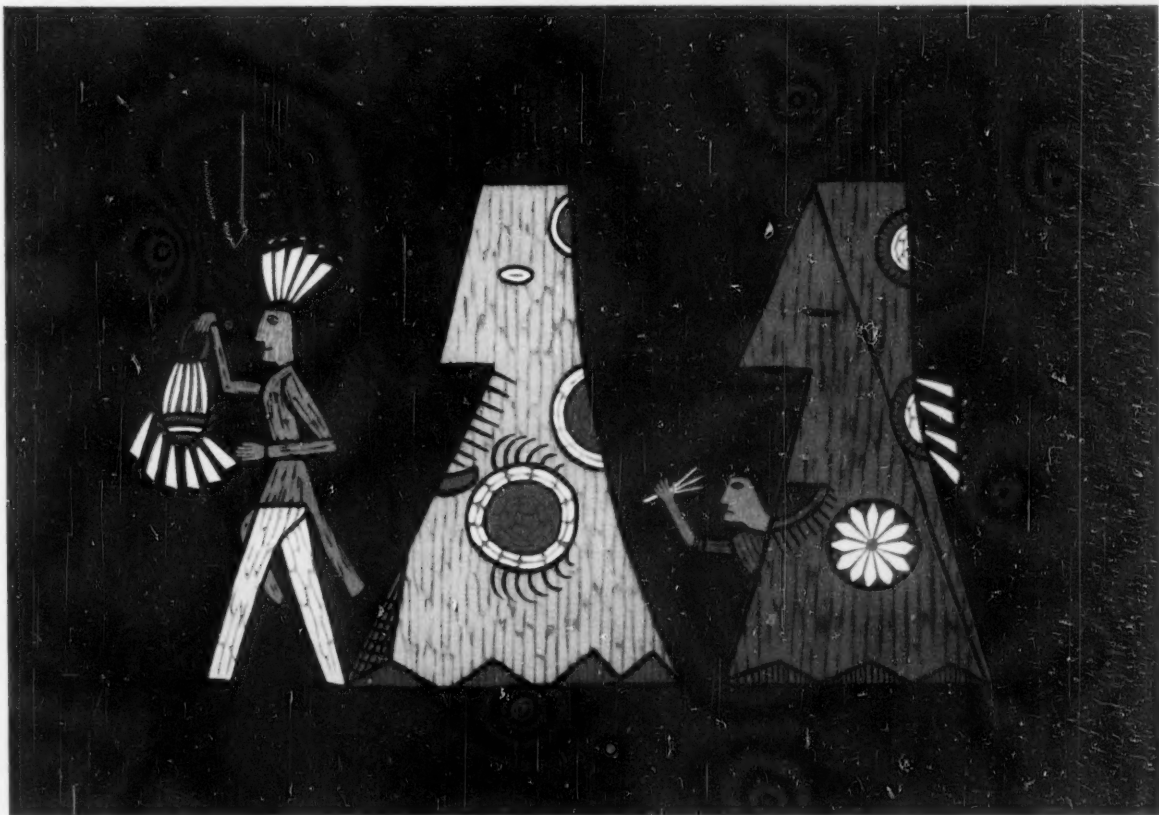
The reluctant sex life of the Douglas Fir also is a contributing factor to Chief Justice Sloan's "end of an era." It frequently goes four or five years without producing a crop of seeds.

The seeds, when they do appear, are large and heavy, and will not travel more than two hundred and fifty feet under their own steam. Unless patch logging is employed, so remaining stands can naturally reseed cutover areas, the fir is like a baseball pitcher whose throw can't quite reach the plate.

It is one of the projects of British Columbia's red-shirted Junior Forest Wardens to harvest the cone crops for nursery seedling production, a chore in which they are joined by prison work gangs and farmers working on contract. "It costs us thirty dollars an acre to plant Douglas Fir," Eric Druce, publicity director for the forest service, said recently. "Nature regenerates hemlock free. Why should we want fir back?"

Hemlock, heir apparent to Douglas Fir, is a prolific broadcaster of seed, now outnumbers fir two to one and stocks are

actually increasing. Its light seed travels. It needs less sunlight, grows in moister and cooler locations, is even at home in such spots as Henderson Lake, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, whose average two hundred and fifty-one inches of annual rainfall make it one of the wettest areas on earth. The hemlock isn't a spellbinder like the ramrod-straight, stiff-limbed, pyramidal fir. It averages only one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height and about three feet in diameter. It has a soft nodding, lazy look, waves limp feathery branches low on its



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**In 1882 Vancouver was a fir forest**

Oxen hauled felled fir as tall as the Marine Building that stands on this site now.

trunk. It is susceptible to fire, looks like it would be a pushover in a high wind, and is. But it is no prima donna, like the fir; it is versatile and works easily into floors and barrels and doors and is superior to fir for pulp and paper, which recently boomed into a two-hundred-million-dollar annual B. C. business.

B. C.'s dyed-in-the-wool fir tycoons were not readily convinced of hemlock's attractiveness. For years the little hemlock they stooped to cut generally arrived in Europe almost as ballast, green, blue-stained and looking for a bad name. It took the Koerners, a Czechoslovak lumbering family, to appreciate the province's enormous stocks of this scorned wood, give it back its melodious and forgotten name of Alaska Pine, and refine it for the carriage trade. Their success was so resounding that coast lumbermen had to move into hemlock too, merge for strength, diversify their production. "But even without the Koerners," maintains the forestry department's Eric Garman, "the overcut of accessible fir would have made them switch sooner or later."

British Columbia followed the pattern of exploitation common to almost all forested states. Early governments got quick money parceling out forest at bargain-basement prices. Curbs were negligible, reforestation a toy.

The B.C. Forest Service, underprivileged and overworked, had to play Johnny Appleseed. Even today, in an age of mechanical planters, it has teams of men with mattocks planting seedlings in near-Biblical fashion. It handles no tree other than Douglas Fir in its nurseries, but even thus specialized it has got no more than eighty-five million seedlings into the ground since the program started over thirty years ago. Private loggers, in spite of well-publicized seeding from helicopters, can account for only twenty-six million. An indicting contrast is to be found in the much faster-maturing and hotly competitive pine forests of the southern United States where they are planting five hundred million seedlings a year, or almost five times as many annually as B. C. has planted in its whole forest history.

Discouraging as the regeneration figures undoubtedly are, the survival of the wonderful Douglas Fir as a Canadian species, if not as an economic cornucopia, seems assured through the forest-management licenses of recent years.

The fine print in the contracts which give B. C.'s big loggers virtual empires to operate as tree farms insists that enough firs be babied along to show future generations at least what they're

missing. There is, too, a flickering hope that the vast B. C. interior may be hiding a lot of good firs which have escaped survey. Certainly Chief Justice Sloan's "end of an era" has produced no visible panic in the coast's virile plywood industry. "The Douglas Fir is finished not because it has been overcut, really, but because it is out of date, like the dinosaur and the battleships of the Royal Navy," one observer of the B. C. lumber industry put it recently. "Don't worry, there'll always be enough around to finish off the rumpus room."

Like many Canadian products, the Douglas Fir has been honored abroad as it has not been at home. It was a mainstay of postwar reforestation in Britain where, surprisingly, it grows better than in B. C. There are eighty-year-old stands of Douglas Firs in Germany now. There's a commemorative grove of firs planted around David Douglas' grave in Hawaii — no grateful thought of the B. C. lumber industry but a gesture from the Burns Club in Hilo. A seed Douglas sent home in 1827 is a sturdy oldtimer in the Scone palace grounds near his birthplace, where he has not been forgotten.

#### No tears for the Fir

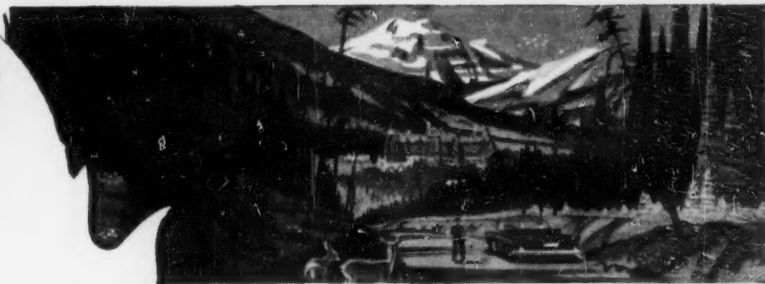
Yet in Vancouver, Gordon Sloan's blunt announcement that the Douglas Fir was washed up left citizens strangely unmoved, although this was the tree that built B. C., and although Vancouver was born as an adjunct to a fir mill, founded its seaport on fir-trade square riggers, became Canada's third largest city through marketing fir. The city's two daily newspapers ran between them twenty-three highlights of Sloan's Royal Commission report in boxscore fashion on their front pages, but not one concerned the fall of the mighty fir. To celebrate this year's Centennial, stunts considered ranged from a pier for meditation in Stanley Park's Lost Lagoon to a race around the world, but the big tree that started it all, as one Centennial public-relations man admitted, simply didn't seem anything people would be interested in.

Successive B. C. governments have botched every chance to buy up prime and accessible stands of Douglas Fir for posterity. The whole lower mainland raised a hue and cry in the late 1920s when private loggers moved in on Green Timbers, the last of the magnificent Fraser Valley stands, straddling the Trans-Canada highway only a few miles outside New Westminster. While the government was wondering whether it could afford to interfere, the seven-hundred-acre block

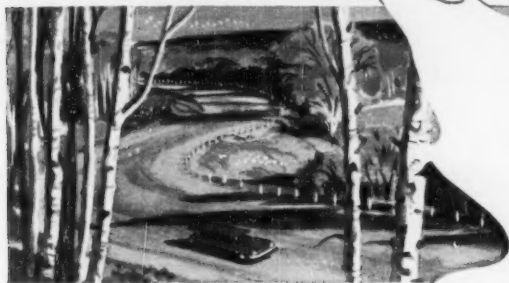




ENTRANCE TO VANCOUVER STANLEY PARK, BRITISH COLUMBIA



THE ROAD TO BANFF, ALBERTA



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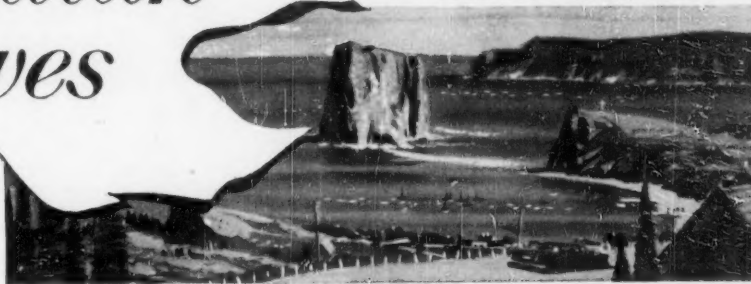
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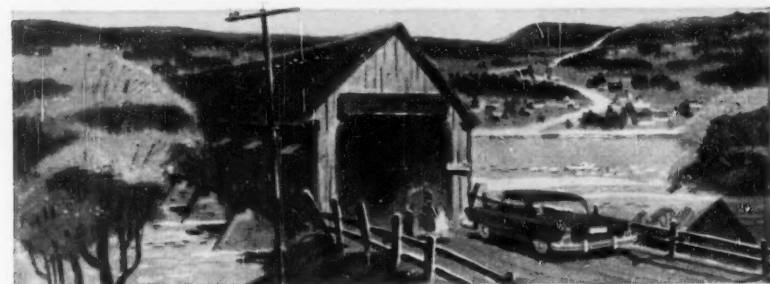
THE EAST END OF CLEAR LAKE, MANITOBA



IVY LEA BRIDGE, ONTARIO



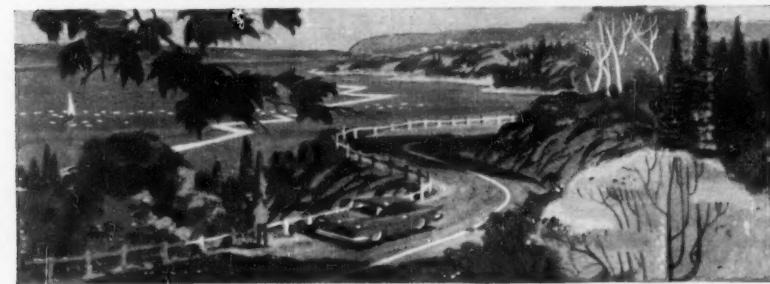
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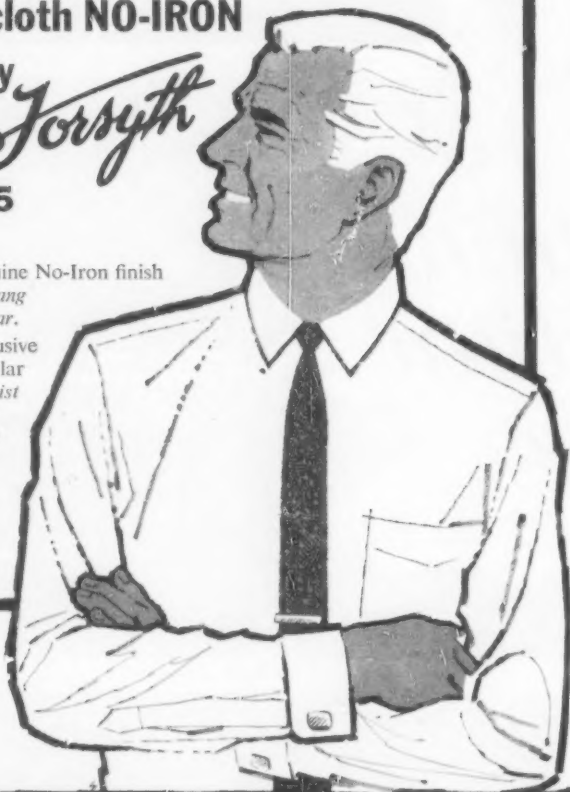
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of classic fir forest was completely logged. Only then did the government step in, buy the land, and put its conscience money into the Green Timbers nursery that now stands on the spot.

That British Columbia has even one public preserve of prime Douglas Firs is due to H. R. MacMillan, the tough old man who probably cut the biggest swath through the fir forest of them all. He has given to the people of B.C. a three-hundred-and-fifty-acre stand of superb fir giants, which borders the Alberni Highway of Vancouver Island. Its name is

Cathedral Grove. The firs are neither the island's biggest, nor the oldest, although there is one tree whose twenty-seven hundred cubic feet of lumber would build two five-room homes, and others that were sawlogs when Wolf stormed Quebec.

A lot of trippers make their way to Cathedral Grove, and they follow winding spongy paths, church-dim from the high filtered light, and soak in the solid authority of the seemingly indestructible giants, and return to their cars, dwarfed, but knowing that this was how it was. ★



Government Street continued from page 16

Emily Carr lived there . . . "A frumpy person, said to paint atrocious pictures and keep a monkey"

prejudice, as a recognized geographical fact attested by Rudyard Kipling and countless other unimpeachable authorities.)

Fuca's Strait glints in the Mediterranean blue of summer or breaks in white winter foam against the sea wall to hurl its salt against the faded old houses of Dallas Road. Westward looms the nether tip of Vancouver Island, hard and black like an oversized whale against the Pacific. Southward, by the American shore, the white Olympic Mountains reel in stately ghost-dance all the way to Cape Flattery.

On the grassy headland where Government Street is born you might be pacing the cliffs of Dover or Cornwall while the ships of the world pass by at your feet—a spot haunted and bewitched in the memory of any true Victoria boy. We used to play football there, fifty years ago, skate on certain secret ponds long gone, boil mussels on the narrow sea shelf and swim in water only a few degrees above freezing. That was before progress reached our street.

Nature gave no street a better start in life, but men quickly marred Government. Most of the houses in the first half mile or so were built not long after the turn of the century or before, when architects designed ugliness at heavy cost, the furnace was a new fad not likely to last long and an up-to-date Victorian home had no basement but required a coal fireplace in every room. Fortunately these houses have been pretty well maintained, modernized and invariably surrounded, according to Victoria's highest tradition, by neat little gardens.

Among this humble company, at the corner of Simcoe Street stands a truly national relic, the home of an odd genius almost unknown in life but in death a Canadian legend. Here, in this monstrous edifice of gables and gimerack, lived Emily Carr.

She must have been painting some of her first, unsuspected masterpieces as early as 1908 when I attended her sister's kindergarten in the tiny school behind the house—the school so often mentioned in her books. She had just reached the peak of her powers when Miss Alice taught my children the alphabet. The Carrs lived long on Government Street, busily and, perforce, frugally.

As children we paid no particular attention to Emily but gave that formidable spinster a wide berth, her temper being

notoriously short. I recall a frumpy person in antique shirtwaist and billowing skirt who was said to paint atrocious pictures and keep a monkey.

Yet this woman's perception of the forest at her door, and her ability to put it on canvas with inimitable, flowing brush strokes, was British Columbia's greatest cultural gift to Canada. Anyway, she was the second most distinguished resident of Government Street. (We shall encounter the first in a moment.)

The Carr estate continues, by happy coincidence, to nourish art. Jan Zach, a versatile Czech, working with paint, clay, wood and stone, lives in Alice's old schoolhouse and no doubt profits from Emily's inspiration.

A few blocks northward Government Street, so far residential, begins to take on a modern look and the bustle of business, though it is now entering the scenes of a forgotten history without which there'd be no nation of Canada today.

Observe then, on the street's east side, a square functional block of government offices, the Douglas Building and, on the west side, the grey-domed Parliament Buildings set in their acres of lawn and blossom, surmounted by the clumsy image of Captain Vancouver in shiny new gilt and weighted down by many another western pioneer in bulbous granite.



Who is it?

He now lives on Satellite Street, Victoria—an example of the superb sense of timing that lifted him to fame. Now turn to page 65 to find out who he grew up to be.





Photo by KARSH

## Men who know ale,\* make it **BRADING'S**

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*"man,  
it's  
mellow"*



Observe the best-known sight in British Columbia but try to look through its stone walls to the origins of the nation. For all Canadians this should be sacred soil.

It is the year 1859. The colonies of the St. Lawrence and the Maritimes are groping and quarreling their way toward Confederation. The plains beyond Upper Canada are empty and so are the valleys west of the Rockies, all except the furious gorge of the Fraser where a horde of madmen is sifting the river's sand bars for gold.

In all that wilderness between Fort Garry and the Pacific there is only one town. Governor James Douglas' Fort Victoria, built sixteen years earlier by imperial strategy near the southern point of Vancouver Island to hold the boundary against the Manifest Destiny of the United States.

Victoria is a pitiable knot of houses outside the log palisades of the fort and a huddle of tents sheltering the miners on their way to the Fraser. Nevertheless, the inhabitants have high hopes for their town. Already it has become the capital

of the Vancouver Island crown colony and must have a worthy seat of government.

Douglas has therefore plunged, with his customary recklessness, into an extravagant public investment. Selecting a site on the southern shore of the harbor, called James Bay, and at the side of a muddy track called Government Street, he has started to build, at an appalling cost of a hundred thousand dollars, three absurd official buildings of English brick, which he has brought around the Horn.

The curved roofs of these buildings

look, the natives say, like Chinese pagodas or maybe like bird cages. Thus with civic contempt and later with affection, they are christened the Bird Cages.

Familiar figures, too familiar to excite the natives, and not yet recognized by historians, are seen in top hat and frock coat about the Bird Cages. They include the solemn swarthy Douglas, who lives in a grand new house across Government Street, the father of British Columbia, a loyal Briton and opponent of the expanding American Republic; his son-in-law, Dr. J. S. Helmcken, Speaker of the colonial assembly, who regards annexation by the United States as inevitable; and that remarkable editor, Amor de Cosmos, a theatrically handsome giant who had been born plain Smith, had become Lover of the World by act of the California legislature and who, almost alone in this frail outpost of the British Empire, has conceived his dream of a transcontinental Canadian nation.

That dream is too visionary altogether for most of the colonial legislators at Victoria. The rich republic across the strait is beckoning and will pay a high price for British Columbia. All Victoria's business and its only contacts with the world move through San Francisco. Besides, the colony is almost bankrupt and must join some nation, Canada or the United States, if it is to survive.

The decision facing the puzzled occupants of the Bird Cages on Government Street is one of the largest and most doubtful in America's history. It involves the future of half a continent.

#### When Canada reached the Pacific

Victorians go about their business paying little heed to the angry debates across James Bay, but the eyes of the British government and the wise old eyes of Sir John A. Macdonald are focused anxiously on the Bird Cages.

Imperial screws, as Macdonald calls them, are therefore applied to the colonial assembly; an improbable railway across the plains and Rockies is promised to the islanders; De Cosmos arouses the embryonic democracy of Victoria; and British Columbia finally enters Confederation in 1871.

The infant Canadian nation has reached the Pacific, via Government Street. Possibly, after all, Victorians agree, Governor Douglas' Parliament Buildings are worth their cost.

At any rate, Government Street beside them is being built up rapidly as the CPR crawls westward at snail's pace. Governor-General Dufferin drives its full length in a shiny coach but refuses to pass under a floral arch denouncing the railway's slow arrival and threatening withdrawal from Confederation. The railway reaches the coast at last and its builder, Sir John himself, strolls down Government Street as Victoria's new member of parliament.

Those squat bungalows in which Confederation was rounded out stood on the harbor bank until 1897. Two of them were then demolished and the third, containing the tiny legislative chamber, was moved to the back of the public square to make room for the new stone buildings. They were opened in 1908 and completely overshadowed their humble predecessor.

Until the spring of last year the last Bird Cage stood neglected and forlorn. No British Columbia government had imagination or even business sense enough to protect the most historically important piece of architecture west of the Great Lakes.

Victorians, who had ignored it so long, awakened one morning to find only a

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## Victoria has lavished money, labor and invention to make a minor acropolis out of a twenty-acre plot

pile of hot ashes. Too late, they realized the significance of the burned monument and most of them learned its story for the first time.

Of all that Confederation era on Government Street there remains only Dr. Helmcken's house, a well-kept museum of antiquities. The growth of the city has left it marooned a little to the east on a side street called Elliott.

The stone Parliament Buildings are sufficiently handsome, in a conventional and obese fashion; they have accumulated a legendry of their own and they preside impressively over one of Canada's favorite picture-postcard scenes. This is the heart of Victoria, Government Street's single touch of distinction and solely a product of man's cunning.

Douglas, on his arrival here a hundred and fifteen years ago, found at the eastern edge of the cramped harbor a tidal basin of mud emitting a nauseous marine smell. He wisely built his fort on the harbor's northern arm, well away from the stinking ooze.

Later on a rickety wooden bridge was strung across this bottomless quagmire as an approach to the Bird Cages. It served the town until it was replaced by the present broad stone Causeway.

The mud was drained, the basin filled and on the fill, with nothing but wooden piles to support its foundations, rose that elegant combination of French chateau and English manor house, the Empress Hotel.

The green square of the Parliament Buildings, the lawns and gaudy flower beds of the hotel, form a semicircle around the bathtub harbor, where the sleek white ferry boats, those pampered Princesses of the CPR, dawdle over their ablutions, morning and night.

For upward of fifty years Victoria has lavished its labor, money and invention on a precious area of some twenty acres. She has made it a stage set, a civic pantheon, a minor acropolis and altar of the Victorian spirit.

These mysteries are too deep for explanation here but the outlander might as well understand, if he trains his camera down Government Street, that he is photographing only the thin outer shell of Victoria.

To be sure, Victoria does everything possible to accommodate the tourist, flatter him and relieve him of his money.

George I. Warren, the town's official greeter, is strategically installed at the northern end of the Causeway, his eye automatically counting the foreign license plates as they move past his window.

The flower baskets were hung from the lamp posts to advise the visitor that he has arrived in Arcady and therefore should spend without stint.

The horse-drawn tallyhos, the antique stores and the tea-hour ritual at the Empress are all designed to persuade the innocent American that Victoria is a magic Little Bit of Olde England on the Shores of the Pacific, though no Englishman would recognize it as such.

These hard commercial necessities cannot deceive any Victorian walking down Government Street, for this corner of a private universe contains his deepest recollections and proclaims his special civilization.

In two world wars the boys of Victoria marched across the Causeway to board their ships, and marched back as men.

Every Victoria child sees his first glimpse of Christmas here. The Parliament Buildings are outlined against the

night sky in electric lights, the sequoia in front of them is spangled with stars (the biggest Christmas tree in Canada) and the hollies of the hotel are decked out in tinsel.

Every teen-age boy and girl has danced all night in the hotel's crystal ballroom to the music of Billy Tickle's immemorial orchestra and, reaching the years of discretion, has listened to his

subdued genteel chamber music in the lounge, Victoria's collective living room.

The rich widows who engorge tea there, at exactly four o'clock, have been written up, with a smirk, by every strolling scribbler until they have become a tiresome fiction in print, but they are real in life. So are the crumpets and heavy English fruit cake.

While visiting firemen, statesmen, ty-

coons and movie stars are always making headlines at the Empress, to all Victorians the biggest news story of modern times recorded the death of the ivy vines on the hotel's brick towers some two years ago in a November blizzard. (Something went wrong with Canada's Evergreen Playground that dreadful night.)

Since then the army of civil servants, on its procession across the Causeway



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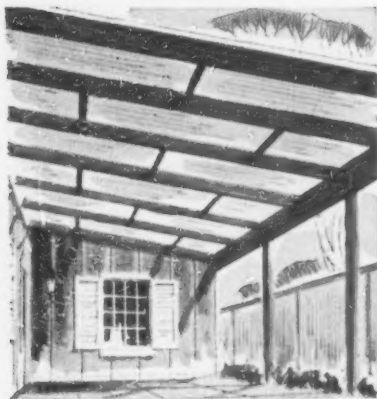
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every morning, anxiously watches the new sprouts creep upward. The towers will be naked for a long time yet.

What all these things mean to Victorians the tourist is unlikely to discover. Anyway, he—or more likely she—is too busy discovering the treasures of the Government Street stores. Thanks mainly to them, the street has been saved from ruin and rejuvenated for five blocks north of the Causeway.

It had enjoyed a lively and sinful youth in the days of the gold rush. It was double-lined with saloons even in my boyhood, while still unpaved and dusty. But about twenty years ago it began to run down. Much of its business moved two blocks eastward to its boisterous rival, Douglas Street, which has no history but is undeniably Victoria's main stem. Government, with only some half a dozen modern buildings, seemed doomed to slow decay.

Then its merchants undertook a quiet renaissance, spruced up stores long out of date and, by importing specialties of every kind from all over the world, lured the traveler straight northward from the harbor before he could reach Douglas.

Government could not hope to compete with the upstart in commercial volume, but it became the tourists' caravansary, a profitable business location and a traffic problem.

You will find it a pretty run-down street if you examine it too closely and detect the old wrinkles under the new make-up. No matter, the tourists think it quaint, as it certainly is not, and the natives love it for its past. Like any well-bred Victorian dweller, it grows old gracefully. Its only danger, in fact, is the present rage to rebuild it into just another typical Canadian street.

#### Old-timers say no

A stranger on holiday can hardly stroll a block of its length without serious damage to his purse, unless he is quite immune to lovely things.

He certainly will not get past the fine old Belmont Building and Sydney Reynolds' windows full of glass and china at the Causeway's northern end and just opposite the former post office (which has just had its aged face lifted, against the old-timers' protest).

Mr. Reynolds, a Dorset man, says he has been in the antique business all his life, from floor sweeper to proprietor. Don't believe him. Antiques and modern ceramics are not his business; they are his passion.

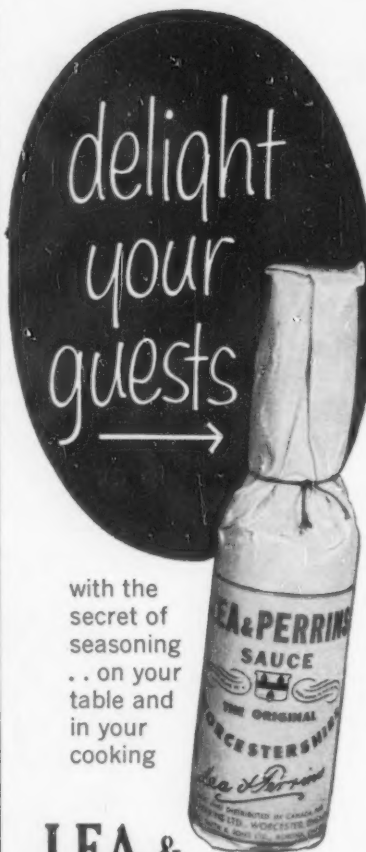
Usually you will find him in the basement, his shirt sleeves rolled up, fondling some dinner set from England, a goblet from Venice, a vase from Vienna or a Blackthorn shillelagh from Ireland, with a collector's sensuous delight.

"If you don't really feel something when you look at it, if it doesn't do something to you, don't buy it," he tells his customers. And he means it too. Often his wife, two sons and a daughter are almost afraid to sell some piece that has struck his fancy.

A few paces north the Wedgwood Shop glistens in a litter of English china.

In The Spode Shop—it sells nothing but Spode—Mrs. Margot Bowden, being Scottish, knows that the customer means a meat platter if he asks for an "ashet." Very likely she will hurl a bone-china plate on the floor and stand on it to prove its strength.

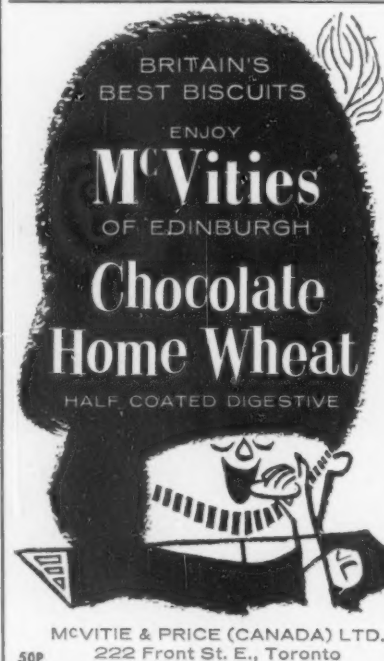
She also likes to boast that her "China Room" at the back was once a Chinese opium den. A hole in the floor near the fireplace was burned by a hot opium pot. (Remember that this is an old street covered by a new veneer.)



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At the corner of Government and Courtney the Tudor House and its imported clothes give a partial disguise to the first brick building erected in the town. It was built during gold-rush times as the palatial Victoria Hotel, changed its name to Windsor and, upstairs, is still a hotel of a modest sort.

Next door you can buy moccasins, bead work or bows and arrows at the Indian Craft Shoppe and the jewelry of Asia in the Persian Arts and Crafts, but you may pass by, unnoticed, perhaps the most remarkable establishment on the Pacific Coast.

About 1885 an eccentric fruit dealer from Massachusetts, the late C. W. Rogers, arrived in Victoria to seek his fortune. He did not find it in the fruit business, however. Instead, he invented a recipe for chocolates that have been sold ever since around the world.

Rogers locked himself in his kitchen every morning at four o'clock to mix his candy with a short-handled garden spade. If he liked the look of the customer, not otherwise, he might sell him a single box of sweets when he opened his store for an hour or two in the afternoon.

The temple of confectionery was decorated with imported mirrors, oak beams and bronze nudes in curious combination, arranged by Mrs. Rogers. This enterprising pair soon accumulated riches and became far better known abroad than any other citizens of British Columbia. Their happiness was brief.

After the tragic death of their young son, they became hermits, carrying all their money about with them in a black satchel and giving most of it to charity. But they continued to make chocolates with furious energy.

Their chocolate recipe is still kept locked in a vault under the key of their successor, a wealthy Los Angeles widow. No outsider is ever admitted to the back room where each candy is shaped by hand.

Rogers' Chocolates have never been advertised. Two empty red boxes in the front window alone indicate the shop's wares, but they are shipped regularly to the U. S., Europe, Africa, Australia and the Orient. Every attempt to imitate them has failed.

At the corner of Broughton Street the big Straith clothing store is filled all summer like a social club by tourists drooling over its imported woollens, especially English and Scottish tweeds, and all the year by the smarter-dressed set, male and female, of the town.

Some of the best woollens produced anywhere are woven in Victoria by the Island Weavers and sold on Government Street between Broughton and Fort.

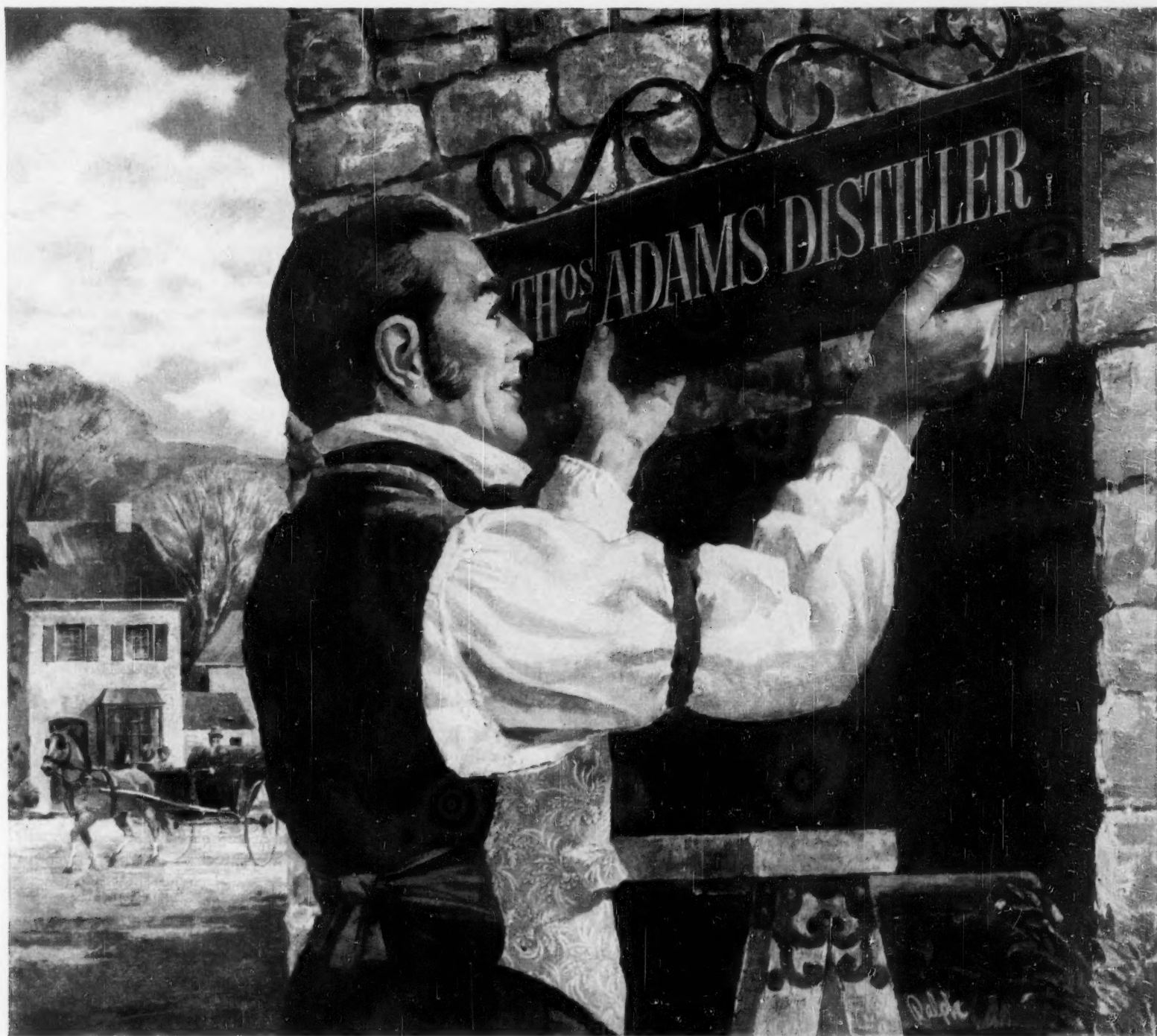
A quarter of a century ago Mrs. Robin Murray became interested in the primitive weaving methods of Kashmir. She studied the craft in England and Scotland and with her husband, a retired major of the Black Watch and the 9th Gurkha Rifles, installed a hand loom in an old Esquimalt house, just because they liked Vancouver Island.

They have brought their cloth to such perfection that it amazes the connoisseur and sometimes is sold in Scotland. Lately they have designed a brand-new tartan to represent British Columbia. For after all, they say, this province was once known as New Caledonia.

The explorer reaches the boundary of Douglas' original kingdom at the intersection of Fort Street. Shops and offices along the west side of Government stand on the eastern line of the old stockade. It ran down to the harbor arm and faced, on the far side, the village of the troublesome Songhees tribe.

Nothing but a bronze plaque on the



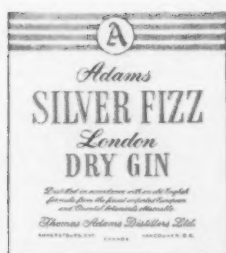


... and thereby grew a tradition

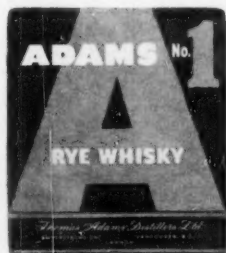
When United Empire Loyalist Thomas Adams opened his distillery in Niagara, his concern was to make the finest product within his knowledge and ability. Today, the products of Thomas Adams Distillers Limited continue to reflect this philosophy.

Adams Antique—a Collector's Item—and each of the truly superb Adams brands is the finest Canadian rye whisky in its class. You have an adventure in good taste awaiting you. Start serving—and enjoying—Adams Whisky and Adams Gin soon.

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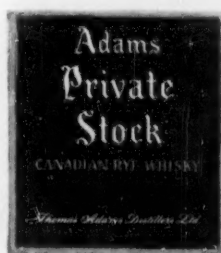
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A-1



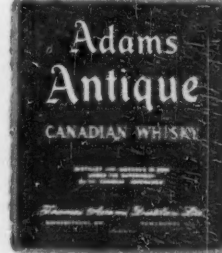
OLD RYE



PRIVATE STOCK



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ANTIQUE

wall of a modern building marks the place where the British Empire asserted and made good its decision to hold Vancouver Island, the British Columbia coast to Alaska and half of North America.

Government Street was a muddy trail outside the fort's eastern gate, so named because the log government offices clustered beside it. The last of those buildings were demolished in 1864 as the gold rush turned Victoria into a real town.

A brawling town it must have been by all accounts and one of its most famous resorts was the Brown Jug Saloon

at the southeast corner of Government and Fort.

The proprietor, Thomas Golden, packed the customers in but somehow never made any money. He therefore jumped off the steamship Prince Alfred on her way to California. Most inconveniently, the sailors rescued him for further financial difficulties. His saloon, under various owners, was closed only by the prohibition law of 1917.

The Brown Jug occupied a perfect site, in my youth, for the innocent young collector of cigar bands. Its customers

were always high-class and smoked the best cigars. After refreshments in the mysterious interior, they would usually oblige us and occasionally donate a nickel or even a dime in addition to the band. Once I received a rare collector's item plus a genuine American cartwheel. That was my first lesson in the dangers of alcohol.

Bessie Fitzgerald may not realize that her Quest Shop occupies this celebrated location, that her collections of handicraft, the work of more than two hundred Canadian craftsmen—white, Indian

and Eskimo — have replaced the finest liquors ever known in British Columbia, as her customers have replaced the provincial statesmen who used to govern the province with their feet firmly planted on the Brown Jug's brass rail.

One of demon rum's most ardent enemies and British Columbia's first merchant prince established himself, in 1862, just north of poor Golden's unprofitable bar.

David Spencer, a genial Santa Claus person as I remember him, his massive white beard making a necktie unnecessary, came out from Britain to join the gold rush but changed his mind and opened a reading room and library on Government Street.

Later he went into the clothing business. His draper's establishment quickly expanded into a department store, the largest west of Ontario, and finally, under his many sons, into a commercial colossus embracing Victoria and Vancouver.

All went well for Spencer's empire until the night of October 25, 1910, when the huge department store and many smaller stores around it were burned by Victoria's most spectacular conflagration.

Next morning, having chartered a ship and brought a cargo of goods from Vancouver, the incombustible Spencer family opened a new store in the Driard Hotel just to the east, on Broad Street and View.

That fire altered and improved the town's central geography. Through the charred ruins, View Street was driven westward from Broad to Government and its lofty office buildings became the centre of the financial business.

#### Strangers baffled by skill

The Spencer firm rebuilt on Government and joined the new store to the Driard Building, and to a still newer addition on Douglas Street, by tunnel. Now, in the proliferous premises purchased from the Spencers by the T. Eaton Company, you can walk from Douglas, under Broad, to Government and emerge with anything from a roast of beef to a grand piano.

The crowded corner of View and Government has been skilfully arranged to baffle strangers and slow down traffic. View Street comes in from the east but, once across Government in a slight jog, it passes the fine old-fashioned granite Bank of Montreal and is transformed into Bastion Street.

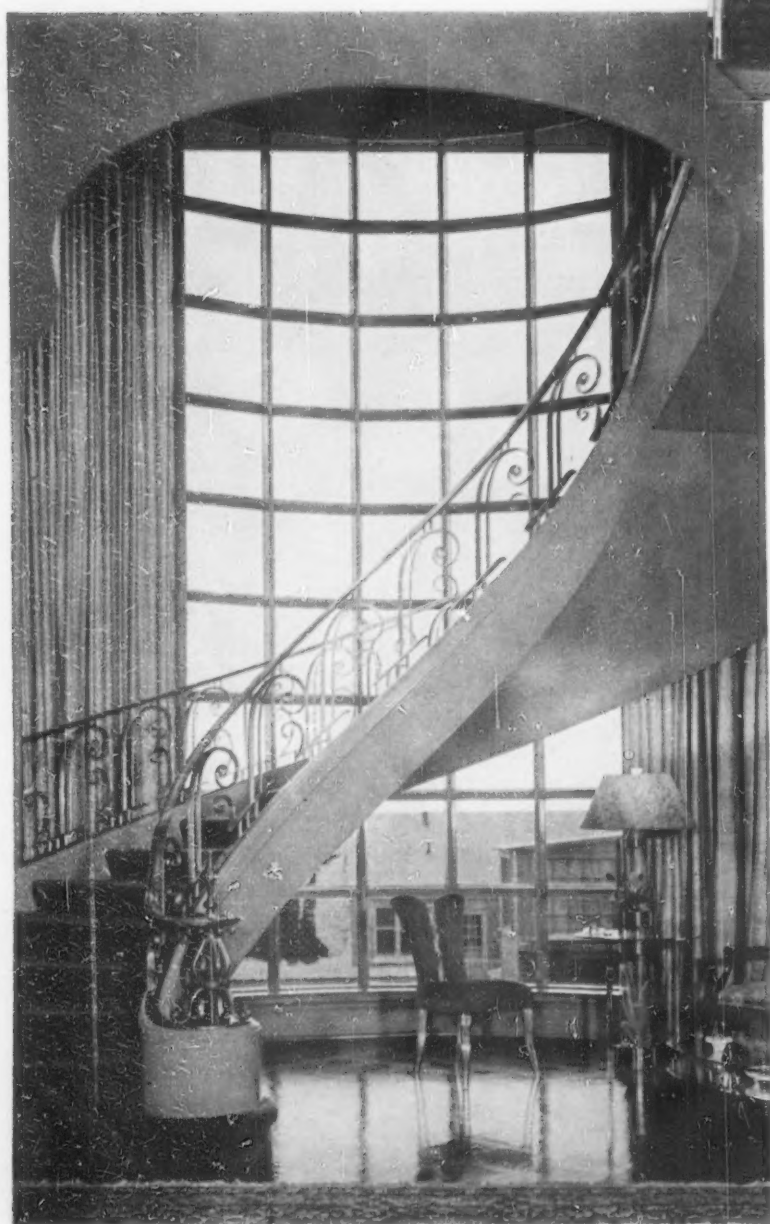
Of course Victoria would not change the name of Bastion merely because it is an extension of View, or View because it is a continuation of Bastion. For Bastion is sacrosanct as celebrating the wooden fortifications of the fort and, moreover, it is consecrated to the legal profession.

Any morning, at ten o'clock, you can see the impressive persons of lawyers and visiting judges walk (never drive) down the narrow canyon of Bastion to the courthouse, a block westward, which looks like a minor Bastille and is haunted by the ghosts of many distinguished murderers, there condemned.

Long before View Street was extended, Victoria's first civic rebel, Thomas Trowne, felt outraged because, on the town's incorporation in 1858, the blundering municipal authorities left no convenient access between Broad and Government. So he laid out an alley across his own land, allowed the public to use it and closed it once a year to confirm his ownership.

Trowne Alley, a few yards north of View, used to be a disreputable short cut, usually avoided, but of late years

## luxury made practical



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The bold concept of this soaring curve of glass demanded attention to a highly practical consideration. Ordinary glazing was out of the question. Downdrafts, misting and frosting would have created serious problems in the Quebec climate. Storm windows would have been far too unwieldy. But all these difficulties are erased by one word from the architect's pencil, "Thermopane". \*Thermopane Insulating Window Units are double glazed and have a blanket of dry insulating air between the two panes of glass. They mean extra comfort summer and winter . . . and clear vision all year long.

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the adjoining merchants have primped it with flower boxes, decorated it with a costly wrought-iron entrance and turned it into an English arcade as the rebel's monument.

On its northern side stands the oldest business establishment in Victoria. Here William Wilson, an Englishman, built a log store in 1862 and brought his stock of clothing around the Horn. Ninety-six years later his descendants, down to the fourth generation, are still prospering at the same stand.

W. & J. Wilson is a name known not only to every Victorian but all down the Pacific Coast, especially in California. The firm sells imported men's, women's and children's clothing of the better kind, with a touching and genuine air of dedication. Its salesmen and tailors are trained to remember every customer's name and peculiarities; they speak familiarly of half the actors and actresses of Hollywood; and fit a suit, hat or pair of gloves like surgeons performing a particularly delicate operation.

This stretch of Government Street was once the core of the pioneer village. The wooden post office stood on the west side, where a palatial new post office of shiny marble stands today. The southwest corner of Yates and Government at first accommodated the colonial treasury and other public buildings but they were replaced by the memorable Adelphi Saloon, whose swinging doors opened on both streets to keep business moving.

Between those doors Frank Campbell's tobacco store became Vancouver Island's focus of news, gossip and politics. The public-spirited tobacconist posted bulletins of "intelligence" whenever a ship brought out-of-date newspapers from San Francisco. He also listed all employment opportunities. (Wages for laborers were eighteen cents per hour for a ten-hour day.)

The removal of the post office to the shore of the harbor, a change deeply resented and attributed to the political power of the new, aristocratic James Bay suburb, ended the reign of "Campbell's Corner," though it is still one of the busiest spots in town.

Meanwhile, however, in 1858, Michael Young opened the New England Hotel, on the west side of Government, just north of Yates. His unequalled food, cooked in deep underground kitchens, his wine from cellars recessed in the living rock, soon made his eating place second in reputation only to San Francisco's Poodle Dog. For over seventy years, until it went broke in 1935, the

New England was Victoria's only true night spot, the private rendezvous of politicians and a glorious shambles every New Year's Eve.

At this point Government Street runs to seed. It is crossed here by Johnson, once the promenade of the red-light district, and now the dingy approach to the bridge across the harbor arm.

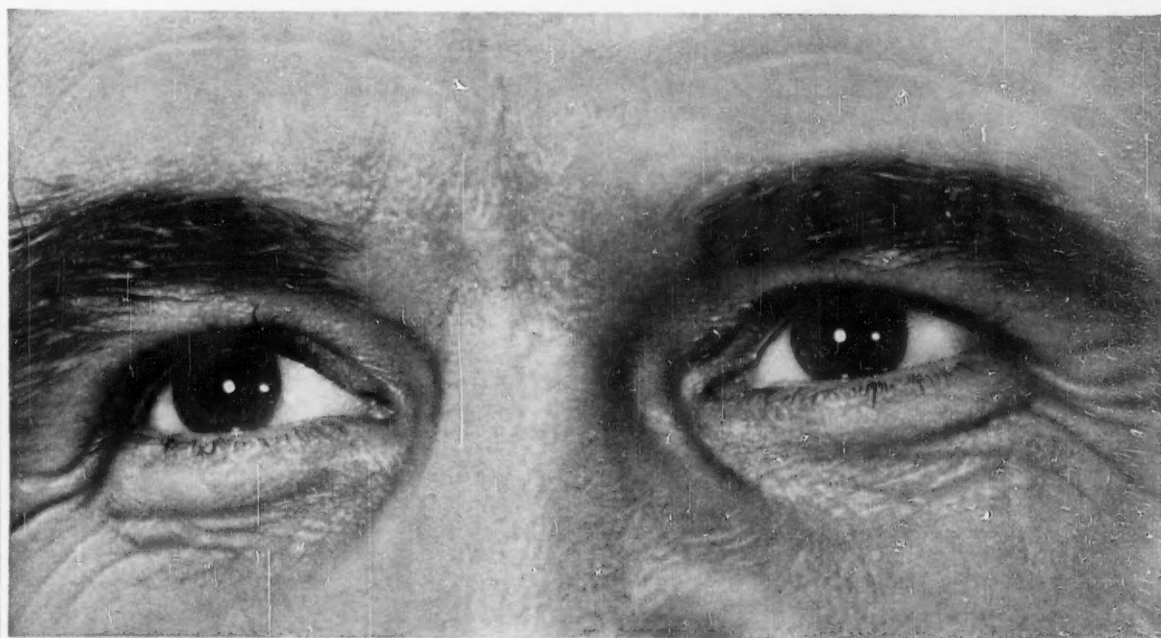
Still, even Johnson is getting spruced up in Victoria's recent boom. At its intersection with Government stands the latest and gigantic version of Colonel E. G. Prior's pioneer hardware store which,

for selling a few shovels to the government, impelled its proprietor, a man of quixotic honor, to resign as premier of British Columbia. (He was rewarded later with the office of lieutenant-governor.)

Two blocks farther north, Government Street enters Chinatown, a dismal stretch of unmapped rabbit warrens and newly opened, garish but excellent chop-suey resorts. A score of luxurious curio shops, smelling sweet of silk, sandalwood and teak, still flourished here in the old days but there is now left on Gov-

ernment only The Orient. It manages, in spite of the present trade barriers, to present the embroidery, furniture and oddments of China.

What goes on behind the dilapidated front of Chinatown, few white men know. I have seldom explored it since a Chinese cook named Joe Kee used to take me and other kids to the theatre for plays acted by touring Chinese actors from Canton — a fetid, clamorous aromatic chamber of wonders — and would fill us with astounding, sticky sweets, or let us peer into smoky dens



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Answer to

**Who is it?** on page 58

Hon. William Andrew Cecil Bennett, premier of B.C., who renounced the provincial PC party in 1951 just in time to become Social Credit premier the next year.

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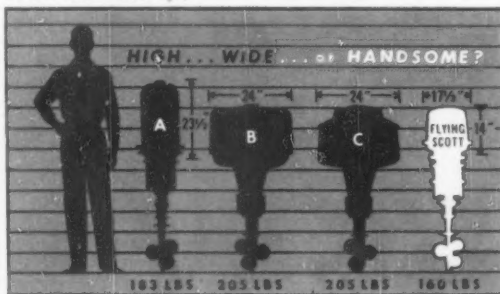
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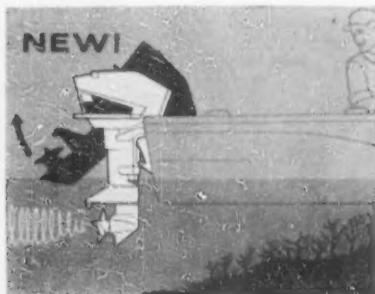
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and watch fan-tan played in silence and solemnity.

The theatre is no more. If the old vices of opium smoking and gambling have not been quite suppressed, the town hears little of them nowadays.

When the Chinese were regarded as hardly human beings and only as the Yellow Peril, it was the custom of the police to raid their harmless card games and lotteries several times a week while white men gambled freely in first-class clubs and hotels.

Now that the Chinese community is respected by everyone, many of its leaders live in the best parts of Victoria and its children no longer speak Chinese. Chinatown has lost the glamour of sin and attracts no attention. Only some dried ducks, ginger and spices in the windows, or some edible seaweed drying on the sidewalk outside, distinguish the Chinese stores. The Yellow Peril has shrunk to a few old men smoking meditatively in the doorways.

Strange things used to happen in this district. Occasionally a citizen of Chinatown would be found minus his head after a tong war. On September 4, 1918, a young Chinese barber and patriot, Chong Wong, found it necessary to commit a political assassination for the good of some obscure revolution in China. Having dressed himself in new clothes, he hid in Fan Tan Alley and shot down Tang Hua Lung, an eminent visiting statesman from Peiping, on Fisgard Street. Pursuing Tang's secretary up Government Street with a fusillade from his revolver, Chong turned up Pandora and blew his own brains out at the corner of Broad.

A cub reporter's lucky chance permitted me to observe this suicide as I walked home from church with old George Perdue, chief of detectives, but neither he nor anyone else ever found out the reason for Government Street's only international incident.

Chinatown bounds the street's active life. Tired by its march of a mile and a half from the sea, it collapses into lumber yards, a gas works and many ruined houses, but presents one last relic of better times.

The big brewery of the Lucky Lager Brewing Company has been making beer in the same premises for more than seventy-seven years and on the same site for a hundred. W. E. Spersholt, manager and brewmaster, is proud of this record, of his spotless odorless plant and of his product; also of a model recreation room, designed like a handsome pub and decorated by a cougar skin from his rifle.

Alas, the sleek horses, the clattering wagons, the fat oaken barrels and the red-faced drivers we used to know have disappeared. Without them beer is only a beverage.

Two miles north of Fuca's Strait, Government Street becomes little better than slum. It finally gives up the struggle, converges with Douglas, its victorious competitor, and falls into a well-planned vortex of uncontrollable traffic from six streets that run like wheel spokes into Fountain Circle.

In this ultimate civic chaos, which the city council is always promising to reform and never does, Government Street dies without ceremony after the splendors of its southern beginnings and the adventures of a century. That is The Fountain's only apparent purpose. It used to be a dusty square, providing water for horses in an iron trough. Today it is a disc of grass, a hideous iron fountain at its centre, the sort of place where any self-respecting street would choose to die. ★





## The truth about the Sasquatch

Continued from page 34

of my cousin Abbott. Here I was warmly received and shown many late improvements and aids to modern living.

"This is our new freezer, Charlie," said Abbott. "It keeps all our foods nice and fresh." He raised the lid of an enameled tank to expose a quantity of packages grim with frost.

"And this is our new infra-red heater, Charlie," said Abbott's wife Julia, pointing to a panel of glass and metal on the wall. Two loaves of bread rested on a stool in front of it.

"Modern science is sure wonderful, Charlie," said Abbott. "Now, with old-fashioned heat these loaves would get hot and crumbly on the outside before they were even warm on the inside."

"Do you always warm the bread?" I said.

"Well, of course," said Abbott, "we have to. It's frozen hard when it comes out of the freezer."

Later that night, when he had finished his milking, Abbott sat and talked with me in the kitchen. "We'd sit in the living room," said Abbott, "but the Calf Club is meeting there tonight."

"The Calf Club?" I said. "Do the calves have a club?"

"That is a very funny joke, Charlie," said Abbott. "I will tell it to the kids in the morning. You see, all the kids in our neighborhood have calves, which they raise themselves. They meet every week to talk over feeding problems and so forth. It is a very good thing for kids to have calves, Charlie. It gives them a sound aspect."

We were sipping cocoa, sitting across from each other at the kitchen table so that Abbott faced a window toward which my back was turned. He paused abruptly in the act of raising his cup.

"What is the matter, Abbott?" I said. "Are you in pain or something? Perhaps a sudden headache?"

Abbott put his cup down and blinked sharply. "It is nothing, Charlie," he said. "I must have swallowed a little cocoa the wrong way." He raised his cup again, only to choke into it and spring halfway to his feet, spilling the cocoa.

"Abbott," I said, "let me help you to your room. This attack will no doubt shortly pass."

Abbott strangled briefly over a large handkerchief. "It is all right, Charlie," he said in a rasping whisper. "Only please excuse me while I go outside for a minute. I forgot to shut the hens in."

On the following evening, after an uneventful day, I was somewhat startled by the arrival at the farm of a large policeman. "This is my cousin Charlie, Constable Bjornson," said Abbott. He showed us into the living room and snapped on a television set. "I hate to bother you about nothing, Constable Bjornson," said Abbott, "but I figured it might be my duty as a citizen to report a thing like that." He looked at me apologetically. "I haven't told Charlie or Julia," Abbott said, "because I didn't want to scare them."

Constable Bjornson sat down and



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"Coarse hairy face, glaring eyes, protruding teeth. Whatever makes you think it's a hoax?"

made a chest at himself in the mirror of a golden-oak sideboard. "Always ready to look into these things, Abbott," he said. "Appreciate your co-operation, Abbott. Only wish more of your people might take the same attitude." I may only have imagined that with the words he cast a glance at me.

"But like I told you, Constable Bjornson," said Abbott, appearing to sweat lightly across his forehead, "maybe I was just seeing things."

"Well, Abbott," said Constable Bjornson, "no harm in checking up. Our job, you know." He nodded to both of us.

"Would you care for a cup of cocoa, constable?" said Abbott. "We have a new electric kettle that I can plug in right here in the living room."

We had nicely begun on our cocoa when the constable, who sat facing a window, rose with a loud snort. "Stay where you are, boys!" he said.

He had dashed all the way to the door before seeming to remember that he still held his cup of cocoa. He returned, placed it carefully on the television set and dashed again to the door.

"You're trying to open the door the wrong way, constable," said Abbott. "Just pull it toward you."

Constable Bjornson yanked the door back and plunged through the opening. His feet pounded outside the house. He returned presently, breathing hard.

"Nothing?" said Abbott.

"Nothing," said the constable. He turned to me. "What did you see?"

"Nothing," I said. The constable gradually recovered his breath.

"Abbott," he said, "something queer about this. Highly peculiar. Inexplicable, I might say. Hardly a police matter, though, unless something develops. What I think we'd best do is call in the newspaper boys."

JAKE SCHICK, ace reporter, scribbled in his notebook and glanced from Abbott to me. "What do you think, Joe?" he said.

"The name is Charlie," I said. "I think it is a hoax. That is, if Abbott and Constable Bjornson really saw anything."

"What do you mean, if we really saw anything?" said Constable Bjornson. "What Abbott described was exactly what I saw. Do you think we'd both imagine the same thing?"

"Coarse hairy face, glaring eyes, protruding teeth," said Jake Schick, stabbing at his notebook. "Why do you think it's a hoax, Joe?"

"Charlie," I said. "It is either a hoax or Sasquatch. One merely considers the most likely thing."

"Who'd be doing it, and why?" said Jake.

"Since the face appeared here at Abbott's," I said, "I should say some Indian. For a joke, perhaps, or more likely for profit."

"And how would the profit come in?" "Probably through raising interest in a popular notion to the point where false information might be sold or used to obtain rewards."

"You're a pretty smart cookie, Joe," said Jake Schick. "That language of yours goals me. Where did you learn it?"

"In college," I said. "Where did you learn yours?"

"Okay, okay," Jake said absently. He stroked his chin and turned to a small

rumped reporter who stood at his elbow. "What do you think, Bert? Can we take it past the rumor stage?"

"I don't know, Jake," said Bert. "What do you think, Jake?"

"Well, I don't know, Bert," said Jake. "We'll get our hides nailed to the mast-head if we boil this chicken and it turns out to be a crow."

"Maybe we ought to scout around a little first, Jake," said Bert. "Look for clues."

"Great, Bert," said Jake. "Only we've got other crocks cooking. And there are no Sasquatch hunters in the country to catch clues for us."

Like Running Hawk and myself, the reporters seemed entirely to have forgotten about Captain Hillary Bromfield-Coogan.

"How about Huxley here?" said Bert. "Maybe he could run something down."

"That's a thought," said Jake. "We might put him on the roster as Our Special Native Correspondent." He turned to me and arched his brow. "Would you like to take a flyer on the phrase market?"

"I could try," I said.

"Great," said Jake. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Joe," I said.

The reporters roared off in a sports car and I earned a pleasant half-day's wages by lying under a huge tree and peering through its branches in search of a clue. During late afternoon the pot, as Jake might have put it, began to simmer. Three members of the Calf Club came racing home to report having seen a large, hairy, upright creature dash from a disused road into the fern and undergrowth of the forest. A neighbor brought word that something had knocked over seven ricks of wood in his back yard. Most alarming, while Abbott went to investigate the upset wood, a large cut of beef, freshly prepared for the freezer, was taken from a slaughtering shed beside the barn.

"Police matter now, no doubt of it," said Constable Bjornson, searching keenly for tracks. Jake and Bert, who had come roaring back in their sports car, prowled helpfully through the slaughtering shed.

"If this is a gag," said Bert, "it's a dinger. Did you find anything on your own, Huxley?"

"Virtually nothing," I said. "Merely a depression in the fern where some large animal apparently had slept."

Jake Schick cried out sharply. "'Virtually nothing,' he says. 'Merely,' he says. 'Large animal,' he says." Jake pressed both hands to his head.

"We've got a genius here all right, Jake," said Bert. "Huxley, leave us go at once to this depression in the fern. Bring your camera, Jake."

I led them down an intricate path behind Abbott's barn. "I have the definite feeling," I said, "that this place was arranged to be discovered. I now more than ever suspect a hoax."

"He suspects a hoax, Jake," said Bert.

"Oh, I know it's a hoax, Bert," said Jake. "The minute Joe said so I knew it was a hoax."

Something crashed heavily in the bracken to our right. "Camera, Jake!" said Bert. Jake fumbled desperately with his camera. There was a further, somewhat impatient crash from the bracken. "Shoot, Jake!" said Bert. A vast light flared from Jake's camera, turn-



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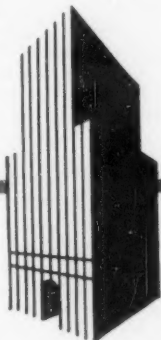
Yes, Doc's son wants to carry on his family tradition. And

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...the following: No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 84

...the ... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..

"Nothing in the manner," said Fanny then. "It goes precisely to its nature in regular intervals. With the addition of language and my talent in music."

...the ... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..

...and then I met you. The 4-Gangster  
Group. The 4-Power Group. Gangster and  
4-Power are names Charlie and I shared  
back with Gangster and 4-Power and were  
and the other 4. About presented by

...and the other two were...  
...and the other two were...  
...and the other two were...  
...and the other two were...  
...and the other two were...

"I was able to see him at the television screen upon which he appeared as an attractive young man who had apparently climbed over the wall and was a stranger."

"That's all," said Tim when we asked

THE "MURDER" OF ARTHUR. To the one who  
stood at the window and started the  
the car passed over the wreckage and  
and so on and so on, it turned out that

...and ... .. while the young ... .. from the end of her ... .. and ... .. by two ... .. at ... .. .

"I know," I said. "In you will find a churchman."

"Oh, yes, Charlie," said Nathan. "I know you did, and after a while I got in wondering why you did. Please have

"Thank you, Robert," I said. "Perhaps you will explain how you have

There is nothing, yet, showing any  
sign of a change, and no one  
is likely to see a change. The  
rest is all the same. (Latter)

Q. Now, I am going to ask you to read the letter to me, and I will ask you questions.

"But, Alfred," I said, "you would have little to gain by introducing even if the former was not."

"You would have work, then, then?" said Albert. "You are so young."

Don't let your appearance be a matter of  
chance. There's no one else doing  
it but you, and you're the only one  
who can make it your own. You can  
and your friends will be glad to know it.

"Then, Charlie," said Abbott, "we will bring a number of answers in on our way out of town."

**A**S M/DI and Manning show, "I and we" have managed already to kill the game.

"And Arabel's men?"

Kinning Street, Glasgow. "It was a  
flat, Key Brand. I had rubbed the oil  
in a groove, none, having authentic  
tooth marks with a better clipper.  
This one I had placed on the back of  
the head, which

"We had better learn when Gustavus Smith is to be another 'tegg' up the line," I said. "There is nothing better."

"Kahlo, Red Wind," said Running Hawk, "there is nothing further to be lost. Moreover, I am convinced that this contemptible Abbott and his friends are

... Their crude agricultural in-  
struments would defeat any attempt at artis-  
tic deception." Running blawb rubbed his  
hands together with a vast show of con-  
fidence. "Red Wud, Sasquatch will ap-  
pear tomorrow at 11 o'clock."

I waited next day at the village and



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THE AIR BORN

**B-58 BUICK**

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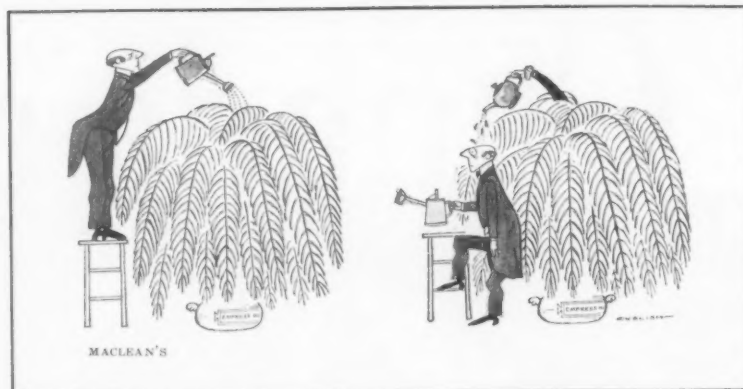


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ing the gloom of the thicket into sharp criss-cross patterns of fern stems and branches. After a moment of dusky silence the crashing began again, and retreated in a sort of satisfied gallop.

"If I was in focus I got him," said Jake.

"If you got him we're in focus," said Bert. "On the beam and in the groove. Let's get back to town and peck a piece of pica."

On the following day, in the comfortable seclusion of a forest camp, Running Hawk and I inspected a large picture on the front page of Jake's and Bert's newspaper. "Exquisitely and obscurely suggestive," said Running Hawk. "Moreover, a bit of pure luck. The idea of a photograph occurred to me only when I saw that those two simpletons carried a camera."

"What happens next?" I said.

"Nothing for the moment," said Running Hawk. "The goose promises to lay at modest but regular intervals. With your command of language and my talent for drama we may extend an output of newspaper material over many weeks."

I returned to the farm to find a small group of Indians watching television with Abbott in the living room. "Hello, Charlie," said Abbott. "I invited a few neighbors in to meet you. This is Gabriel Smith. This is Peter Isaac. Gabriel and Peter, my cousin Charlie." I shook hands with Gabriel and Peter, and went on to the others as Abbott presented me. "I will now plug in our new electric kettle," said Abbott, "and make some cocoa for all of us. We just wanted to say, Charlie, that we'd like to get in on this deal with you and your friend."

For a moment I was able only to stare at the television screen, upon which the image of an attractive young woman in brief underwear climbed awkwardly down a drainpipe.

"Friend?" I said. "To whom can you possibly refer, Abbott?"

"Why," said Abbott, "to the one who peeked in the windows and scared the kids and pushed over the woodpiles and stole my beef and let himself get taken a picture of by the reporters."

I watched fascinated while the young woman dropped from the end of her drainpipe and was overpowered by two great hulking men in overcoats. Abbott distributed cocoa to the Indians, all of whom wore vests, ties and starched collars. Peter resembled a schoolteacher. Gabriel might have been a churchwarden.

"Abbott," I said, "as you will kindly remember, I insisted from the first that this business was a hoax."

"Oh, yes, Charlie," said Abbott. "I know you did, and after a while I got to wondering why you did. Please have some cocoa, Charlie. It is good for the nerves and promotes sound restful sleep."

"Thank you, Abbott," I said. "Perhaps you will explain how you have

come to entertain this monstrous suspicion."

"Why, Charlie," said Abbott, "you forgot that we grew up together. You were a very smart boy, Charlie. You got prizes for writing with muscular movement and for drawing, and you won scholarships and went to college. You used to notice everything, Charlie."

"It is easy for stupid guy to look smart," said Gabriel Smith, "but it is hard for smart guy to look stupid."

"That is just it, Charlie," said Abbott.

"A smart fellow like you would have seen everything, and you pretended to see nothing. You should never try to act stupid, Charlie. You are too smart to get away with it."

"But, Abbott," I said, "you would have little to gain by intruding, even if this fantasy were truth. My fees from Jake Schick's newspaper are very small. I should make more money in the lumber mill at home."

"You would also work harder, Charlie," said Abbott, "and get up earlier. But it is not altogether a matter of money, Charlie. We do not like having our kids scared and our woodpiles knocked over and our meat stolen. You and your friend must give us a little control or stop this nonsense at once."

"Again presuming fantasy to be truth," I said, "suppose that we refuse."

"Then, Charlie," said Abbott, "we will bring in another Sasquatch and run you out of business."

AS YOU see, Running Hawk," I said, "we have managed already to kill the goose."

"But it was traditional!" said Running Hawk. He ran his fingers furiously through his hair. "Sasquatch has always frightened women or children, and has always knocked over woodpiles."

"And Abbott's meat?"

Running Hawk winced. "A well-laid plan, Red Wind. I had reduced the cut to a gnawed bone, leaving authentic tooth marks with a farrier's clippers. This bone I had placed on the bed of fern toward which you were leading the reporters when I was tempted by my unfortunate inspiration."

"We had better learn when Conductor Smith is to bring another freight up the line," I said. "There is nothing further to be gained by staying here."

"Rather, Red Wind," said Running Hawk, "there is nothing further to be lost. Moreover, I am convinced that this contemptible Abbott and his friends are bluffing. Their crude agricultural instincts would defeat any attempt at artistic deception." Running Hawk rubbed his hands together with a vast show of confidence. "Red Wind, Sasquatch will appear tomorrow at Mile 90 on the highway. A bus is due there at ten, and you'll wait at the next village to interview the terrified passengers."

I waited next day at the village and



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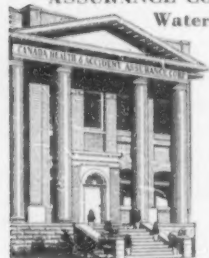
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duly interviewed the terrified passengers. A rancher returning to the Cariboo admitted having seen "some kind of furry critter" leap into the bush as the bus passed. A salesman suggested that it might have been a bear. A vivacious little old lady was more encouraging, and stated positively that she had seen Sasquatch, who had been nine feet tall and proportionately broad. I mailed off the story, and on the following day, after it had appeared in print, chanced to meet Abbott in the village. I had by this time, of course, delicately withdrawn from Abbott's household and was living with Running Hawk in his forest camp.

"Well, Charlie," said Abbott, "I guess it didn't do any harm to put on a show for the bus people. When do we get our money?"

"Please be less crass, Abbott," I said. "I shall pay for your meat, which was probably stolen by some wandering dog. I shall pay also to restore the woodpiles, which were no doubt blown down by the wind. Beyond that I shall pay nothing."

"Well, Charlie," said Abbott, "I see it is no use trying to make you listen to reason. I guess we will just have to go ahead and fix your wagon for you."

NOW I never have learned who of Abbott's group conceived the plan by which, in the space of a few days, our careful myth was annihilated. Its economy of effort was even more amazing than its result. Sasquatch appeared, as before, by the side of the highway. But on this occasion he reappeared, and continued to do so, over the space of an hour or more, until he had been clearly observed by the occupants of over two hundred automobiles and buses, and until he had been photographed by scores of cameras. And on this occasion too, as if to remove all doubts on identity, the monster carried a huge sign in block lettering that read:

LOOK. ME SASQUATCH.

The effect was indescribable. No doubt primed by our earlier efforts, the public took up the absurd catch line and quoted it virtually to death. It appeared in advertisements, in political cartoons, and crept into the desperate patter of radio comedians. A humiliated monster who appeared briefly on a logging road was chased into the forest by a group of children. "Look!" they said, hooting and shouting. "Him Sasquatch!" Running Hawk arrived a few moments later at our camp, out of breath and speechless with rage. He rolled his altered headdress coat into a hairy wad and hurled it upon the fire.

"Let us find Conductor Smith at once," said Running Hawk.

I attempted one more newspaper story, proposing that a sordid advertising plot had lain behind the Sasquatch appearance. The story was returned to me along with an insulting printed card assuring me that my work was commendable but unsuited to the newspaper's present needs. A scrawled postscript read, "Fade away, Huxley." I was leaving the post office with this irritating communication when I almost collided with Jake and Bert, who were backing across the sidewalk from their sports car while a small man in khaki danced excitedly after them.

"Has everyone in this country gone mad?" said the small man. He flung away from the reporters and toward me as if in appeal, so that I pressed fearfully against the wall. "Are you all out of your minds?" said the man, whom I now supposed to be some sort of religious fanatic. He waved his fists in my

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face, so that I raised my arms defensively.

"Excuse me, sir," I said. "I fear that I fail to recognize you, sir."

"I am Captain Hillary Bromfield-Coogan!" said the small man. "I am an Associate of the Royal Council on Anthropological Research." He controlled his breathing as if with difficulty. "I have spent the past weeks remote from civilization," he said, "in the crowning effort of a work pursued for years by our council." He drew himself rigidly erect.

"I have discovered the legendary Sasquatch," said Captain Bromfield-Coogan.

"Sure, sure, professor," said Bert. "I'll bet you get a badge for it too. But you'll have to do more than that before you can fly up from Brownies to Guides."

"I have done more than that!" said Captain Bromfield-Coogan, quivering violently. "I have caged a living breathing Sasquatch whom in all humanity I must release if no one will travel with me to accept the evidence of plain eyesight and verify my achievement."

"Does your Sasquatch have buttons, professor?" said Jake Schick. "Because the ones with zippers are a sub-species and don't count."

Captain Hillary Bromfield-Coogan collapsed against the wall of the post office and clutched feebly at his inside coat pocket. I assisted him in drawing out a crumpled telegram and a large photograph. The telegram was from the Western Branch, Royal Council on Anthropological Research, and read, "SORRY OLD MAN. YOU HAVE BEEN HAD. THAT THING HAS BEEN SEEN EVERYWHERE EXCEPT ON TELEVISION. SYMPATHY. ABERNATHY."

The photograph was evidently of a large, mild-faced, gorilla-like creature that bore no resemblance whatsoever to Abbott's travesty or to Running Hawk's fur coat. It struck me with a shock that there was an unmistakably genuine quality about the picture, but Bert and Jake only squinted casually through smoke from their cigarettes.

"Bert," said Jake, "do you fail to see what I fail to see?"

"Sure I do, Jake," said Bert. "This party in the picture is a fake. He isn't carrying his sign." Bert thumped his chest briefly. "Look," he said in a hoarse bass. "Me Sasquatch!" Callously ignoring a groan from Captain Bromfield-Coogan, the reporters stepped into their sports car and roared away. I am happy to state that I have never seen them since.

MAKE yourselves at home in the parlor car, boys," said Conductor Smith. "I have some big hats due aboard later, but I guess we can accommodate you then in one of the Pullmans up ahead. Soft pine mattresses and sliding doors on the lavatories. Who's your friend?"

"A broken man," I said. "He journeys with us to the peace of our northern forests."

"These are good days, conductor," said Captain Bromfield-Coogan, coughing weakly. "Guileless children of nature. They assisted me when I was forced to release my Sasquatch."

"When you were forced to release your whatsquatch?" said Conductor Smith.

"A male of fine physique, conductor," Captain Bromfield-Coogan said in a whisper. "Lost to science."

Our powerful locomotive, starting into motion a mile ahead, jerked the caboose from under our feet so that we fell violently to the floor.

"All aboard," said Conductor Smith. ★



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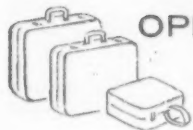


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## A native's return to B. C.

Continued from page 15

when James Douglas was officially sworn in as governor of the mainland, a job he had seized unofficially the year before. No matter; the province feels like a celebration this year and it is getting one. Swimming pools and museums are being built, totem poles salvaged, statues erected, pageants staged, beards grown, tournaments mounted, books published and cakes baked—including, of course, the largest cake in the world, a good five times heftier than the one Mike Todd trundled into Madison Square Garden last fall.

Still, in a queer way, 1958 makes some sense as a centennial year because, in B. C., it is a year of transition, as 1858 was. A century ago a gold rush laid the foundations of an industrial community. Strangers poured in, roads were built, new laws promulgated and the political structure turned topsy-turvy. The past was buried, the future beckoned and a whole way of life was wrenched out of kilter. A century later, history is repeating itself.

Every British Columbian senses what is going on in his province. He looks back over his shoulder with nostalgia at an adventurous past, and it haunts him; with half his being he mourns its passing. Yet he is lured by the siren promise of the bright industrial world to come—less romantic perhaps, but more rewarding. This year's celebration is an expression of a very deep feeling that one era is ending and a new one beginning—and B. C. is not a place where eras end without some dramatic gesture. Indeed, after several weeks spent prowling about the province I find it hard to escape the conclusion that a broad streak of ham is a local characteristic.

The magnetic tug of the romantic past, the equally insistent pull of the future can be seen operating as a sort of psychological two-way stretch in the personality of Russ Baker. When I last knew him he was operating a small bush company with five old planes out of Fort St. James, flying through russet canyons and over baby-blue lakes carrying mail, chasing murderers, seeking lost gold mines, convoying tubercular Indians, sleeping in the snows, stamping out his own runways on frozen rivers, and working day in and day out in a fog-draped land he came to know as well as his own living room.

In ten years all this has changed. He has seventy-five airplanes and nine helicopters and his airline, Pacific Western, has become the third largest in Canada. He sits at a big desk in Vancouver, signing documents, answering the long-distance phone, and talking merger. He has swallowed up seven airlines and is as likely to turn up in Toronto or Cairo as at Fort St. James. But his old home is still there, empty and in disrepair, on the cliff above Stuart Lake. Baker cannot bear to part with it.

His mind harks back constantly to the days when he lived there, and his talk is peppered with anecdotes about those times: the night he slept in the same sleeping bag with an Indian murderer; the



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week he was stranded in the frozen bush and lived on porridge; the winter he rescued three plane loads of American airmen from Million Dollar Valley. Like one fifth of B. C.'s people he comes from the prairies, but he is madly in love with his adopted province. He is forty-seven years old, has sixteen thousand flying hours behind him and he is still unscratched. He has the biceps of a blacksmith and has never been bested at his favorite pastime of twisting wrists.

From behind his paper-strewn desk, Baker tells visitors that he hates executive work, but his colleagues are not so sure. He has advanced with B. C., and he sees the future as he sees the past, as an adventure. He means to have a cross-Canada airline and then an around-the-world line and he may easily succeed. But whenever an excuse presents itself he is back in a single-engine plane, in the role of bush pilot, winging across the rumped mountains of the north.

It was typical of Russ Baker that, with all the planes to choose from, he should take me north in one of the oldest — the first Beaver ever built, the prototype of all the hundreds that have since been sent out around the world. It has logged a million miles and he clings to it like a favorite toy. For a week it took us around northern B. C.

It is in the north, far more than in Vancouver or Victoria, that you can sense what is happening to the province. Here, future and past intermingle. The shape of things to come can be glimpsed in such communities as Kitimat and Fort St. John: the pattern of history is still evident in such towns as Prince Rupert and Prince George.

#### Rape of the lakes

It is a distressing experience to fly across the daisy chain of lakes that supply the storage water for the power development that produced Kitimat. They describe an enormous ellipse one hundred miles long and fifty miles across, in a country so enchanting that it was set aside twenty years ago as a provincial park. It was the largest scenic park in Canada and Lady Tweedsmuir, for whose husband it was named, thought one of its lakes the most beautiful she had ever seen. Alexander Mackenzie's historic trail to the Pacific led through it, to the foot of the Rainbow Mountains, whose odd red craters caused the explorer to write that fire seemed to have passed over the rocks.

But Tweedsmuir Park has paid the price of progress. Its white-sand beaches are gone and from the air each lake seems bordered by a ragged line of decaying brown. For hundreds of yards and in some places for as much as two miles a tangle of fallen timber, gnarled roots, deadfalls, rotting branches, floating snags and gaunt spars, stretches out into the water. The moose on their migrations can no longer reach the shore, nor can the sportsman.

In vain the naturalists protested the rape of these lakes and pleaded that they be logged and cleared before the water was backed up over the forests. The job, they were told, would delay the great adventure of Kitimat. In 1955 the final chapter in the tragedy was written when Tweedsmuir Park was destroyed with a pen stroke. A provincial order-in-council cut its size by one third, rejecting the flooded area as "no longer suitable for park purposes." Without those lakes, the park is as dead as Mackenzie himself.

The park has been consigned to the past; in return B. C. has been given Kitimat, the town of the future, the community which Architectural Forum calls



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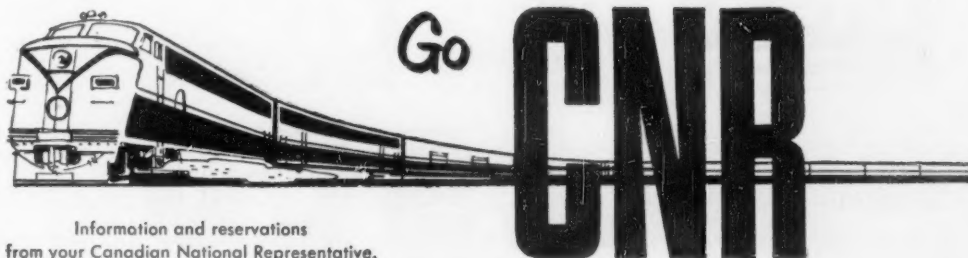
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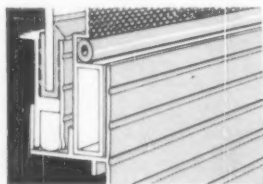
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To burst suddenly upon Kitimat from the scalloped wall of the Cascades is a startling experience. These tusked mountains are the most fearsome in B. C., honed to razor sharpness by the shrieking winds and the swirling ice masses. As we flew through this alpine barrier a torrent of air, pouring down upon us from one of the peaks like a great waterfall, struck the Beaver and, in hardly more time than it takes to write it, we plummeted twelve hundred feet. Baker righted the plane, shrugged, and flew on, following the high-tension line from Kamano, which is suspended from pylons that cling precariously to the dizzy slopes — and sometimes, when pylons are impossible, from cables strung across the snow-swept chasms.

Then suddenly — the Dream City: fourteen thousand people cut off from the world, living at the end of a long fiord, on the rim of the encroaching forest, in the shadow of the mountain spires; living in brightly hued homes of carefully functional design, on graceful boulevards that spring straight from the drawing boards of New York, beside neat rectangles of emerald lawns so brilliant they might have been lifted from the sod of Ireland. A shadow was hanging over the town when I arrived: the Aluminum Company was about to defer work on two of the smelter's pot lines, thus throwing fifteen hundred men out of employment; but this was not apparent on that bright September afternoon.

#### Ten bachelors to a girl

There is nothing like Kitimat anywhere in North America. It is a town without a main street, without a "downtown," and without slums, but with the largest beer parlor in Canada. Although there are only twenty miles of road there is a car for every 3.2 persons. Two thirds of its residents are immigrants — Germans, Poles, Italians, Greeks, Portuguese, Hungarians. Although there are thirty-five hundred children, half the men are without women. There are scarcely any old people and there's a single girl to every ten bachelors.

Here are all the ingredients for trouble; but the fact is that Kitimat is a town of almost frightening serenity. Everything has been foreseen, everything provided for. The financing of a home has been made so unburdensome that all can afford to own one. The design is controlled with such care that, although each house is contrived to appear different from its neighbor the dissimilarity is so studied that all look oddly alike. The various residential districts have been given an alphabetical nomenclature ("Neighborhood A") and the street titling is under similar control, so that any suggestion of class strife or social snobbery is avoided.

A company recreational director and a civic recreational director studiously divert the excess energies of the town into harmless channels. There is a philosophical society, for instance, and a housewives' oil-painting group, and a little symphony and (because this is a European community) eleven soccer teams.

And so there is little overt trouble, only a vague feeling of isolation and, in some quarters, a certain dissatisfaction with the community's disciplined perfection. "Some people think we ought to have slums for those who want them," says the reeve, a former Saskatchewan farmer named Wilbur Hallman.

Certainly in this antiseptic town it is refreshing to learn that there has been



an occasional departure from the norm: that a group of individuals on Pintale Street have built houses and refused to submit plans to the Aluminum Company; that in spite of the casteless neighborhoods there is a Snob Hill; and that, during a certain soccer game, a passionate Italian took after the referee with a knife.

When we left the Aluminum City we flew north along the shredded coastline to Prince Rupert which, sixty years ago, was the Kitimat of its day. There it lay beneath us, on its island of rock and muskeg, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's thwarted dream city: destined in 1906 to be the metropolis of the north; laid out by a Boston firm of landscape artists to hold fifty thousand persons; given a glamorous name in a national contest; equipped with the world's third largest harbor, a good four hundred miles closer to the Orient than any other Canadian port.

But it never fulfilled its destiny. Vancouver stole the business. Prince Rupert suffered, and still suffers, the B.C. malady of being cut off from the world. After half a century its population stands at about ten thousand. Tourists do not come here; there is no place to go. Residents do not retire here; there is nothing to do. I met, in Prince Rupert, a practicing nudist who must drive his car one thousand miles over rocky roads to consort with his naked fellows in the Fraser Valley. With one hundred inches of rain, Prince Rupert does not lend itself to sun tanning.

And yet the town has never lost its fierce optimism, so typically British Columbian. It has always felt itself on the verge of big things. The talk, when I was there, was of a proposed power development on the neighboring Nass River. Norton Young, an alderman and real-estate dealer, had just placed two fifty-dollar bets that the resultant aluminum plant would be built within fifty miles of the local post office. He spent half an hour explaining to me (with a bewildering grasp of mining know-how) why this had to be. I left, feeling like a heathen who has just been proselytized by a particularly fervent missionary, and rejoined Russ Baker to fly off, four hundred miles to the east, across two mountain ranges, into the Land Beyond the Peace.

It is really jarring to visit Fort St. John within twenty-four hours of Kitimat because, although both are towns of the future, they are as different as strong rum and Ovaltine. Each, in its own way, mirrors B.C.'s present state of transition.

For St. John lies in the heart of the Peace River block and when I saw it last fall it was pure chaos. Oil and natural gas had boosted its population in just one year from twenty-three hundred to four thousand. Real estate had become so costly that the community was leap-frogging over its blank spots and out into the prairie. Here was the familiar face of the postwar Canadian boom town. Here was Uranium City, Drayton Valley, Elliot Lake and Seven Islands in a new setting—a jungle of Insulbrick and clapboard. No Vacancy signs and Help Wanted placards, clustered trailers and broken plank sidewalks, half-erected buildings and crowded Chinese restaurants, all stuck together by a mucilage of gumbo and propelled by fierce optimism, hard drink and fast money.

It was a town where hospital patients slept in rocking chairs, where shop owners were too busy to paint their store fronts, and anybody who could crawl got a job waiting on table; where men owned brand-new cars and lived in shacks; where everyone drove as if his future depended on speed and every windshield (bar none) was shattered by rocks flying up from



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roadbeds torn to pieces by lumbering diesel trucks; a get-out-quick town and a get-out-quick town, bearing all the earmarks of haste, waste and impermanence and yet carrying within itself the seeds of a future stable community. Vancouver must have been very like this in the days when it was called Gas Town.

Although it is slowly being fastened to the rest of B.C. by a gas pipeline, a mountain highway and a new railroad extension, Fort St. John, hidden behind the wall of the Rockies, remains a remote community. Indeed, when I saw it, it looked like something out of a wild-west film. Everyone seemed to be playing a role in Gunsmoke and the battered cowboy hat, the tight pants and long sideburns were almost a local uniform. I saw one man with sideburns to his jaw, dressed entirely in black, with a black ten-gallon hat low over his eyes and pants that fitted as if they had been painted on him. He walked into the hotel lobby, his eyes mere slits, looking as if he were headed for Tough Nut Street, but all he did was walk into a nearby restaurant and play the juke box.

The truth is that the people of Fort St. John are a little drunk with the romance of prosperity—and who can blame them? The hideous state of their own homes, their not one whit for their eyes are fixed firmly on the future.

"Maybe it is ugly," says Margaret Nixon Murray, who is proprietor of the Alaska Highway News, a sort of unofficial spokesman. "But, by God, it's progressive ugliness."

"Oh, if the people back east only knew what was going on here!" she exclaimed when we met, indicating that a sinister conspiracy existed to maintain an Iron Curtain between B.C. and the rest of the country. "I tell you it's been almost like a fairy tale. For God's sake tell the rest of Canada! Tell them that here's a part of their country that they never put the pin in the title for that's got it now!"

She warned us her street, like an evangelist speaking to the unconverted, and when I left her she was still railing off statistics about copper and coal, asbestos and pulp and about the Peace Pass and the Rocky Mountain Trench—names now on everybody's lips in British Columbia.

The first snow of winter was sprinkled like barley sugar on the foothills when we left Fort St. John and, flying through the sombre gorge of the Peace, emerged in the heart of the famous Trench. It is a sight to see, for it is aptly named—an immense ditch carved by nature in the lee of the Rockies. The mountains stop abruptly and drop to the far valley floor, so that this forested gap in the province's surface runs rider-straight into the mists of the north. I asked Russ Baker how many winter men lived in the seven hundred miles of Trench that lay to the north of us, and he counted them all on his fingers. At present there is no way to reach them except by air, but if Axel Wenner-Gren, the Swedish promoter, is to be believed, the Trench will contain in a few years an industrial empire: the world's first full-scale monorail, the world's largest man-made lake and the world's greatest hydro-electric development.

In Prince George, the closest city to the Trench, Wenner-Gren is taken with a grain of salt; ever since its early days the town has been unmercifully teased by similar pronouncements. Just as Prince Rupert was the Kinross of its day, Prince George was the Fort St. John of 1911. It even had the longest bar in the world. And it had its own Wenner-Gren, a promoter named George Hammond whose million-dollar advertising campaign, one of history's most flamboyant, made his townsite known throughout the Western world. But the bubble burst and on the site of Hammond's dream (now several miles from the modern town) the empty old streets run like canyons through a new jungle of lodgepole pine.

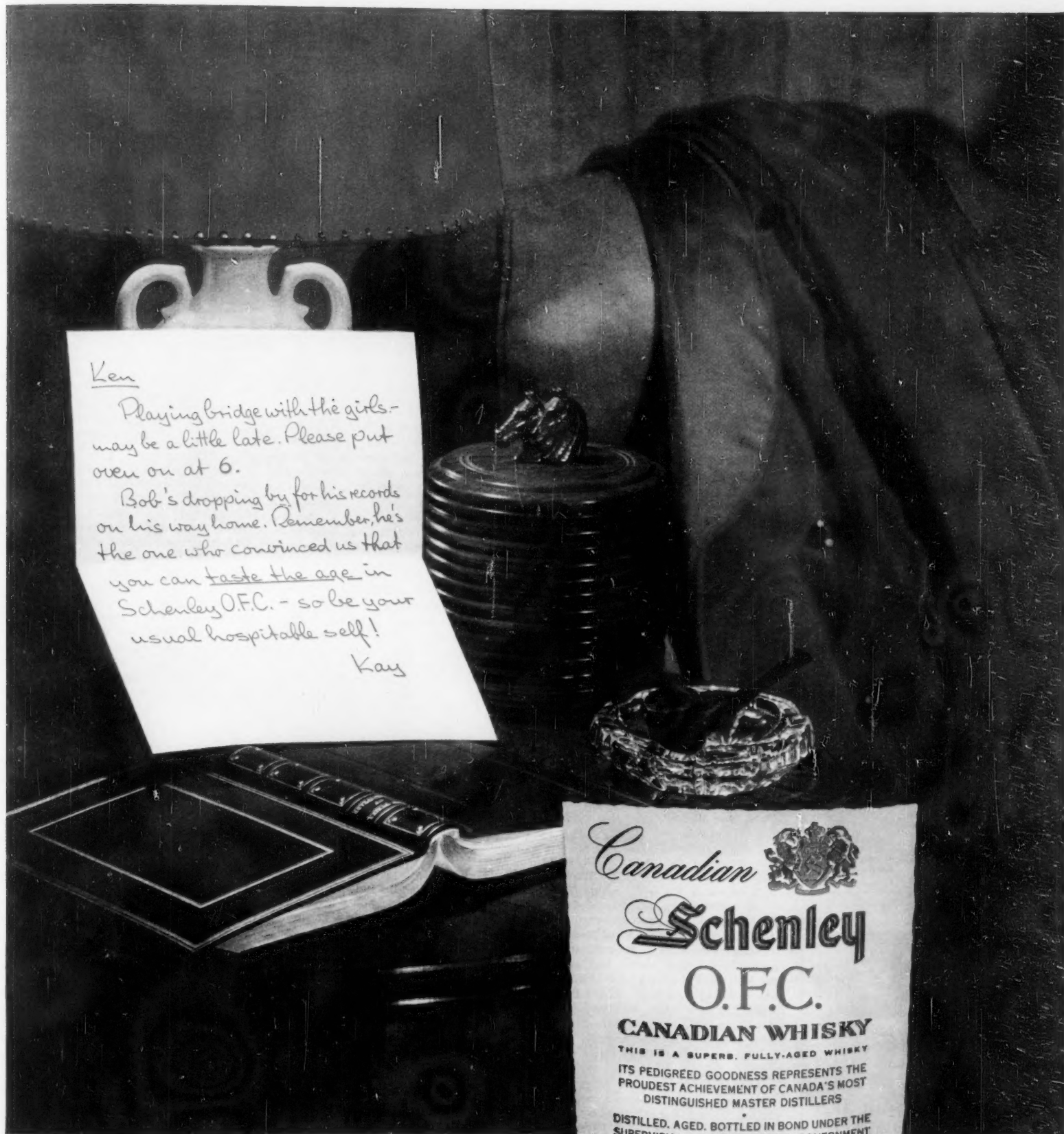
Since then Prince George has seen its dreams shattered many times. For thirty years it chewed its fingers awaiting the completion of the Pacific Great Eastern railway, which was supposed to link it with the coast but which stopped just seventy-six miles short of the town. It has seen two previous surveys of the Trench come to nothing. For three-two years it has anticipated the construction of a pulp mill which is forever being promised but never being built; until it comes, one half of every tree logged in the Prince George area (the chips, bark and mill ends which can be devoured for pulp) must be burned as useless waste.



**The salty spokesman of Fort St. John**

Mrs. Margaret Murray, who's better known as "Max," runs the Alaska Highway News and never loses an opportunity to boost her beloved "Land Beyond the Peace."





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Bob's dropping by for his records  
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## He's trying to keep Victoria English

George I. Warren, an adept publicist, invented the slogan "A Little Bit of Olde England," but he finds that his fellow Victorians are reluctant to live up to it.

But in spite of such disappointments Prince George, like Prince Rupert, remains optimistic. It is planning to double its limits, to take in enough blank space to hold twice as many people. One dream, at least, has come true: the railway has finally been extended. Maybe, the townspeople say wistfully, just maybe there's something in the Wenner-Gren scheme . . .

I parted with Russ Baker at Prince George in order to take the PGE to Vancouver through what the railway's travel card describes as "some of the most majestic and most beautiful scenery in the world." When I last traveled it, this was the famous "railway from nowhere to nowhere," its cars so ancient that they attracted railway buffs from all over the continent, its debt so abysmal that succeeding governments tried in vain to unload it as a white elephant. But this has changed; the Bennett government has extended the railway in a diagonal across B.C. from Vancouver to the Peace River block and this is one reason why so many interior riders vote solidly Social Credit.

I stepped aboard a purring diesel car that reminded me more of an aircraft interior and where, indeed, the meals were served at the seats, airline fashion, at no extra charge. In the old days we used to sit out on open flat cars, drinking beer and throwing the bottles at the scenery or, when it got cold, standing around pot-bellied stoves that supplied the heat for the system. But drinking of any kind is frowned on aboard the new PGE and the open cars and ancient stoves are part of a romantic but inefficient past. As for the scenery, it slips past a lot faster, thanks to a modern schedule.

Anybody who travels across B.C. must feel that the scenes are being shifted in startling fashion by unseen stagehands. On a Saturday I was speeding by train through the tawny grasslands of the Cariboo and along the wrinkled lip of the violet-shadowed Fraser canyon. On Sunday I was at the wheel of a car, deep in the dripping rain forests of Vancouver Island, heading for Victoria. I might have been on another continent.

What is it that makes Victoria look so different from the rest of Canada? Only a gardener could guess the answer; but then four out of every five Victorians are gardeners. The city lies in the same horticultural zone of hardiness as New Mexico, Georgia and South Carolina and thus its flora belongs to a foreign world. The graceful arbutus tree with

its shiny leaves and peeling copper bark, the gnarled Garry oak, the imported Japanese plums and cherries, the yellow broom and gorse, are all unfamiliar to most Canadians; they give Victoria its special look.

For forty years George I. Warren, the chief of the Victoria and Island Publicity Bureau, has been trying, without much success, to get Victorians to be as different as their flower beds. Seated in his little harbor office, with the stub of a cigar protruding from his battered face, Warren looks more like a city ward boss, but the features are deceptive; this is one of the country's shrewdest public-relations men. Warren is the man who invented the Victorian slogan "A Little Bit of Olde England," and who sold it to the rest of the country—if not to Victoria.

It was Warren who tried to get the gas stations to label their products "petrol," who attempted to have all the elevators called "lifts" and who fought a running battle to keep London bobby helmets on the heads of Victoria's finest. In every case he failed. Nonetheless, by some curious magic, visitors still believe Victoria to be as English as Guildford.

When the photographer for a big U.S. travel magazine arrived in town, Warren tried frantically to find someone who drank afternoon tea in Victoria. He had heard that the girls in the Hudson's Bay Store did so, but the girls refused

to be photographed; they said all the other girls would laugh at them. In desperation Warren called the acting mayor and as much as ordered him to start serving tea. The bewildered official complied, the picture was duly published, and the myth preserved intact.

"And can you beat it?" Warren told me. "The papers here called it a fake. Well, I'm not disheartened. I can take it. I still say we have more English atmosphere than any other city. We've got an English lane out in Oak Bay, and we've still got those hedgerows along Rockland Avenue and we've got crumpets in the Empress lobby every afternoon."

I said I'd have a look around the town, which didn't seem to me to have changed greatly since I was a high-school student here in the Thirties.

"Oh, it's changed," said Warren, a little sadly. "You never used to see them running for the buses in your day. Well, good luck. Don't miss seeing the tallest totem pole in the world."

But I had already viewed this astonishing spectacle and so moved on to Victoria's other major attraction, the premier himself, W. A. C. Bennett.

The Vancouver Sun's ingenious cartoonist, Len Norris, has created a Social Credit type, a Comstockian figure in tall hat and long frock coat, with thin nose, watery eyes and lugubrious expression. Bennett is the complete antithesis of this invention. Nowhere in B.C. did I meet anyone in such a state of high glee as he.

All was not well with B.C. when I saw him, for it is a province particularly sensitive to economic squalls. The forest industry was in its worst slump in a generation; ranching was at a low ebb; base metals were depressed and the great Britannia copper mine was threatening to close; the fishermen were on strike; even Kitimat was curtailing its expansion plans. On top of that, the storm over the alleged bribe-taking of Robert Sommers, a former cabinet minister, was about to break. But the premier was fairly glowing with exultation.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "a hundred years have gone by and now we're going to celebrate!" He looked in the mood—a big chesty figure behind a big shiny desk, chuckling heartily and gesturing with his hands as he talked about B.C.'s future.

"Why, this province has the greatest potential on the continent," he was saying. "There's no place in the Western

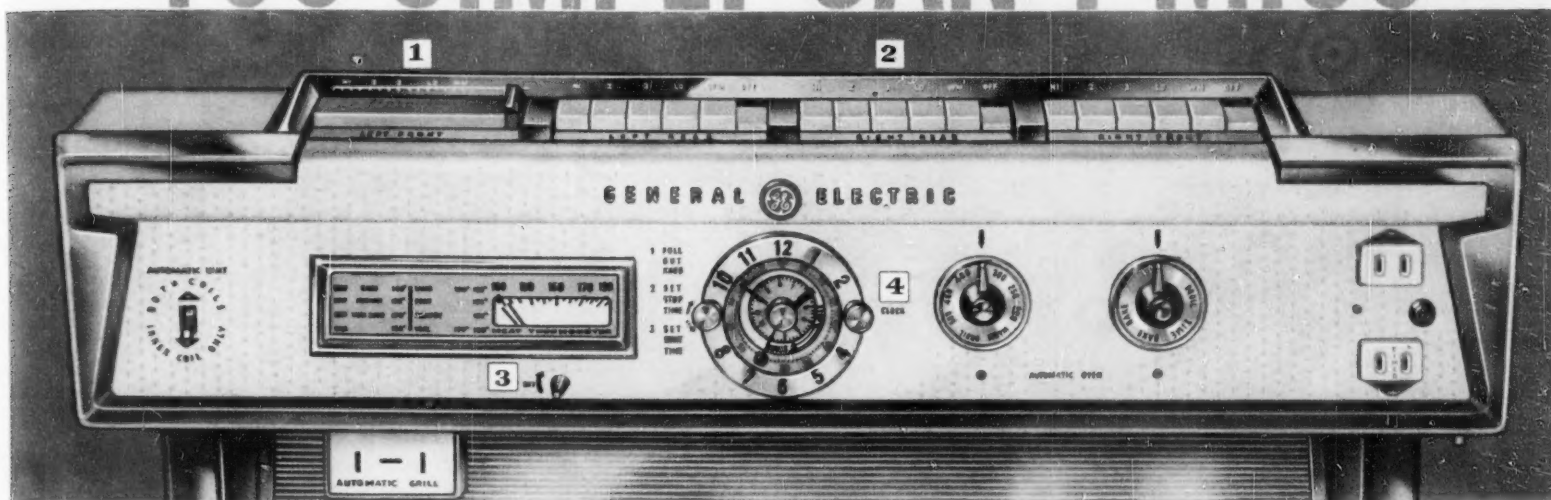


## A premier's favorite cartoon

Len Norris' drawing shows scene in office of Liberal Vancouver Sun after Sacred win. "What's new in Suez?" asks publisher Don Cromie. Premier Bennett has original.



# YOU SIMPLY CAN'T MISS



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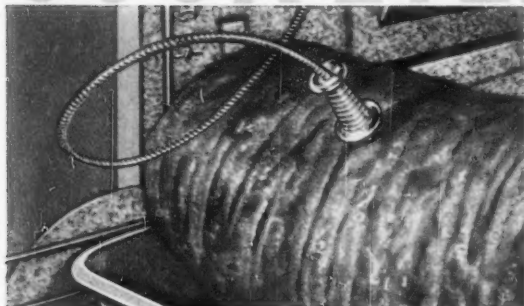
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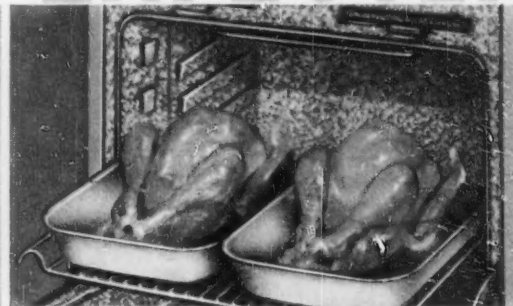
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"Criticism?" said Premier Bennett. "We love it. When the press gets too quiet, we bait them"

world has all the energy, all the resources, and all the checks and balances we have. We've got everything here in this province: over to the east the wonderful fruitlands of the Okanagan, up to the north the great granary of the Peace, over on the coast the power of Kiti-mat...

Behind him stood two busts, one of Laurier, the other of Macdonald (I looked in vain for a third, of Aberhart), and beside them, on the wall, two framed cartoons by Norris.

"Oh, that fellow Norris!" the premier exclaimed, looking across at them and chuckling with that same suppressed glee. "Those fellows in the funny hats he draws! Ha! Ha! Wonderful! I tell you if I could draw a cartoon I'd never make a speech. Why, Norris does more to advertise us than any three men in the cabinet. Criticism? We love it! We love it! When the press gets too quiet we bait them. I always say that when everybody thinks alike nobody thinks too much."

He pulled out a speech he was to deliver to the Chamber of Commerce convention that week.

"Here," he said, "read this. This is what I think about B.C."

I opened it at random, and read: "This is the real frontier! This is the land of the future!" And, a little farther on: "We hope that you... will carry the message of our revolution across Canada." With a little saltier phrasing, it might have been written by Maw Murray of Fort St. John.

#### "Sorry Phil"

One expects, in such an environment, to find mingling with the amateur evangelists a few practicing professionals, and it comes as no surprise to discover that the minister of highways, Philip A. Gaglardi, is a minister of the Pentecostal Assembly, who preaches, with zeal and fire, no fewer than ten sermons a week.

I caught up with Gaglardi in his home constituency of Kamloops, the city at the forks of the Thompson. This was the week in which he had forfeited his driver's license for speeding on one of his own highways, but a visitor does not need to read the front pages in B.C. to be aware of Gaglardi. His name appears boldly on every one of the highway department's SORRY FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE signs and as almost every main artery seems to be torn up, he has earned the nickname of "Sorry Phil." Gaglardi's department spends more than one quarter of the provincial budget since roads are B.C.'s most desperate problem; five miles out of six remain unpaved and the paving cost is the highest in Canada.

I met Gaglardi on a Sunday morning at eight, in the Kamloops radio station, as he was about to commence a half-hour religious broadcast. He looked anything but a politician, much less a man of the cloth—a chunky swarthy figure, with the face of a retired welterweight, nattily dressed in a two-button suit of midnight blue.

There he sat, in the cubicle of a studio, his feet propped on the rungs of a kitchen chair, his eyes tightly closed as he uttered a prayer into the microphone—an Italian immigrant's boy who never got past grade eight, who went to work in a logging camp at sixteen, and who, at

a Social Credit convention, came within two votes of gaining the leadership of the Social Credit Party. If ever a man was shaped by the environment of British Columbia it was this hard-drinking, hard-driving, hell-raising youth who punched donkeys, ran jackhammers and jockeyed bulldozers in the forests and construction camps of the province, then got religion and took to preaching on the street corners of small towns. He is only forty-five; he may yet be premier.

Gaglardi ended his prayer and a recorded hymn began to play. "I sing, too," he said, turning to me, "but not every broadcast. They get tired of the same voice. You know, if I had to give up anything I'd give up the highway-building business, but I wouldn't give up this work. I was a fighting red-blooded Canadian like everybody else and then I heard the Gospel as the fellows like Billy Graham preach it and I've been a practicing Christian ever since."

He turned back to the microphone and, with the inflections of a Jimmy Durante, began to retell an old Bible tale:

"And Jesus spoke up and He said to those disciples, He said: 'Whoa—just a minute there! Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me...'"

He spoke without notes or apparent preparation. The previous day he had recorded five similar broadcasts, one after another, so that his voice would be heard each weekday on several stations, some of the broadcasts paid for by Gaglardi himself, others by sympathetic donors. He had worked until midnight, risen at seven, and on this Sabbath would, as usual, make two live broadcasts, conduct two church services and take his regular Sunday-school class.

"They all say I've got a lot of energy," Gaglardi said as we left the studio, "but I don't believe it. I've got average stamina but the point is, I never dissipate! When I accepted Christ as my personal savior I cut out drinking and smoking and now I work ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day and at the end I'm still going strong. It's duck soup for me."

We walked up toward the Pentecostal Tabernacle, in the bright fall sunlight. Kamloops, a town of about ten thousand, is nestled in the dry rolling hills of the Thompson Valley, at a point midway between the Cariboo ranch country and the Okanagan fruit orchards. It is actually situated on a spur of the U.S. desert, and the cactus, rattlesnakes, sagebrush and tumbleweed usually associated with the south are equally prevalent here.

"I wouldn't live any other place," Gaglardi said. "I love every minute of it because I'm battling something all the time with whatever brains I have. All my life I been battling."

Outside the Tabernacle seven big buses, all owned by the church, were disgorging children for Gaglardi's Sunday school which, in his eleven years in Kamloops, has grown from an enrollment of twenty-five to the astonishing number of nine hundred and fifty.

"On a per-capita basis," said Gaglardi, "I'd say I had every other Sunday school on the continent beat."

Next door, his new church was rising, complete with radiant heating, air conditioning, organ chamber, glass-walled nursery, and crib room for babes in arms. Inside the old church his wife, who has been preaching since she was



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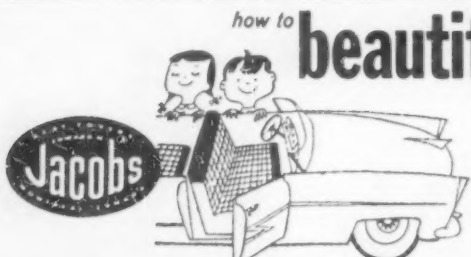
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fourteen, was herding the children into their seats. Gaglardi's day had only begun. Four sermons lay ahead of him, each in its own way an athletic exercise.

I watched him in the pulpit later that day, his voice now rising, now shouting, now dropping to a whisper, his chunky body pivoting from side to side—a jaunty, confident figure, one arm akimbo, the other outstretched, with Bible in hand.

"This book is absolutely true from cover to cover," he cried. "Oh, you may say to me, 'Now listen, Gaglardi — you don't believe that Joshua actually made the sun stand still.' Well, friend o' mine, according to historical record, according to some of the greatest scientists in the history of the world, according to proven documents, it has been definitely established that the sun actually slowed down for twenty-three hours and twenty minutes! Yes, sir, right down to the dot of time!"

His day did not end until eleven that night and he would be up again, in his role of minister of highways, at seven. But by then I was in Vancouver with the words of the Old Testament still ringing in my ears.

The sun shone in Vancouver that Monday morning in a manner to gladden the heart of every British Columbian. It shone on the forests of masts at the wharves in the inlet, and on the huge floating booms of hoarded lumber in the Fraser's mouth. It shone on the twin peaks of the Lions on the north shore and on the Golden Ears farther to the east and on the new asphalt of Phil Gaglardi's highway, a thousand feet above the sea, and on Russ Baker's big white home, just above, which, as one might expect, is the highest house in all of Greater Vancouver.

In the heart of the business section a gleaming pillar of glass, almost three hundred feet high, was flashing in the sunlight. It is built on the principle of a Douglas Fir, with a hollow steel core for a trunk from which floors project like limbs within the translucent envelope of the outer walls. It is the B.C. Power Corporation's pride, a ten-million-dollar triumph of architecture and public relations, proclaiming to the province that Canada's largest privately owned utility is as up to date as a guided missile.

High on the twenty-first floor, in an impeccable office designed and color controlled right down to the ceramic ashtrays by a New York firm, sits a man with the cool ascetic features of a scholar and a mind that ranges far into the future. Albert Edward Grauer, whom the province knows more intimately as "Dal," is building an empire of private power on the shores of the Pacific. His eyes are already focused on the horizons of 1980 when he has calculated his firm will have increased its power capacity thirteen-fold. But his roots go deep into B.C.'s pioneer past. His German immigrant parents reached Vancouver when the town was still smoking from the great fire of 1886 and he himself was raised on a dairy farm at the Fraser's mouth. With Teutonic thoroughness his father Jake made the farm the most progressive in B.C. and the prize-winning Grauer herd, quartered in barns scrubbed clean as barrack rooms, won blue ribbons across the continent. With the same thoroughness, Jake's boy Dal won his own blue ribbons: a share in a basketball championship, a student presidency, an Olympic lacrosse berth, a Rhodes scholarship, a PhD. When he took a professorship at the University of Toronto, it was in the modern field of social sciences, and the reports he wrote for the Rowell-Sirois Commission were on such twentieth-century topics as

health, labor, housing and social insurance.

He was called a left winger in his youth; nobody could accuse him of it now. For if this unemotional man, who treads so softly and speaks so quietly, has any strong passion, it is his aversion to state control. He writes his own speeches and there is scarcely one that does not contrive to mention it as an evil. His own company, when he took over as president in 1946, had come within an ace of being nationalized, for it was as ancient and as wheezy as one of its streetcars. Grauer averted its expropriation by a breathtaking program of modernization, expansion and personal propaganda, in the process of which he turned it into western Canada's largest private corporation.

It took just nineteen and one half seconds for the elevator to whisk me to Grauer's office. Seated behind his Knoll desk, with his horn-rimmed spectacles framing his luminous eyes, he looked no



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more like a tycoon than Gaglardi looked like a preacher. And, indeed, there is nothing of the two-fisted frontier business baron of the past about Grauer. He does not play golf or puff big cigars; he plays the piano and enjoys French wines. His spare-time activities — they seem endless — revolve around art gallery, symphony society, hospital and university. For Grauer believes that the executive of the future must win the sympathy of the community that supports him.

"We spent ninety-four million dollars last year and it looks like between a hundred and five and a hundred and ten this year and I think it will be on the order of ninety million next year," he is saying. "Our kilowatt consumption is quite extraordinary this year, running about eighteen percent above last year and last year was twelve and a half percent above the previous year and that's considerably above the growth of anywhere else that I know of."

It must irk Grauer, with his precise, almost classical mind, to reflect that the greatest power potential in B.C. is denied him because of the romantic concept of a salmon leaping in the sunlight. It



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Partial view of the model showing the National Capital Plan. The Ottawa Queensway is now under construction.



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must baffle him to consider that B.C. is so sentimental about its fish that it is willing to forsake the cheap power the Fraser River could supply. This one stream, properly harnessed, could yield Grauer all the power he needs until 1980 and give Vancouver the cheapest hydro rates in the world. But the fishermen are winning the battle of the Fraser and Grauer admits the possibility that the river may never be his.

Here is paradox: B.C. has the highest hydro potential in Canada next to Quebec, yet Grauer must get his next big

slice of power from a thermal plant run on Peace River gas. Vancouver's domestic electrical rates are twice that of neighboring Seattle—all because of the mystic sockeye and its strange and mortal spawning ritual.

The sockeye has fascinated and frustrated British Columbians since the province was born. To the scientists it is an intriguing puzzle, to the fishermen, a living, but to men like Grauer, who see the future in the geometrical shapes of power plants, the salmon remains, to coin a pun, a dam nuisance.

"It sounds strange in this province, but we'll have used up all our available hydro by 1960," Grauer said. "You see, it all has to come from the small streams. We've never had a real stem-winder of a river."

He showed me to the door and I stepped out into a corridor of dazzling white—and once again I thought of those whitewashed barns and the dairymen in spotless coats who tended a blue-ribbon herd on an immigrant's farm.

By coincidence, I called that same day on Harvey Reginald MacMillan, who,

more than any other man, has charted the pattern of the lumber industry in the province. It is intriguing to reflect that both MacMillan and Grauer were each dedicated public servants until they reached their thirty-fourth year and that neither had any previous practical training in the business world. Yet each has risen to become the human symbol of B.C.'s two greatest natural resources.

If Grauer represents the immaculate future, MacMillan symbolizes the turbulent past. He, too, is ensconced in a bright new tower of glass and steel, but not for him the chaste décor of a Manhattan modernist; his is perhaps the only building in Canada paneled in B.C. softwoods—in cedar, pine and hemlock and, in MacMillan's own office, plain Douglas Fir ply, as rough and unvarnished as the man himself. It is fitting: MacMillan has made the fir the emblem of B.C.; and the fir has made MacMillan.

His firm is one of the world's three largest forest-product companies and though he is listed now merely as director, he still calls the tune, as he has since he quit the government service in 1919 to form a small export company. His early years have the ring of a nineteenth-century tragedy to them; they are melodramatic enough, indeed, to form the raw material for a novel. In 1938 Mazo de la Roche wrote such a book, titled *Growth of a Man*, a story of inexpressible sadness about a sensitive bookworm of a boy, torn from the arms of a widowed mother who must scrub floors in a distant town to pay for his upkeep while he toils on the farm of his harsh unlettered grandfather; of a stubborn youth driven by the fierce urge to excel, who goes to agricultural college because it is the cheapest and who never takes out girls because he begrudges every cent and every second that diverts him from the future he has set himself; of a young man on the verge of success, drunk with the romance of trees, suddenly stricken by tuberculosis and confined to a sanitarium cot for three years. It is the tale of a boy who had no boyhood and a man who never learned how to play. It is scarcely fiction; it is H. R. MacMillan's own story.

On MacMillan's dark and sombre face some of that travail is still reflected; but his eyes, peering out from beneath the sullen brows, are as alert and inquisitive as a cat's. He was thumbing through the Concise Oxford Dictionary when I came in upon him, looking up the definitions of the words "centenary" and "centennial," one a noun, the other an adjective, but both used interchangeably in B.C. with a fine disregard for grammar.

Behind him were shelves of the books he loves: books of quotations, atlases and dictionaries, bird books and tree books, and old books bound in leather and buckram—*The Naturalist* in La Plata, *The Last Journeys* of Livingstone, *A History of America*, this last dated 1724 and purchased for seventy-five pounds by a man who has searched the world to build up a library of four thousand rare volumes.

"He dreamed of the time," Mazo de la Roche had written, "when he might buy all the books he wanted, when he would go through a catalogue of books marking the ones that interested him, sending for all of them by return post."

I asked MacMillan how B.C. looked to him after half a century.

"The one great difference between B.C. and the rest of Canada," he said, "is that a much higher proportion of the people here are (or I should say, speaking properly, *is*) on somebody else's payroll, and a much lower proportion are satisfied

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**"It's considered more of a sin to make money in British Columbia than any other part of the country"**

farmers or small independent capitalists. "And that's why," said MacMillan, a little fiercely, "that's why it's considered more of a sin to make money here than in any other part of the country."

"No," he said quickly, thumbing through the Concise Oxford, "not *sin*—that's not the word I'm looking for. 'Offense against society' is what I mean."

I asked if these remarks were prompted by the rise of the CCF, which has used MacMillan as a symbol of Big Business in B.C.

"Oh, they can't touch me now," MacMillan said, gloomily, lumbering across the room and slipping the dictionary back onto the shelf beside the Oxford Classical Quotations. "They're too late now. I'll be gone by the time they take over. They can only hurt my heirs, or my company, which is of course a part of me. But I don't care what you say, that philosophy is one hundred percent wrong!"

"Evil! Evil! Evil!" said MacMillan and he stared out the window and looked down on the harbor with its scuttling craft and its big freighters, some of them loaded with lumber branded with the MacMillan name.

"I was a dedicated public servant, believe it or not, bent on reforming the world, once," he said. "Why didn't I reform it? Well, I think I concluded two things: one was that it wasn't going to reform as rapidly as I had hoped and the other was that I was going to be doing it, to a great degree, at my own expense."

#### Twenty-first-century crop

Since MacMillan, a one-time chief forester, entered private business, B.C. timber exports have increased forty-fold. The industry he symbolizes now represents two fifths of the province's total income. The forest giants have vanished and so have the prodigal free-wheeling days. A log is now something to be treasured and the day is fast arriving when every scrap of wood, from bark to sawdust, will find a use. MacMillan, once a mere exporter, now makes pulp, shopping bags and fabricated logs and finds himself spending a million dollars a year on glue alone.

It is strange to consider that this man, who in his youth passionately loathed farming, has become Canada's greatest farmer. For trees are now a crop in B.C. and MacMillan has a million acres of them under cultivation. But the youngest man in his firm will be dead before the present crops are harvested and two centuries at least must pass before B.C. lumbermen fully understand the mechanics of forest agriculture. Like the salmon, the trees are a scientific mystery. Only one thing is certain: the giant Douglas Fir belongs, in the words of Chief Justice Gordon Sloan's monumental forestry report, "to an era soon to be nothing more than a memory." And any attempt to keep the forests predominantly fir is "an outmoded, uneconomic philosophy based largely on sentiment."

MacMillan rose, as I took my leave, his great bowed frame dominating the plywood office.

"Mazo wrote a book about me once," he said. "I didn't read it."

"When he was alone he could think of nothing but trees," Mazo de la Roche had written. "His hope and his future were in them, root and branch. His florid imagination pictured them marching in vast armies across the plains, at his command."

If big-dimension timber is a thing of the past, what about the big-dimension executive? The size and intricacy of the lumber industry now demands a corporate structure as complicated as an electronic brain, and, in the interests of the shareholders, as passionless. The one-man company is at an end and the MacMillans are swiftly becoming as obsolete as the straight-grained Douglas Firs.

Ned Pratt, the architect who designed the B.C. Electric building, mentioned this one noon a few days later. I had asked him to show me a bit of Vancouver and we began with lunch in the Vancouver Club.

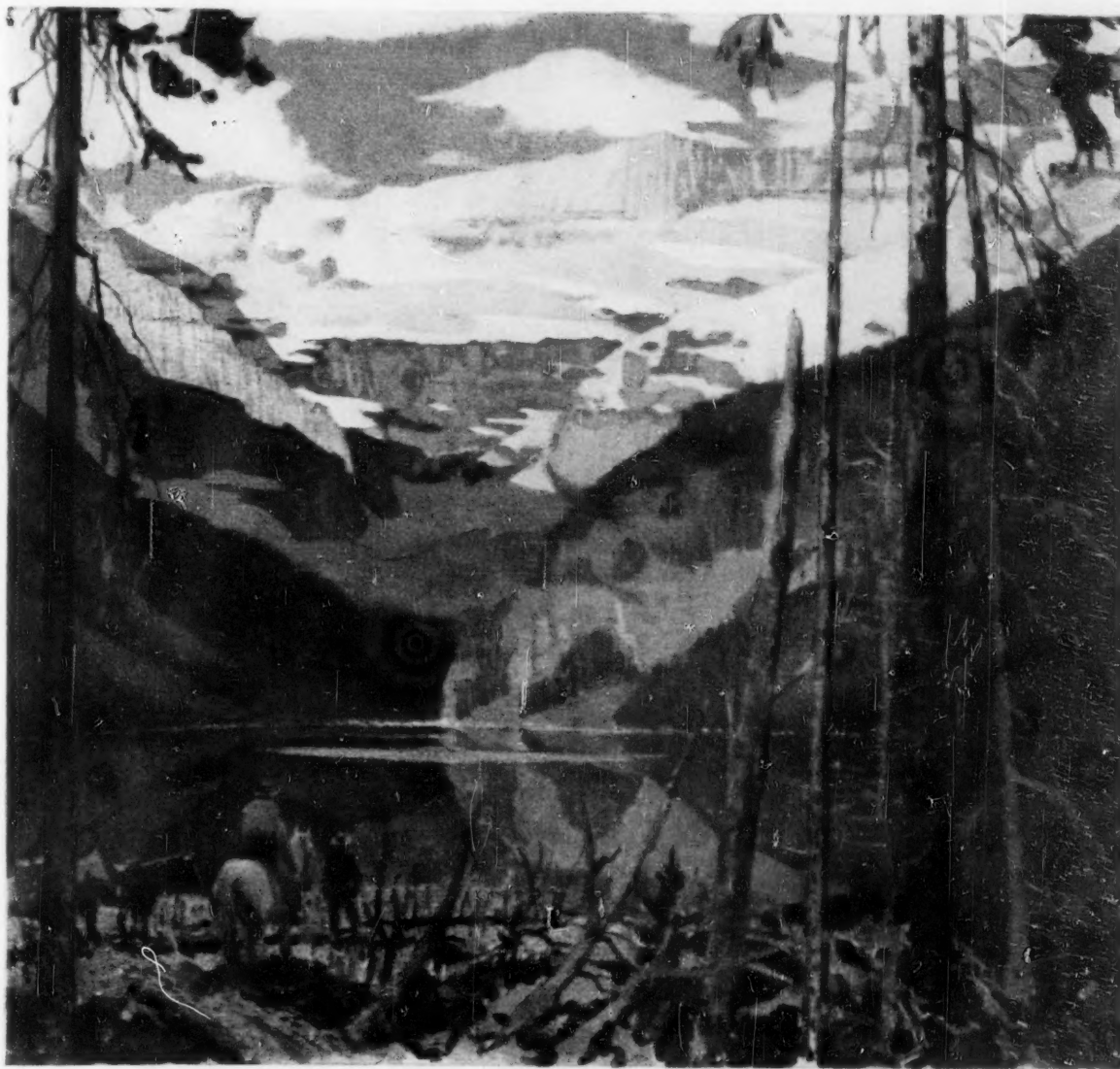
"There was a day," Pratt said, "when this club would be full of tycoons knocking off a bottle of Scotch before doing a day's work. Now they all get to the

office sharp at nine. You hated the guts of those old guys, of course, but in a way I'm sorry to see them gone; they brought a little romance to this town.

"I've got my radar out full scope, these days," Pratt said. "Things are happening. The day is coming when they'll have a machine that can chew up an entire tree, bark and all, and squeeze it out like toothpaste into molds, so that you

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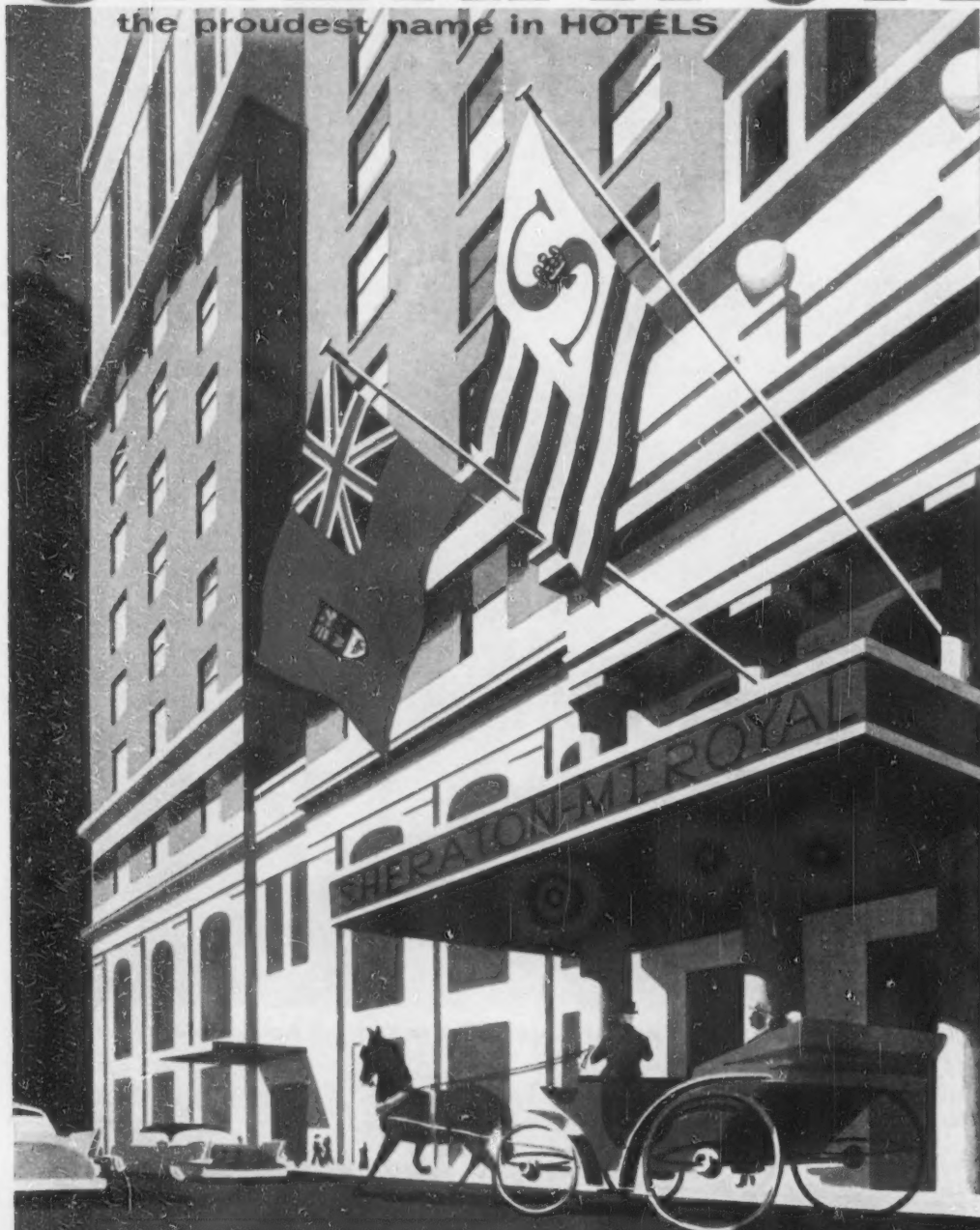
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### SIOUX CITY, Iowa

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### CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa

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LOS ANGELES

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PASADENA

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can shape it to the exact fraction of an inch."

The prospect seemed, at once, to delight and sadden Pratt. He is a restless experimenter, who will chop wallboard into floor tile or grow a tree through a hole in a roof, and the architectural revolution on the west coast is due in no small part to his iconoclasm. But he is also a romantic with a sentimental feeling for the past. He has a small boy's delight in tales of the old west and he carries his honorary marshal's badge from Tombstone, Arizona, like a trophy. There is a tale told of Pratt sitting steely eyed and silent in the living room of his ultra-contemporary home one afternoon. "There's no use talking to him today," his wife told callers. "Today, he's Wyatt Earp."

"There's something Elizabethan about this town," Pratt exclaimed as we set off on our tour. There was, I reflected, something Elizabethan about Pratt, too—a dashing and distinguished figure, tall and ruggedly handsome at forty-eight, in his two-hundred-dollar suit of faultless cut. With a fedora pulled low over one eye and a long cigar clamped between his teeth, he drove his scarlet Austin-Healey across the Lions' Gate Bridge as if it were a charger.

Up the mountainside we dashed, among the expensive clustered homes of West Vancouver, each vying with its neighbor in the radicalism of its design: in balconies that jutted like bowsprits over the mountain granite, in window expanses that would do justice to a Loblaw's, in roofs shaped like butterflies' wings. Twenty years ago, when Pratt was a struggling draftsman, such houses didn't exist and when he refused to design a Tudor mansion for a wealthy businessman, his colleagues thought him mad. As recently as eight years ago a Pratt house built in staid Victoria caused howls of rage from the populace; it was so *avant-garde* that the owner raised three thousand dollars for charity charging gawkers a quarter to see it.

"Now it's no fun any more," Pratt said. "At one time we used to have a nice fight about a house and I'd go home feeling that it had been a great day, but you don't have to argue any more."

We had reached the very top of British Properties, the ambitious development backed by the Guinness brewing fortune. A thousand feet below, the city lay spread out like a carpet, with the forested noses of Stanley Park and Point Grey showing dark against the hard glitter of the sea. Around us new and even more radical homes were rising out of the butchered forest.

I asked Pratt to describe for me the indigenous B. C. house.

"There's no such thing," he retorted. "How can there be these days when building materials are turned out by machines? The B. C. house is like the California house or the Ontario house; there's nothing indigenous about it."

"Wait!" he said. "I do know of one," and off we raced in the little car down the winding roads, past the bright new homes, and then to an older backwater of West Vancouver where a second growth of trees had sprung up; and here, by an unpaved lane, hidden darkly be-

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neath spruce and alder, was a small rough cottage of unplanned timber, with a peaked overhanging roof.

"There," said Pratt in triumph. "There is your indigenous B. C. house. A man came over on his week ends and slowly built it by hand. It's a little older than anything around here, by God, and it's got a bit of romance that's escaped the modern architect. I wish I could get some of its charm into my houses. I used to have nothing but contempt for this kind of thing, but the more I look at it the more it intrigues me. I don't know what it is but some day I'll find out."

En route back to town we stopped at Pratt's own home, so low and flat that it seemed to merge with the soil. The architect leaned against a rough-planned roof beam.

"This has no place here," he said. "The wall panels are precision-made to the last fraction of an inch—so is the glass, so is everything. But these three-by-twelves were carved out of the forest and they warp: there's the incongruity of it." It seemed an odd remark for a man who had just been worshipping at the shrine of a hand-made home, but already Pratt's mind was in the future, reveling in the ultimate moment when roof beams would be molded as precisely as windowpanes.

Back in the city Pratt dashed into his office. "There's something you've got to see," he said, and emerged a moment later with a rolled-up drawing.

"I did this myself last summer," he said, proudly.

It was not, as might be expected, a plan for a new glass tower or a blueprint for a home with a butterfly roof. It was, instead, a careful pencil drawing of the town of Tombstone, circa 1880, sketched to satisfy a whim from the vantage point of the O.K. Corral where, on a certain October morning, the Clantons and McLowerys kept their bloody tryst with Doc Holliday and the brothers Earp.

#### B.C.'s brilliant Big Brother

It is paradoxical that, because of men like Pratt with their steel skyscrapers and their no-nonsense homes, the per-capita use of B. C.'s greatest product—logs—has been cut in half over the past fifty years. This fact has not been lost on Gordon McGregor Sloan, the perspicacious architect of the province's forest policy; the use of lumber, he has pointed out, will continue to decline and only an expanding population can keep the industry healthy. Just before leaving British Columbia I returned to Victoria to meet the then-chief justice, who, in many ways, is the dominant figure in the province.

Sloan has, indeed, been called Big Brother, because it is to this charming, brilliant, yet oddly austere jurist that British Columbia invariably turns when it finds itself in trouble: a deadlocked labor dispute, an economic puzzle, a government scandal — Sloan has been called in to preside at them all. There is a Sloan Line established for fishermen in the Gulf, and a Sloan Formula in labor arbitration. His marathon one-man investigation into the forest resources, made in 1945, changed the future of B.C.'s largest industry. His 1957 report, eight hundred pages long, catapulted him from the supreme-court bench into a job created expressly for him: czar of the forest industry.

As I entered Victoria's Union Club, to lunch with Sloan, a peculiarly Victorian scene was taking place. It was the day of the Queen's visit to Ottawa, and, as Her Majesty made her first appearance on the club's television screen, the

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entire assemblage rose as one man and stood stiffly to attention. One member, who had been wearing his hat, removed it, thereby averting an awkward incident, since several of the elder clubmen were determined to snatch it from his head. All resumed their seats, but were on their feet again in an instant when the band struck up the national anthem; at this moment Sloan appeared and the rest of the tableau was lost to me, but I could not help wishing that George I. Warren, of the Victoria Publicity Bureau, had been there to see it.

At lunch the Chief Justice talked of his forebears. Few British Columbians have their roots so deeply in the province's past and few have such a romantic family history as he. His maternal great-grandfather had scarcely rounded the Horn and settled on Vancouver Island before he was threatened with jail by the Hudson's Bay Company for complaining about his job. Sloan can still recall his grandmother telling him how she hid behind her mother's skirts while her father drove off marauding Indians with an ax. Sloan's own father, a one-

time Nanaimo merchant, was on the scene at the moment of the Klondike strike, to emerge with a fortune before the great stampede got under way. For more than a generation the elder Sloan, a towering hawk-nosed man with a mane of flowing white hair, was the brains of the great Liberal machine in British Columbia, a colorful politician of the no-holds-barred school, the right-hand man to a succession of premiers.

It seemed a queer background against which to set the Chief Justice, with his pale eyes and his pale face, his classical

features and his precise legal habit of speech. Aloof from the hurly-burly of politics in his cavernous home on Oak Bay, Gordon McGregor Sloan works far into the night at the various staggering tasks the government sets him. But although his name has become a byword in the province, few, if any, can say they know him intimately.

Sloan offered to give me a copy of his new forestry report and we repaired after lunch to his chambers, which are lined with an overpowering array of volumes that testify to the scope of his public service. On one shelf were a dozen blue tomes containing the evidence presented to the first forestry enquiry, and below, on three shelves, forty-seven more, bound in red, containing the evidence presented to the second. Beside them, more shelves and more tomes from conciliation hearings, arbitrations and royal commissions—a veritable mountain of words and legal phrases and dry-as-dust opinions that have helped give modern B. C. its shape and structure.

Sloan reached into a packing case and produced two bound volumes of his newest report.

"I'm afraid I got a bit carried away in places," he said. "There are passages in the report that now seem to me to be over-florid. One in particular. I'll see if I can find it."

He found it without trouble and as he began to read I thought I detected in that pale and unimpassioned voice the same pride of authorship that had been evident in Ned Pratt's when he showed me his drawing of Tombstone.

"In time the earth will be sucked dry of its oil and filched of its materials, but the managed and protected forests, forever renewing themselves, are immortal," Sloan read. "To those who have ventured into the trackless vastness of our Coast forests and traveled its unknown ways, and to those who, in the Interior, have climbed and stood upon the crest of a lonely hill thrusting abruptly from an illimitable sea of green that sweeps in all directions expanding until it darkens and loses its identity at the far reaches of an encircling horizon will understand the spirit of the things whereof I speak . . ."

I reflected again, as I had so often during this homecoming to British Columbia, that, in this most unpredictable of provinces, appearances are always deceptive: if oil drillers can dress like TV cowboys, if a preacher can look like a pugilist, if a power tycoon can act like a professor and a lumber baron collect rare books, why should anyone be surprised by a chief justice who writes like a poet? Indeed, I recalled, Sloan had in his youth composed poetry and tinkered with a novel and sent pieces to the papers under a pen name. It made sense. Somewhere within that human fortress there smoldered a spark from the same romantic fire which is Sloan's heritage, the flame that has kept B. C. aglow for one hundred years and which has burned brightly, and sometimes wildly, in all its favorite sons from the doughty Douglas to the ebullient Bennett. It is the same spark that makes Russ Baker take off for the north and Ned Pratt for the wild west; will it be quenched in the years to come?

"I wrote that passage late at night," Sloan said, as he finished reading. "One is apt to get a bit carried away at those times. It didn't seem the same in the cold light of morning."

He closed the book.

"However, I let it stand," he added.

With B. C. itself facing the cold morning light of a new century, it was a strangely reassuring remark. ★



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## For the sake of argument

Continued from page 8

(rightly) of the same sort of attitude does not excuse B.C. No wonder we come under such searching fire from time to time. After all, our usual defense against charges of snobbishness is to say in effect, "But we really are holier-than-thou!" This is asking for trouble, and we get it, and we deserve it.

Another reason why B.C. is so truculent about its merits is that most of the people who live there were born somewhere else. There are more settlers in B.C. than in any other province and this means that, as a rule, you are a B.C.-ite not by accident of birth, but by choice. Consequently, any reflection on the province of your choice is a reflection on your personal taste, on your own personality. Furthermore, the B.C. boosters are working on the safe theme of local pride. A bullying local patriotism is always successful with people who like to think that all their troubles are caused by somebody else. In B.C. these mythical villains are the easterners who are responsible for all our troubles—from the B.C. sales tax to the mountain freight-rate differential.

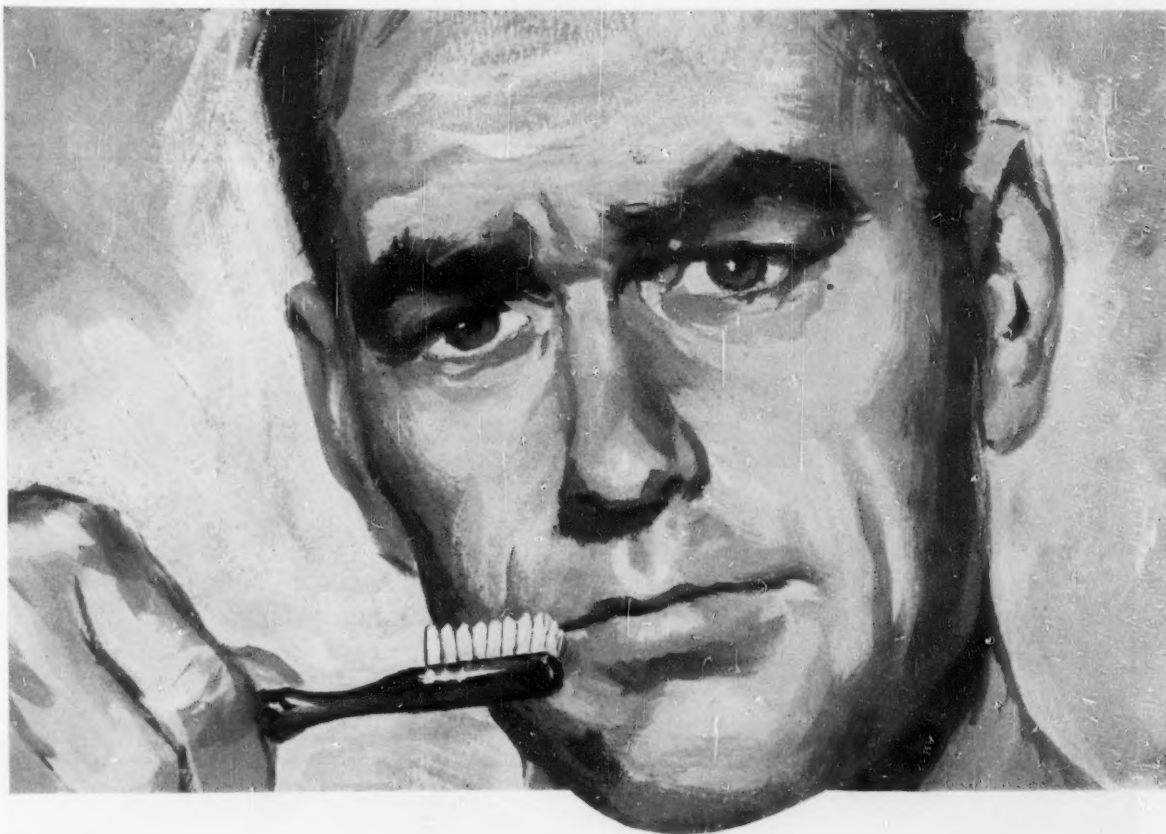
## They're where the money is

So the east is our enemy; and against that enemy we turn our usual weapon: snobbishness. Indeed, we turn it against each other. All the B.C. towns sneer at each other. Vancouver sneers at Victoria; and Vancouver Island sneers at the rest of the province. We are snobbish among ourselves, presumably for some of the same reasons that we are snobbish towards the rest of Canada. Again, this is not merely a failing of the Coast; it is a human failing. But in Canada, B.C., among all the provinces, is the most provincial. I do not deny that Quebec, with her own language and culture reinforced by religion and law, is very much a special entity. But Quebec takes her differences for granted or else keeps her demagogues at home, while B.C. exports hers. The rest of Canada, particularly where there is money to be made, is full of bellowing British Columbians loudly wishing they could be back home. I am sometimes one of them, and I realize that this wish often receives the heartfelt support of our tormented listeners.

There are, of course, marvelous things in B.C. for which the people themselves are responsible. There is no finer architecture than the best you will find in B.C. But this is not enough for us; we insist on claiming that all the great Canadian cities are architectural nightmares, mixed with ugly slums—except the ones in B.C. of course. Surely, this is the height of snobbishness. It is true that most of the houses in the east look as if they were designed by the fellow who designed the box-lunch; but putting a flat roof and a picture window on the same sort of thing does not make it any more beautiful. Rows of ugly boxes are still rows of ugly boxes, even if they are Suburban Ranch Style, and built on the sacred soil of the Coast.

We have, in British Columbia, greater

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potentialities for exciting architecture than the rest of Canada, because the climate is less extreme. But we are deluding only ourselves when we claim those potentialities are realized today in our streets and suburbs; particularly the new ones.

Mention of the climate brings me to a notorious sore point. Like all snobs, we have no sense of humor. It so happens that the climate of the thickly populated coastal strip is our greatest single asset. Everything else depends on it. It is very moderate: cool in summer

and warm in winter, and there is a very heavy rainfall and quite a lot of fog. Sometimes we are coy about this rain, calling it Liquid Sunshine or Heavy Dew, while at the same time earnestly insisting that it be glossed over in the interests of the tourist trade. Yet it is this soft warm rain that has given the province its character, that has grown the enormous trees we are so crudely decimating, and that is the source of the great rivers that used to be so full of salmon. That heavy and consistent rain has given the Coast its character and much of its value.

But we are even snobbish about the climate, for we become petulant if our precious rainfall is too much discussed, while we jeer gleefully at the snows and storms of the hateful east.

Finally, there are the people. People in B.C. are not quite the same as others but they are the elect only in the sense that they have usually chosen to settle on the Coast. The general history of administration and law enforcement in B.C., at all levels from the provincial down to that of the smallest village, is certainly not less lurid than that of any

other part of Canada. Indeed, most of the country thinks, rightly or wrongly, that if B.C. is a paradise at all, it is a paradise for politicians of all shapes and sizes who always know they have a sure-fire platform in local pride versus the wickedness of the interfering east. I think it is time we gave up this fairy story. B.C. has had its share, and perhaps more than its share, of political scandals of all kinds. These are not outside our responsibility like the weather, or the presence of the mountains. They are our own doing and have not been wished on us by the east. But we even succeed in being snobbish about public swindles. I have more than once heard the idiotic boast that this sort of thing is characteristic of a bold, virile, frontier society, and just shows that we are more colorful and enterprising than the decadent and frozen east. No wonder the rest of the country sometimes thinks we have no discrimination at all about anything.

And it goes on endlessly. Where but in B.C. could a man (as one did recently) claim in print that as part of the horrors of the east he could not find one pretty girl on the streets of Toronto? Where else could he write that without being fired or given a mental examination? We have even reached the point where we are snobbish about our own snobbishness. The way we put it is that no other province has so much local pride; no other province is such a booster of itself; no other province has so much to be proud of; and no other province does such a good job of telling its story.

In spite of all this, I must assure the rest of the country we do have our good points. In the midst of the bombastic uproar you can hear a still small voice telling of matters for legitimate pride; the rest of this magazine is full of them. But they are drowned out by the voice of militant snobbishness. We must admit that B.C. is the snob province. I think it's time we stopped blowing our own trumpet, and let somebody else provide the music for a change. In short, I suggest that after a hundred years British Columbia learn to act its age. ★



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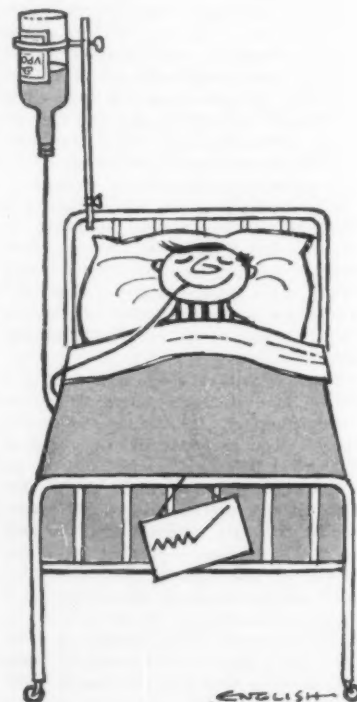
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MACLEAN'S





**London Letter** continued from page 10

**"Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw and Lord Beaverbrook all wired congratulations"**

Letson sisters arrived. They differed in type yet both were attractive. But the older sister, Edith, walked straight into my heart and into my senses. I would have proposed marriage to her as soon as she arrived if the conventions had allowed.

For the next few weeks I saw a lot of them. In fact their home in St. John's Wood was a rendezvous for Canadians in London and there was great talk and argument with the Letson sisters, the Letson brothers (Harry and Gordon) and life was good. Yet the relentless weeks passed by and then the Letsons set sail for home and returned to their native Vancouver.

For a time there were letters to and from Edith but they became more infrequent. Under Beaverbrook's dynamic leadership, the Express Newspapers were plunging ahead, transforming British journalism and playing an important role in the development of postwar politics. Vancouver and the Letsons seemed far away.

Life for a bachelor in London was pleasant enough. Every morning I rode in the Row, which was good exercise for the horse, and in the early hours of the morning I returned from the nocturnal pursuit of getting the newspaper to press. It was exciting; it was dramatic; but something — or rather someone — was missing.

Two years had passed since the Letsons had gone home and one night (it may have been the rain that made me do it) I wrote to Edith and asked if I could go out to Vancouver and marry her. To my joy and eternal gratitude she said yes.

So in due course I went home to Toronto and, after a visit with my mother and sister, duly entrained for the long trek to Vancouver.

How strange to be marrying someone after so long a separation! How strange to be marrying in Vancouver where I knew no one but the Letson family! But I had arranged some credentials which would show that a Torontonian could hold his own, even in a proud city like Vancouver.

As editor of the Sunday Express I had secured promises that there would be cables of congratulations from Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, champion jockey Steve Donoghue, Lord Beaverbrook, Bernard Shaw and other celebrities of the printed word and of the theatre. Toronto was not going to bow its head to Vancouver.

Hour after hour the churning wheels of the transcontinental train ground their way toward the city that was known as the Sans Souci of the west. And so there came the moment when the porter said, "Vancouver in fifteen minutes, sir," and brushed me like a horse about to enter the paddock for the big race. Slower and slower went the train and then crawled into the Vancouver station, stopped and let out a gigantic sigh as if its heart had burst.

And so I was greeted by the Letsons in force and after all that time I saw the girl who was to be my wife and my heart leaped with joy and strange content.

In the two or three or four days before the wedding there were endless parties and in due course a very young reporter came to interview me and, quite rightly, knew nothing about me. With

proper modesty I gave him the names of the famous men who had sent me messages. In short, it was Toronto putting Vancouver in its place. The next day in the newspaper there was the following paragraph in the social column:

Mr. Beverley Baxter, who is marrying a native daughter, Miss Edith Letson, has had congratulatory messages from H. Wills, Steve Donegal, Arthur Bennett, Barnard Short and Lord Beaverbrook.

Alas for human vanity! The Beaver was the only one he got right.

But, in spite of the social roundabout, I had time to study and enjoy the beautiful Sans Souci of the Pacific coast, called Vancouver. Nature was in benev-

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**GILBEY'S**  
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olent mood when it brought into unity the sun-sparkled sea and the blue-grey mountains as if to emphasize that Vancouver was a city apart. Montreal has its river and its hills and Toronto an island-guarded port, but nothing can take the place of the sea with its restless tides and its sun-glinted path to far-off lands.

Vancouver is the setting for a poet, for a dreamer and for a beachcomber. Yet if I lived there I would start on a novel and never finish it for how can words compete with the glory of the sea and the hills? Even on the golf links there are slopes to remind us that at the birth of the world there was pain.

Because of the sea with its glinted beauty, one feels in touch both with the realist west and the mystic east. Neither the scorching heat of a Toronto summer nor the long winter siege of Montreal mar the gentle compromise of Vancouver.

Yes, it was a rainy night in London when Tommy MacKinnon made that telephone call to the Letson family in St. John's Wood. Therefore, I raise my glass and toast long health and happiness to Tommy wherever he is and to the gracious city of Vancouver whose beauty is unmarred by the toiling fretful centuries as they mark the endless tides of time. ★

## Mailbag

*Continued from page 4*

### ✓ Relax divorce laws?

### ✓ Another book to burn

The Rev. R. G. Matthews says (Mailbag, March 29) any relaxation of grounds for divorce would make our nation rotten. *Pure drivel.* I have traveled in England, Australia, New Zealand, U.S. All these have a far more relaxed divorce law than Canada. The question I would like to ask the critic—do you believe all these nations are rotten?—DESMOND RICKARD, SUDBURY, ONT.

✓ Anyone who advocates NO DIVORCE not only shows ignorance of human nature, but selfish indifference to the feelings of people affected by our ridiculous divorce laws. Religious fanatics have caused more trouble in this world than many think.—A. LEE, LONDON, ONT.

✓ If all couples about to take marriage vows had first taken God into consideration there would not be need for divorce. But let me ask: how many marriages are planned accordingly?—MRS. G. A. METCALFE, WINNIPEG.

✓ If people spent more time thinking about marriage before entering this one-way street there would be fewer people wanting to discontinue this holy union. Just because murder becomes popular does not mean that it is right . . . —ROB NISBET, SUCCESS, SASK.

✓ If Mr. Matthews has read Genesis he should know the Israelites believed themselves chosen people. Their law was from God; yet it allowed divorce . . . —REV. C. BERNARD REYNOLDS, VANCOUVER.

### A touch of Aesop in Maclean's

Nothing has appeared in your magazine for years as refreshing as *The Best Years of Their Lives*, by John Norman Harris (March 1). So true and accurate is the writer's insight into present planning by personable personnel experts and so apt his understanding of people that the tale appears almost allegorical. Aesop knew the quiet thinking of the Goulds when he made the tortoise win. —IRENE DOOLE, TORONTO.

### A vote for big families

In answer to Dr. Robert Brockway's *Argument, The Large Family Isn't the Best Kind Now* (March 15), family unity and parental authority are not obsolete.

Nothing but a family can provide a place for a child to grow and learn . . . —RALPH M. FERGUSON, WINNIPEG.

### Was money ever tight?

When Bruce Hutchison says (*What Went Wrong With the Boom*, March 29), "Actually tight money never existed," he is adding confusion to a confused subject. Economic theories can be argued back and forth but even economists rarely agree. Mr. Hutchison states something untrue and in doing so becomes himself a victim of confusion.—W. J. NOXON, TORONTO.

### Altrincham controversial?

In your Preview on British TV (March 15) you say Lord Altrincham is a "controversial figure." Over here he is nothing of the sort—we regard him and his kind as petulant adolescents.—REV. W. P. WEBB, RECTOR OF BASCOMBE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

### Are old-style papers best?

There is a flaw in your plea, *Why Not Some Old-style Partisan Newspapers?* (March 15). People in areas with a single newspaper would be subjected to a very prejudiced account of Canadian affairs. Partisan organs invariably show the other party as holding the "wholly indefensible position" which you correctly point out is seldom if ever the case.—T. L. BASKERVILLE, FREDERICTON, N.B.

### Worse than Peyton Place?

*Why Pick on Peyton Place?* (Blair Fraser's *Backstage*, March 15). From a would-be book burner's point of view *By Love Possessed* is far worse. It contains among other things a lengthy lyrical description of the bedroom activities of a married couple which at best is in bad taste and at worst thinly disguised pornography. Yet not a peep out of the Rev. Mutchmor.—P. LOCKWOOD, WESTON, ONT.

### What Laval writers said

Your question, *New Laval-Duplessis Feud?* (Preview March 29), is hardly borne out by the quotations given, only one of them referring to Mr. Duplessis. I am sure that, except perhaps for Mr. Bergeron, none of the contributors to the April issue of the *University of Toronto Quarterly* intended to take Mr. Duplessis as "target."—CHARLES BILODEAU, SILLERY, QUE.

*Maclean's* erred in presenting all four Laval contributors to the *U. of T. Quarterly* as critics of Duplessis. For this we apologize to the writers and to the *Quebec PM.*—The Editors ★



# CHECK...



## ... and BE SAFE !

Even if your sight, sound and reflexes are as good as the next driver's, and you know all the traffic safety rules, and you are a careful and courteous driver...

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- |  | YES                      | NO                       |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Do you have the right of way over oncoming traffic after you have come to a complete stop at a STOP sign?                       | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. May you cross an intersection on an amber light?  | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Do you slow down when passing parked cars and playing children?   | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Could you be killed getting out of your car on the traffic side?  | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Should you "summerize" your car?  | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Can you blind and confuse an approaching driver by keeping your headlights on "high" beam?                                      | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Are you still a safe driver after "just a few drinks"?  | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Will you smash into a child just eighty feet away if you are driving at thirty miles per hour and have to stop on wet pavement? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Can you safely beat the train if the "wig-wag" has just started?  | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. Are you definitely going to take a Safety Check in May?  | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

An average score for a Safety conscious driver is eight. How did you rate?

**Answers:** 1—No. The law states you must wait for a safe opening. 2.—No. It is a warning to stop. 3—Yes, or chance a child's death. 4—Yes, and it's a terrible way to die. 5—Yes. A car properly conditioned for long, hard driving in destructive summer heat is a SAFE car. 6—Yes, and even on "low" beam, poorly aimed headlights can be dangerous. 7—No. According to official Police reports, 10% of all traffic deaths are caused through drinking. 8—Yes. You would need ninety-six feet stopping distance. 9—No. Stop and wait—trains don't. 10—Yes. It's common sense and good safety insurance.

MAY IS SAFETY MONTH



SAFETY IS A SAFE INVESTMENT

This message is part of the Maclean's Magazine Car Safety Service

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program sponsored in the interest of car care and safer driving.



## The rise and fall of Social Credit continued from page 26

Alberta's government long ago gave up trying to enact Social Credit laws; B. C. never tried

Zoroastrians, Kabalarians, Primitive Christians and Yogi, and two thirds of The Great I AM, a cult founded in 1934 by a traveling salesman from Chicago. Technocracy, an economic cure-all of some notoriety in the 1930s but long

since forgotten in most places, is still preached in a hall two blocks from the Hotel Vancouver.

Maybe it's not surprising, then, that the governments of British Columbia and Alberta are unique in the whole world,

kindred only to each other. Nominally at least they are pledged to a doctrine first elaborated forty years ago by a Scotsman named C. H. Douglas. Douglas began with an idea that certain changes in the monetary system would

cure most of humanity's troubles; he ended, some twenty years later, in the belief that democracy is a fraud and a failure, and that humanity's troubles are deliberately caused by an international Jewish plot to rule the world.

From time to time Social Credit movements in Canada are plagued by little groups of diehard "fundamentalists" who follow Douglas all the way, and who have to be expelled from a party trying to appeal to the Canadian electorate. Enemies of Social Credit like to believe that these heretics are the "real" Social Crediters, and that their crime is merely saying out loud what their more respectable brethren believe but do not say. But this notion, however attractive for political combat, leaves a number of facts unaccounted for.

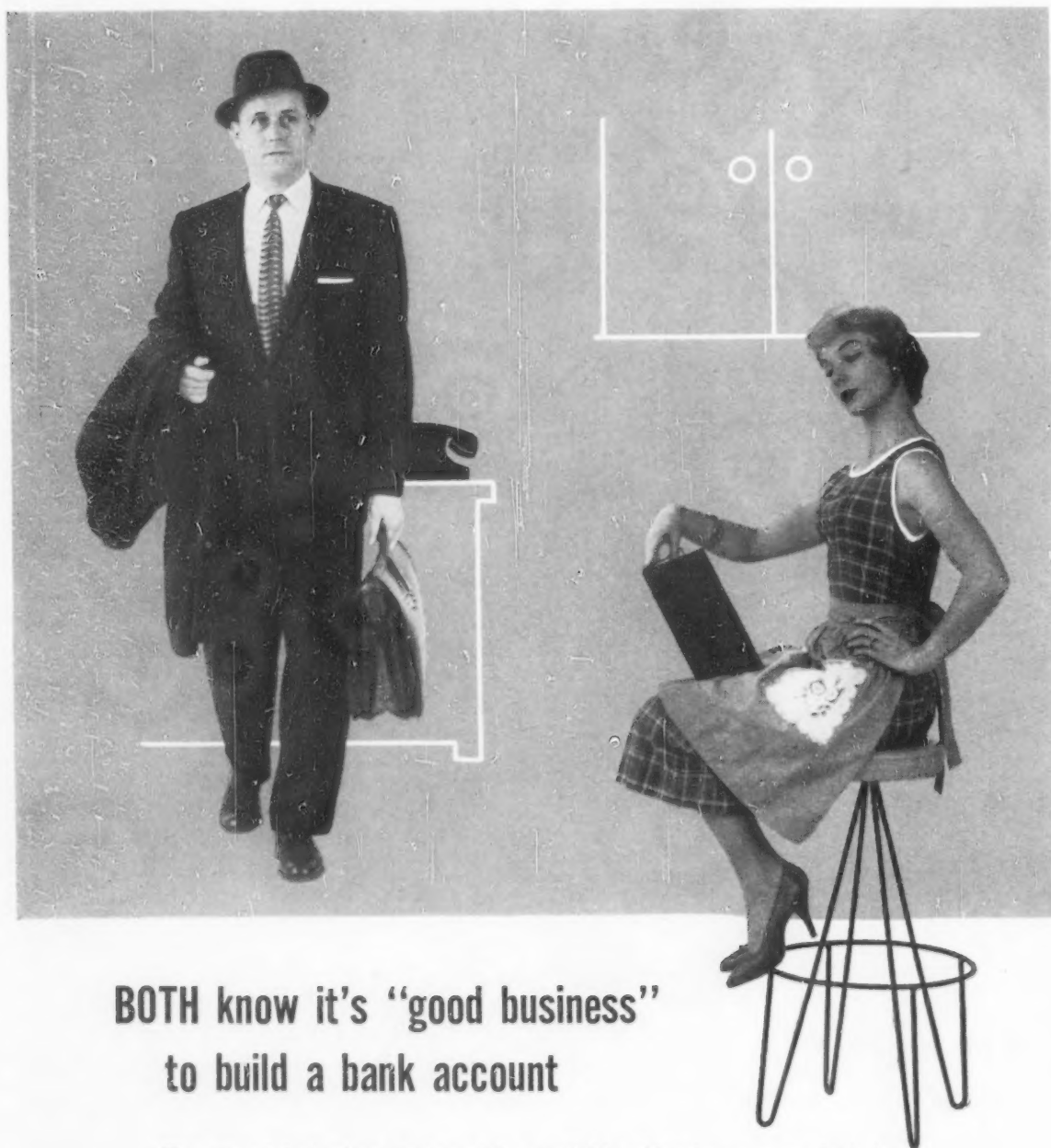
Social Credit has established in Alberta, and tried hard to establish in B. C., the reputation of a safe, solid, businessman's government. Alberta is already free of debt, thanks to oil royalties. British Columbia's Premier W. A. C. Bennett, who is his own minister of finance, plans to retire the last of B. C.'s direct debt by 1960, in spite of a program of capital expansion that has multiplied indirect or contingent liabilities many times.

Bennett was a Conservative MLA and a contender for the B. C. Conservative leadership until a few months before he joined the Social Credit League in December 1951. Although he pays a vague lip service to its principles and to catchphrases like "anything that's physically possible is financially possible," he makes no pretense of knowing much about Social Credit theory. Few public men in Canada look less like a doctrinaire fanatic than Cecil Bennett, or more like a practical, vote-getting politician.

"I sat near the premier at a dinner not long ago," said a lady who is not one of Bennett's followers. "We had steaks that must have been two inches thick. The premier finished his before anyone else, and never stopped smiling for one second."

Of his twelve cabinet colleagues only three were Social Crediters before 1951. Attorney-General Robert Bonner was an active Conservative like his leader, and so were three back-bench supporters of the government—one, Mrs. Buda Brown, ran as a Conservative against a Social Credit opponent in the federal election of 1953; another, Arvid Lundell, beat the same Social Creditor in the provincial election of 1952 and sat as a Conservative MLA in opposition to the first Bennett government. Three other MLAs now in Social Credit ranks were former Liberals, of whom one, W. J. Asselstine, was minister of mines in a Liberal cabinet. Just to complete the picture, another three MLAs were formerly known sympathizers of the CCF. The rest had no politics at all until the sudden rise of Social Credit in B. C. seven or eight years ago.

Never in British Columbia, and not for more than twenty years in Alberta, has the government even tried to enact Social Credit legislation. Attempts by Alberta cabinets to tamper with banking and monetary policy were either disallowed by the federal government or ruled invalid by the Supreme Court long before the death of Premier William Aberhart, the founder and prophet of



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Social Credit in Alberta. Since then, any resemblance between Social Credit theory and Social Credit government policy has been purely coincidental.

Moreover, if Social Credit is now on its way to extinction in Canada, as the loss of all its federal seats would suggest, the decline is no more related to doctrine than was the rise. The Manning regime in Alberta has some infirmities of old age, complicated by depression in the oil industry. The Bennett regime is in trouble for quite commonplace reasons, things that could have happened to any orthodox party—some ill-chosen economies, some ill-conceived legislation, and (most of all) a scandal in forest management.

Yet in spite of all it has in common with old-party governments, in spite of its dominant group of ex-Conservatives and its rather self-conscious air of "business as usual," the government of British Columbia is unmistakably and inescapably Social Credit. No other party in Canada could have produced quite this group of men, nor operated in quite this fashion. No less than the Aberhart-Manning dynasty in Alberta it traces its origins back for many years, to the Great Depression and to the postwar readjustment, to the honest indignations and the rather naïve convictions of a few earnest, studious and mainly self-educated men.

#### Out from obscurity

Social Credit came to British Columbia about the same time it came to Alberta, but in less auspicious circumstances. In Alberta one of its converts was William Aberhart, a radio preacher who had a devoted audience of thousands and who instantly mingled Social Credit with the gospel he taught in his Sunday broadcasts. This gave the new political doctrine the evangelical tone it has never lost. It also brought, in Alberta, an early triumph at the polls and a seemingly interminable term of office—the Edmonton government can, if it wants to, celebrate a Silver Jubilee before it faces the people again, for the present legislature will not expire until 1960.

In British Columbia the case was different. There, the early converts were obscure and humble men. Most of them still are.

One who has emerged from obscurity is Lyle Wicks, minister of labor and railways in the Bennett cabinet. Among old hands he is a relative newcomer who didn't join the movement until 1944, but otherwise he is a fairly typical Social Credit original.

Wicks was a trolley-bus conductor; his membership in the Street Railway-men's Union is one reason he was chosen for the labor post. Now forty-five, he grew up in the depth of the depression with a great distrust of the old parties and a great wish for economic reform. But he came of a devout Methodist family, and he was horrified by the rather pedantic socialism preached in those days by B.C. spokesmen of the CCF. It was pure dialectical materialism, and Wicks could not stomach it.

He remembers the very moment he discovered Social Credit. It was the night of Roosevelt's fourth election in 1944; a friend remarked that it wouldn't have made any difference if Thomas Dewey had won, since the old parties were all alike. The friend was a Social Crediter. Within three weeks, "after twelve years of looking for a party," Lyle Wicks was a Social Crediter too. Two years later he was vice-president of the Social Credit Association of British Columbia.

The party in B.C. was still tiny, but it was heading for a split that looked at the time like a death-blow. It included a group of so-called "purists" who followed Major C. H. Douglas even in his later stages, and who believed in the existence of the Protocols of Zion, the world plot of International Jewry, and the rest of the vicious claptrap that Hitler made so hideously familiar. By no coincidence, the Social Credit leadership had also fallen into dictatorial ways—the president wouldn't call conventions; he ran the organization to suit himself

and generally behaved like a *fuehrer*, or so his opponents thought.

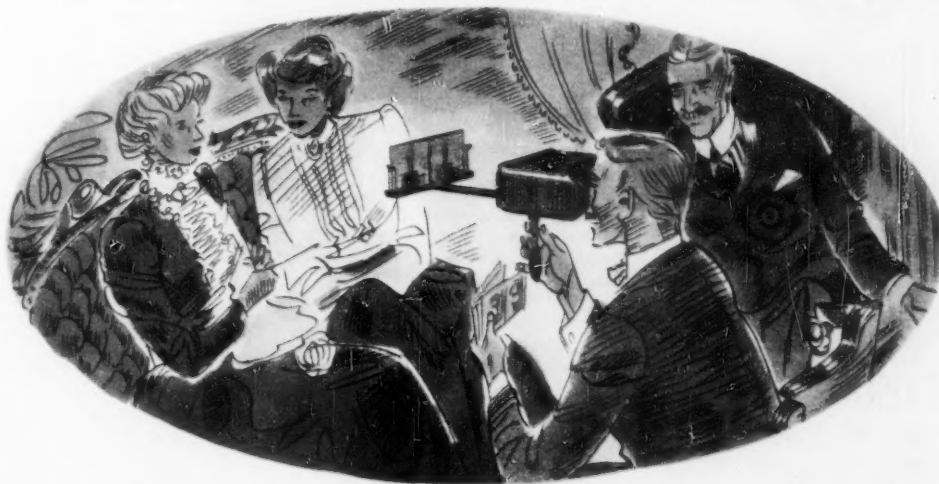
"We were really getting pretty close to a Fascist organization in those days," a veteran Social Crediter recalled recently.

Another point at issue in B.C. was whether or not to go into active politics. The orthodox Douglasites shared Douglas' own contempt for democracy and his belief that Social Credit should not even try to be a political party. The opposing faction wanted to follow the example of Aberhart and Manning, put Social Credit candidates in the field and try to

become British Columbia's government.

Lyle Wicks is a slight, spare man with pale blond hair and a diffident smile, but he became the leader of a revolt against the Social Credit leadership in B.C. By the spring of 1949 the movement was split wide open. Luckily for Wicks one of its few lawyers, the late William Savage, was on Wicks' side. He had had the foresight to copyright the name Social Credit, so that when the two factions separated Wicks and Savage took the name and formed the Social Credit League, pledged to political action.

## ENTERTAINMENT HAS CHANGED SINCE THE WISER DAYS OF 1857



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In the circumstances it was hardly surprising that Social Credit candidates didn't do very well in the two elections of 1949. The party ran sixteen of them in the provincial election and two in the federal, but all were soundly beaten. However, they weren't greatly discouraged. Almost unnoticed by the older parties, Social Credit in B. C. had begun to roll like a snowball, soon to become an avalanche.

Pier Paynter, the party's chief organizer, recalls those days with fond nostalgia.

"I would drive into a strange town and ask somebody, usually a filling-station attendant, if there were any Alberta people in town," he says. "When I found someone from Alberta, as I usually did, I almost always found a Social Credit sympathizer. By the time I left within a day or two, he'd have a Social Credit organization going."

The party grew too fast for its own secretariat to keep up with it—for sheer lack of money and staff, records of membership in those days of rapid growth are sketchy and incomplete. In January 1952, only six months before they took office as the government of British Columbia, I had a talk with Eric Martin, now minister of health and then a leading member of the Social Credit League.

"We don't know how many members we have, or who they are," he said. "We learn about conventions naming Social Credit candidates that we never heard of."

It turned out that the unknown candidates were mainly of two sorts, each typified by members of the present B. C. cabinet.

One arch-type is the Hon. and Rev. Philip Gaglardi, the fast-talking, fast-driving, uninhibited extrovert who is now minister of highways. The portfolio is no coincidence—before he was ordained as a Pentecostal minister, Gaglardi was "one of the best bulldozer operators in the province," as he cheerfully admits. He is proud of his skill as a mechanic, proud that he once built "eight hundred feet of woods road in eight hours," and by no means ashamed that he has been working for a living since he was twelve years old, though he continued to spend part of his time at school until he was sixteen.

Gaglardi was born into a Roman Catholic family, though his parents were converted to an Evangelical Protestant sect while he was still a boy. He himself, by his own account, became a bit of a heathen—"a fighting, drinking fool until I was about twenty-two." Then he saw the light, spent a year and a half at a Pentecostal seminary in Seattle, and came back to Canada in the late 1930s to travel about as an evangelist. He was minister of a Pentecostal Church in Kamloops when, early in 1952, he was invited to join the Social Credit movement and run as a provincial candidate.

"I heard a discourse by several spokesmen for Social Credit," he says in his curious mixture of formal and colloquial English, "and it seemed to fit in with my ideas of the basic principles of a political party." He ran in Kamloops, and won.

As minister of highways, Gaglardi does not hesitate, from his experience as a bulldozer operator, to tell his engineers how to build roads. He rushes about from job to job at breakneck speed—twice arrested for speeding within recent months, he had his license suspended for the second offense.

Gaglardi is not embarrassed by these misadventures—they show, he says, that there is no favoritism under Social Credit rule; everyone is treated alike. He pays

no heed either to stories that his fine new church in Kamloops got donations of material from B. C. contractors who also bid to build roads. It would not occur to Gaglardi that there was any harm in thus expediting God's work.

He is not alone in thinking of his party as a kind of secular branch of the church militant. Opposing politicians still recall, with bitter wonderment, the reverend MLA who called on people to "put God first" and vote Social Credit. It is not uncommon for candidates to campaign Bible in hand.

In Chilliwack in March I attended a fund-raising rally for Rev. Alex Patterson, pastor in the Church of the Nazarene and member for Fraser Valley of the last parliament. About two hundred people paid five dollars a plate for an ordinary church supper, served by the ladies' aid in the United Church hall. The program was rather like a Sunday School concert—one local entertainer did a routine of comic Scots numbers, another sang Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers—but there were a few brief speeches, one by the candidate.

"I look upon my work in Social Credit as a kind of substitute for the Christian ministry," he said. "In 1953 (when he first ran for parliament) a door seemed to open and I entered a new phase of my life."

Hundreds, perhaps thousands of people who joined Social Credit between 1949 and 1952 had the same feeling as Rev. Alex Patterson. Thousands more joined from quite different motives, and one of these was William Andrew Cecil Bennett.

Bennett is a good United Churchgoer who doesn't drink, smoke or swear.

Like all Social Crediters he refers to his party as a "movement" and never as a "party," but he is nevertheless a very practical politician and a man of the world. He went into politics in 1941, after he had already become rich and successful in the hardware business, because he was restless, energetic, and had wanted ever since he was a boy to lead a political party.

He tried twice to win the Conservative leadership, thereby made a bitter enemy of the actual leader, Herbert Anscomb,

## My most memorable meal: No. 38

Arthur Lismer

recalls



## Roast pig and hula in Samoa

The word "memorable" can cover a multitude of sins and delights. Apply it to a meal and it can include pleasure, discomfort and gluttony.

I recall meals on the trail, in swank hotels, in primitive places and in high society. But the meal—what one eats and drinks—is not the important thing; all that passes. The setting, the movement, the color and the people—these are more than background; they are the meal. My most memorable meal was eaten on an island in the South Seas. It was a wedding feast, and the memory of the color of the sky, the flowers, the chatter and bustle of gay people at that Samoan celebration remains vivid in my mind.

There was a pig roasted whole in the hot earth and stuffed with yams, fruits and other delectables. There were nimble native girls tripping their flowery way among the guests, putting before each little dishes of fruits, spices and sauces with which to garnish the roast pig—a sort of bird-bath technique of feeding. And there was *poi*, a gooey transparent paste served in bark cups, into which you dug an exploratory thumb, conveying the delicacy precariously to your mouth. There were no forks, spoons or knives provided, and you rested cross-legged on

the flower-and-palm-strewn earth.

The bride wore flame flowers in her hair, a lei of ginger blossoms round her neck, and—forsooth!—a silver-white Paris gown. The groom wore an old-fashioned cut-away coat. Their parents, stately and gentle, sat on chairs in a corner. Above stretched a pergola of intertwining fronds of palm, hibiscus, flamboyant flame flowers, and leaves, with the sunlight making a teasing magic of light and shadow, flickering over food, flowers and guests.

The pig was disinterred from its earthy fragrant bed, and the carvers worked to the accompaniment of singing, dancing, the humming of guitars and the click of drums.

The feast over, a group of half-naked men commenced a vigorous sword-play bacchanal. The women wove exotic patterns in the traditional hula, their swaying bodies and songs filling the scene with pattern and sound.

This was too much for the bride, who slipped out of her gown, leaped the table, followed by her husband, joining the grand finale amid the debris of the feast, in one wild fantastic interweaving of limbs and rhythms.

Color, syncopation, good food, light and happiness on a July day in the Pacific—that was something to remember.

DR. LISMER, ONE OF THE FAMED GROUP OF SEVEN PAINTERS, IS EDUCATION SUPERVISOR OF MONTREAL'S MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.



# CANADA MINK



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Photographed in Quebec City by Virginia Thoren

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## For five years B. C. Socreds seemed to work miracles. Then trouble started

and finally quit the party with a blast of withering invective in the spring of 1951. Meanwhile Social Credit, acquiring members faster than it could hire clerks to count them, was a party without a leader. The two seemed to go together like horse and carriage.

Actually it took more than a year to consummate the union. Some old hands in the Social Credit movement resented this Johnny-come-lately, and sternly rejected suggestions that he should join their army with the rank of general. They told him he could, if he liked, join the Social Credit League as an ordinary member of the Kelowna unit, which he did. He also got the local nomination as Social Credit candidate for the 1952 provincial election. But the party went into that campaign, from which it emerged victorious, still without a provincial leader — Rev. Ernest Hansell, then MP for Macleod, Alberta, acted as a kind of temporary field commander, but the permanent leader was chosen only after the election, by a caucus of elected MLAs. They chose Bennett.

He had a group of nineteen in the legislature, only one seat more than the CCF, but he had no trouble carrying on for the better part of a year and then winning the run-off election. For nearly five years, indeed, he got on so well that it almost seemed that Social Credit could work the miracles expected by its more devoted adherents.

Among other things, he launched a road-building program that even political opponents now call "terrific"—Bennett has spent more money on highways in less than seven years than all previous governments since Confederation put together, and the province now has 23,000 miles of road, half of it paved. He also rebuilt and revitalized the moribund PGE—the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, for decades a wry joke but now a going concern. British Columbia developed more new hydro-electric power last year than any other province in Canada. It pays the highest salaries to teachers, the biggest bonus to old-age pensioners, generally claims to have and give the most of everything.

But as Bennett himself says, "That's not the miracle. The miracle was that we were able to do all this and still retire the provincial debt." By making a somewhat mystical distinction between the direct debt of the province and the indirect or contingent liabilities (such as the guaranteed bonds of the PGE and of local school boards) he proclaims his determination to make B. C. free of debt in another two years.

All these achievements paid off. When he called his second election in the autumn of 1956 Bennett got a smashing victory — thirty-nine out of fifty-two seats, with the CCF reduced to only ten, the Liberals to two and the Conservatives zero (the odd one is held by a Labor MLA). Just a year ago, Bennett was organizing and helping to finance an "On To Ottawa" campaign by which he hoped to make Social Credit first the official opposition and then the government of Canada.

But in fact, even in this moment of seeming triumph, the seeds of defeat were already beginning to sprout. Bennett's 1956 election had been called after only three years, and without a defeat or threat of defeat in the legislature. It was called because Social Credit in British Columbia was defending itself against a major scandal.

It was in the fall of 1955, almost a year before his electoral victory, that the first mutterings began against his minister of lands and forests, Robert E. Sommers. Gordon Gibson, a Liberal MLA, made a speech in the legislature charging corruption in the issuance of forest-management licenses to lumber companies. The government ordered a Royal Commission enquiry at which Gibson was unable to produce any witnesses to support his charges, and did not even appear himself. (He resigned his seat and ran in the ensuing by-election as a kind of "trial by ballot," but he was roundly beaten.)

Hardly was the Gibson affair disposed of when the same charge came up from a different source. A Vancouver lawyer named David Sturdy produced a sheaf of affidavits charging outright bribery.

Publication of Sturdy's charges set off a furor that has not yet died down. Bennett's attorney-general, Robert Bonner, denounced them as a political smear. Sommers himself resigned his cabinet portfolio (though not his seat in the legislature, which he still holds) but denied the charges in an impassioned speech and then sued Sturdy for libel.

### Boomerang vote

The libel case was pending when Bennett called the 1956 election, and he tried with some success to maintain that any mention of "the Sommers case" would be in contempt of court. The success was only partial, however. Deane Finlayson, the young and inexperienced leader of the B. C. Conservatives, defied the threat and read all Sturdy's charges to a political meeting; attempts to have Finlayson held in contempt of court were contemptuously dismissed by the court.

This victory seemed to do Finlayson no good at the time—he lost his own bid for a legislature seat, and so did every other Conservative—but it is being remembered to his advantage now. In fact there is some reason to think that the electoral victory of 1956 became a boomerang to Social Credit in 1958.

The Social Credit campaign of 1956 was run on the assumption, or implication, that the charges against Sommers were malicious lies. But when Sommers' own libel suit against Sturdy came to trial, Sommers failed to appear to press

his charges. After a period of fluster, when a Royal Commission enquiry was first announced and then abandoned, the Attorney-General laid criminal charges against his former colleague—a prosecution that is still awaiting trial.

Whether or not Sommers is guilty of any crime is a question for the jury. Already, though, he himself has said enough to raise the question of propriety. He has admitted accepting a loan from a man who later obtained a forest-management license, and he told Bennett about this loan when the matter first came up.

Many a loyal Social Creditor has been shocked to learn that there was even this much truth to the Sommers story, and that the premier knew it before the 1956 election. One was Mel Bryan, a Social Credit MLA who formally left the party and now sits in the legislature as an independent. Three other MLAs remained in the Social Credit ranks but pointedly refused to vote for Attorney-General Bonner's estimates.

Simultaneously other symptoms of decay have appeared. Social Credit members have spoken out in the legislature against the government's farm policies. Privately they have spoken just as strongly against its new mining legislation, which mining men say has brought the industry in B. C. to a standstill.

"Bennett was fine as long as everything was expanding," one of his political opponents said. "His debt-reduction policy, for instance, was very popular—as long as he was able to maintain and increase provincial services at the same time."

"But now, revenues are falling off and he is having to choose. He's been cutting down on provincial services, and the people don't like it. He's in trouble." If Bennett is in trouble, who gains by it?

The CCF hopes to be the heir of Social Credit's power—it came within one seat of victory in 1952, and CCF leader Robert Strachan thinks he can do better next time. His party normally commands something between a quarter and a third of the popular vote. If he can boost that to thirty-five percent, and he thinks he can, Strachan says he can win a majority of seats in a four-way race.

But that was what the CCF said last time, and the four-way race didn't quite materialize. The Liberals and the Conservatives almost disappeared, and Social Credit came up from nothing to power. Neutral observers think the same thing could happen again in reverse, with the Social Credit forces disappearing and the Conservatives coming up from zero.

Even as lately as two years ago Deane Finlayson, the B. C. Conservative leader, was in bad odor with his party's federal leadership. He had quarreled with them publicly, charging that they were maintaining a tacit truce with Social Credit—a charge that had some truth in it. Today the party is devoutly grateful to Finlayson for identifying Social Credit as the enemy.

By 1960, of course, the whole situation may be different. The Bennett government may be back in the ascendant—or, if threatened at all, it may be threatened by the Liberals or the CCF instead of by the Conservatives.

At this stage, only one thing appears certain: the bloom is off the Social Credit record. Whether or not it survives as an ordinary government of fallible men, as a communion of saints it is through. ★



PCs' bad boy who made good

Deane Finlayson helped turn out Social Credit, but he still has Tory foes.



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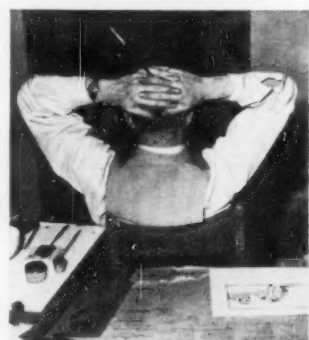
## IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

### B.C.'s adopted sons

As far as possible we've tried to have the articles in this special issue prepared by native British Columbians, but we must confess it's been an almost impossible task. What is a native British Columbian? Nobody seems to know. Most of the writers in this issue (except Blair Fraser) insist staunchly that they are as native to B.C. as the Sasquatch, but a little investigation shows that only one of them was actually born in the province. The rest are Johnny-come-latelies and a couple, indeed, are exiles (or, as a British Columbian might put it, deserters).

Take Bruce Hutchison, a professional British Columbian if we ever saw one. Born in Prescott, Ont.

Take Len Norris, of the Vancouver Sun, who drew the wonderful cartoons on pages 18 to 21. Well, we mean, how indigenously British Columbian can you get? But Norris was born in England



**B. C. native from Britain**

Vancouver Sun cartoonist Len Norris, U.K.-born, Ontario trained.

and trained in Ontario. He's lived in B.C. fewer than ten years.

Well, then, take Eric Nicol, an authentic B.C. humorist. Turns out that he was born in Kingston, Ont.

And Vernon Hockley, who wrote the Sasquatch story on page 34, was born in Brandon, Man. And Mac Reynolds, who reports on the Douglas Fir and is so native that he lives on an island in the Gulf of Georgia, was born, alas, in Port Dover, Ont.

Lister Sinclair, who insists with force and vigor that he is a true British Columbian (and who has, indeed, been commissioned to write a native British Columbian play and a native poem as part of the centennial ceremonies), was born in Bombay, India, and now lives in Toronto. Pierre Berton, whom we deceitfully call a "native" on page 13, was born in Whitehorse, Yukon, and now



**B. C. native from Ontario**

"Authentic" coast humorist Eric Nicol was born in Kingston, Ont.

makes his home in Kleinburg, Ont.

Only Ray Gardner, it turns out, is a true native. He was born in Victoria, B.C., not far from the berths of the Princess boats he describes so well on page 22.

The truth is that there are mighty few native-born British Columbians, because the province is young and has been expanding like a penny balloon. As Pierre Berton points out in his lead article, B.C. has more strangers than any other part of Canada. It also has more fierce loyalties, if we are to believe the evidence of our own senses: for here we have exiles and newcomers all insisting they're British Columbian to the very core.

And so they are: once a British Columbian, always a British Columbian. If the province differs from the rest of Canada (and the evidence presented in this issue suggests that it does) it is precisely because of these two qualities: the yeastiness engendered by the continuing influx of new arrivals, and the strong local patriotisms which unify them. And so, with the rest of Canada, we pay B.C. our respects, in this Centennial year.



**B. C. native from B. C.**

Only Ray Gardner, of all "natives" represented, is actually B.C.-born.



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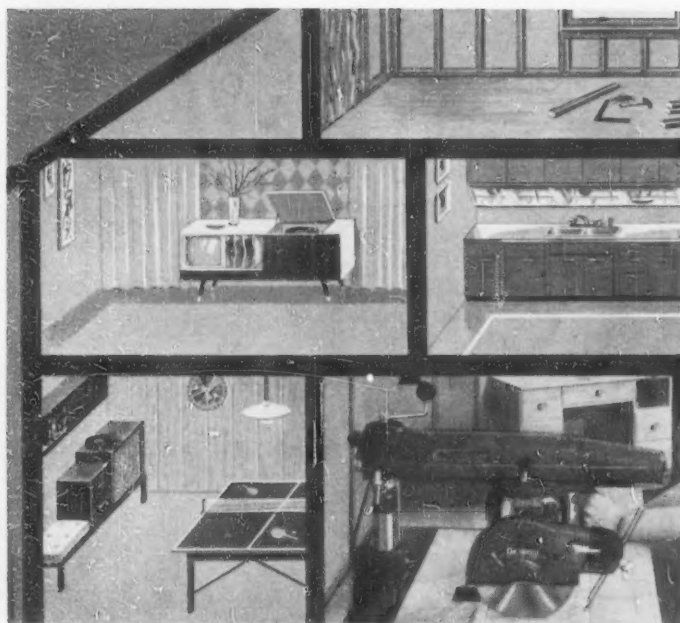
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# Parade

## Dearth of a salesman or two

**How are things** on the current Canadian scene? Well, a fellow in Montreal got mad at his car and kicked the bumper; the bumper bust a bolt and snapped back, sending him to hospital with a possible skull fracture. The superintendent of an apartment house in London, Ont., heard the communal washer and dryer going at two a.m. and discovered that a thoughtful tenant was doing his laundry then so as not to disturb other tenants during the early-evening rush hours. Only it turned out this fellow lived in another apartment house down the street that didn't have a washer. And the unemployment situation brightened in Vancouver when a want-ad announced: "Salesmen wanted to work five days a week to replace ones who didn't..." That's about how things are.

A fellow in Vernon, B.C., who saw a car pull up to the curb with smoke seeping out from under the hood, gallantly responded to the woman driver's plea for help. "Your rad must be boiling over," he diagnosed confidently as he threw up the hood—then stared dumbfounded at how wrong he'd been. There wasn't any rad, and his astonishment was only heightened by the nonchalance of the woman driver who said she'd motored five miles from Okanagan Landing and didn't seem the least bit astonished herself. "My husband sells radiators," she explained, "and I guess he needed one like this in a hurry. The engine does look a long way back, doesn't it."

A Parade Scout who attended a monster bingo game in Winnipeg recently reports that when the woman next to



her got up to buy herself a drink there was a genuine horseshoe (nails removed) on the bench where she'd been sitting.

Those Victoria bus drivers are becoming as colorful as New York's taxi drivers. Back when the rest of us were still fighting snowdrifts but spring was bursting out all over the B.C. capital, this one stopped his bus in the middle of a block, got out and hurried across the grassy boulevard to peer into someone's

front garden. He returned to the job beaming and announced to his passengers, "A rhododendron in full bloom! It couldn't happen anywhere else in Canada!"

Although the two-lane Trans-Canada Highway near Langley, B.C., was jammed bumper to bumper in both directions by week-end traffic, an impatient little eastbound sports car darted out into the first gap that offered in an attempt



to pass. After scores of westbound motorists had jammed on their brakes to avoid a record smashup, four husky loggers climbed out of the first westbound car, gathered round the sports car and glared down at its hapless driver. Then, one at each corner, they lifted it right off the road and deposited it gently on the other side of the ditch.

One morning after new parking meters had been installed in Courtenay, B.C., a local merchant was seen to sweep the sidewalk in front of his shop as usual, then carefully dust and polish the new meter before opening for business.

Innocence-is-bliss on Fort St. in Victoria: Man happily loading things into the trunk of his car, too busy to notice that a cop was happily hanging a parking ticket on the front end of the car.

A Prince Rupert, B.C., citizen recently bought a secondhand car and had scarcely parked it in an empty space on main street when it was stolen. He promptly reported the matter to police and they got the car back in no time from one of the town's most respected lawyers, who confessed all. It had been his car for years; he had just turned it in on a new one, and when he found it parked in front of his office he climbed in without thinking and drove it home.

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